Everybody's Magazine

What You and I owe to

ENGLAND
GERMANY
RUSSIA
and
FRANCE

by **William Hard**

FREDERICK PALMER'S WAR STORY FROM GERMANY

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Everybody's Magazine

JANUARY, 1915 VOL. XXXII, NO. 1

PIZARRO.

The ENCHANTED CITY at the GOLDEN GATE

A Series of Photographs

FROM FEBRUARY 20th TO DECEMBER 4th, 1915, THE COMPLETION OF THE PANAMA CANAL IS TO BE CELEBRATED BY THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. THREE MILES ALONG SAN FRANCISCO BAY THE BUILDINGS STRETCH, IN A GREAT AMPHITHEATRE WITH A MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND. IN THE CENTER RISE THE PRINCIPAL EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, PALE IVORY WALLS BANDED WITH GORGEOUS COLOR, TOPPED WITH GLITTERING DOMES, AND SET IN RICHEST FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE. WITHIN, DESPITE THE WAR, THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD ARE CONTRIBUTING THEIR BEST ACHIEVEMENTS IN INDUSTRY, ART, AND SCIENCE, IN RECOGNITION OF THE NEW OPPORTUNITIES OPENED BY THE GREAT CANAL UNITING ORIENT AND OCCIDENT.

IT IS CALIFORNIA'S PLAN—CALIFORNIA'S TASK—HER DREAM COME TRUE.

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THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBIT PALACES ARE GROUPED ABOUT THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE, WHICH OPENS ON THE EAST INTO THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE AND ON THE WEST INTO THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE GIANT HALF-DOME, WITH THE FIGURES OF SUNSHINE AND RAIN ON EITHER SIDE.

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PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES—SOUTHERN PORTAL

THE ELEVEN MAIN EXHIBIT PALACES, CONNECTED BY COLONNADES AND COURTS, GIVE THE EFFECT OF A VAST ORIENTAL MOSQUE WITH TOWERING DOMES AND MINARETS. ALL THESE BUILDINGS ARE SURFACED WITH IMITATION TRAVERTINE MARBLE, OF A PALE IVORY TONE. THE RICH DETAIL OF THIS ENTRANCE IS TYPICAL OF THE ELABORATE ORNAMENTATION THROUGHOUT.

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GATEWAY TO THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

EIGHT OF THE EXHIBIT BUILDINGS FORM A RECTANGLE, FOUR FACING NORTH UPON THE ESPLANADE BORDERING THE BAY, CALLED THE MARINA, FOUR ON THE SOUTHERN ESPLANADE. THIS ENTRANCE, IN SPANISH RENAISSANCE STYLE, LEADS TO THE PALACE FROM THE SOUTH GARDENS, WHICH ARE BRILLIANT WITH TROPICAL BLOSSOMS AND RARE TREES.

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A CONNECTING VESTIBULE

THIS CORRIDOR CONNECTS THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE AND THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS. THE SUNLIGHT IS STREAMING IN FROM THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS ON THE RIGHT, AND AT THE LEFT LIES THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE, WITH ITS SUNKEN GARDENS, ITS GREAT POOL AND—AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE EXPOSITION—THE BEAUTIFUL TOWER OF JEWELS.

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THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES

A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH GARDENS, WITH THE AVENUE OF PALMS IN THE FOREGROUND. MANY OF THE PALACES STAND ON MADE LAND FILLED IN FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY BY DREDGES. RICH RIVER LOAM WAS BROUGHT FROM THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY AND SPREAD AS A TOP SOIL FOR THE THOUSANDS OF TROPICAL FLOWERS TO BE PLANTED.

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THE PALACE OF EDUCATION

THIS SHOWS THE "DOME OF PHILOSOPHY" ON THE PALACE OF EDUCATION, AND, ON THE PALACE OF FOOD PRODUCTS TO THE LEFT, THE "DOME OF VIGOR." THE COPPER GREEN OF THE DOMES SURMOUNTING THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, AND CONTRASTING BEAUTIFULLY WITH THE CREAM-TINTED WALLS, IS THE WORK OF JULES GUÉRIN.

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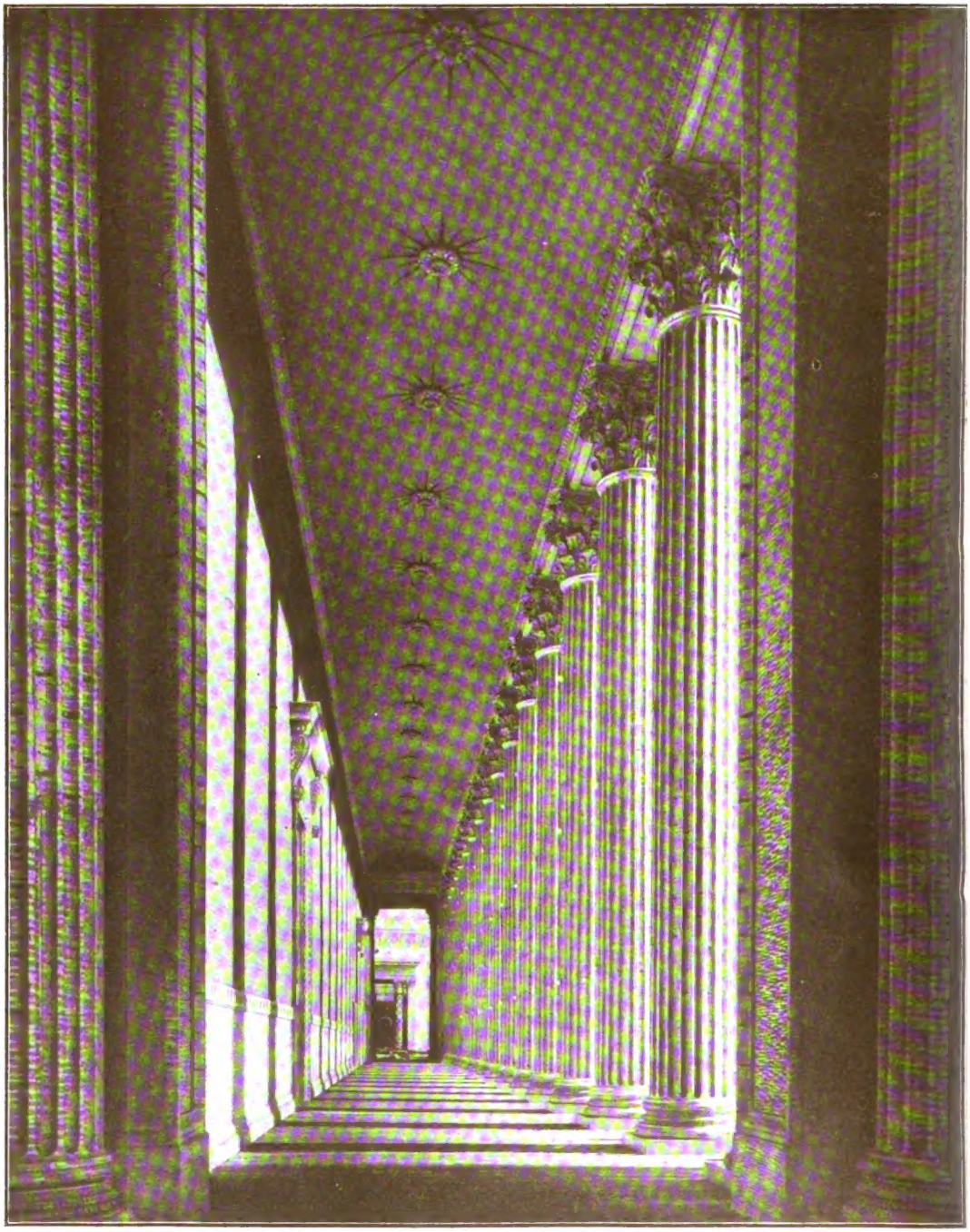

COLONNADE FROM THE MARINA TO THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

EACH OF THE BUILDINGS FRONTING ON THE COURT IS SCREENED BY A FINE COLONNADE, AND COLONNADES CONNECT THE PRINCIPAL PALACES. THE VAULT HERE IS CERULEAN BLUE, THE WALLS CREAM. FROM THE STAR-SHAPED DISKS ABOVE, THE COLONNADE WILL BE SUFFUSED AT NIGHT WITH SOFT WHITE LIGHT.

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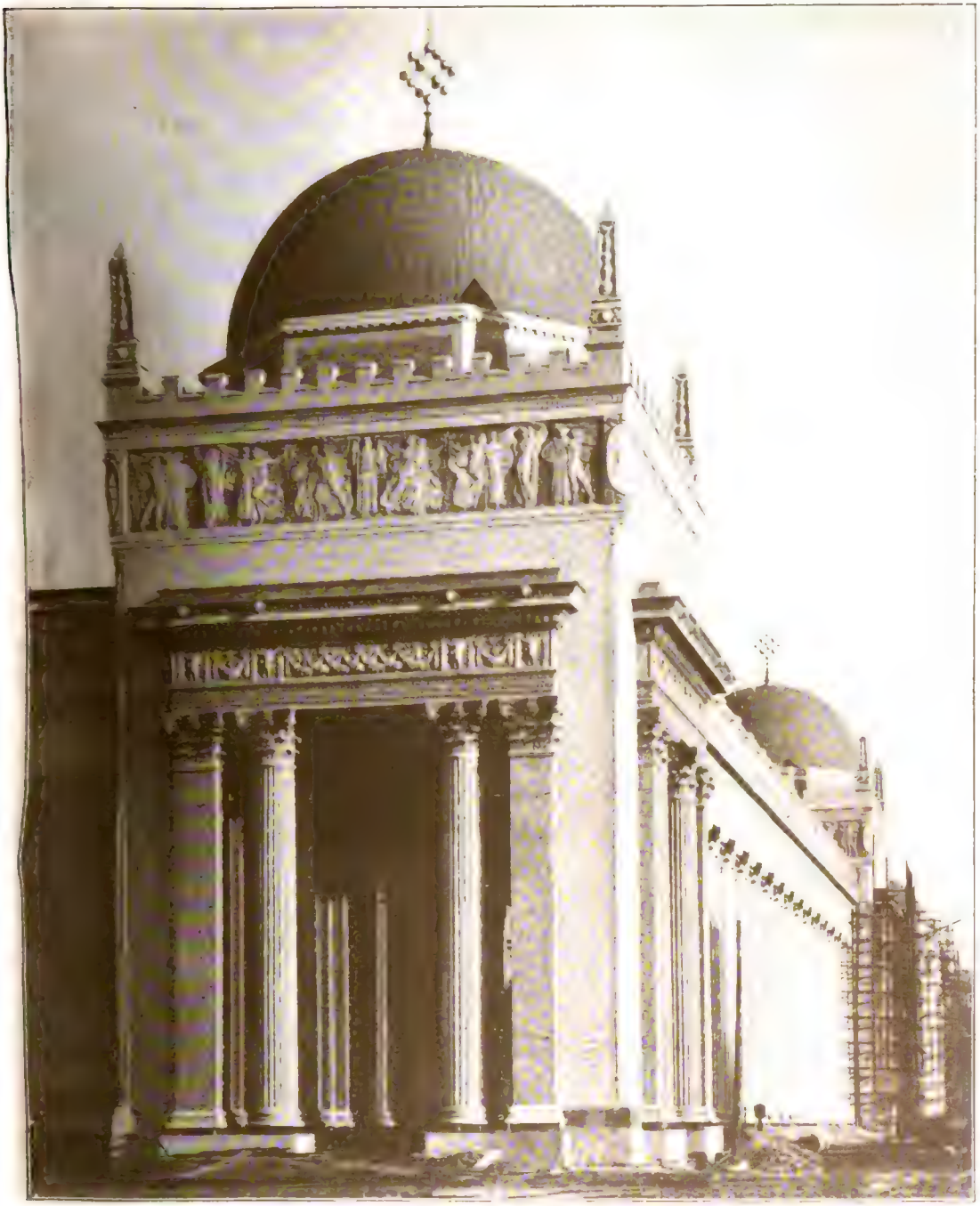

CORNER OF THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE

FORTY ACRES ARE TO BE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF AGRICULTURE. UNDER A CLASSIFICATION NEW TO EXPOSITIONS, FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY, AS WELL AS PRODUCTS, WILL BE INCLUDED IN THIS BUILDING, AND FOOD PRODUCTS WILL HAVE AN EXHIBIT PALACE OF THEIR OWN. NOTE THE COLONNADE LEADING INTO THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

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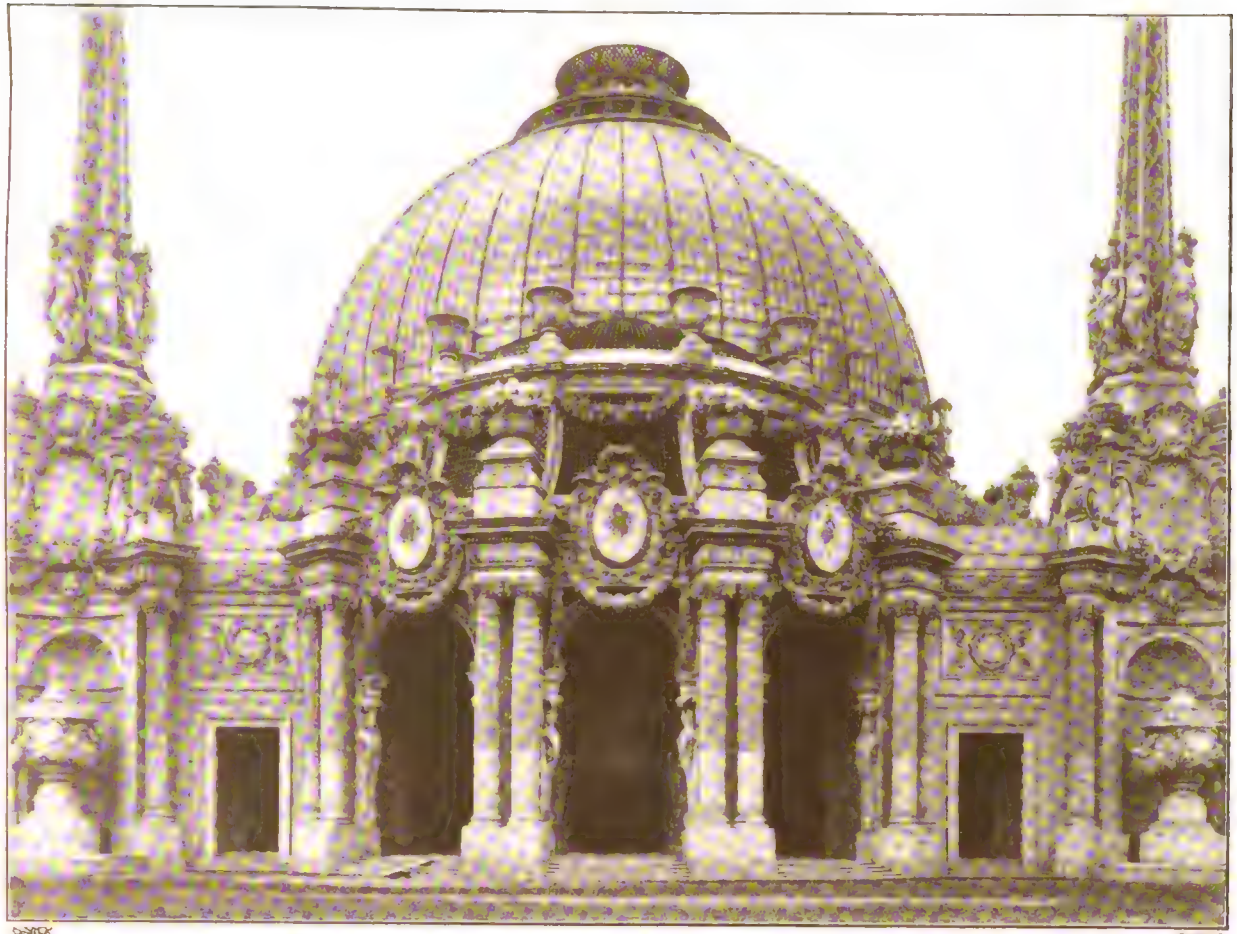

THE HORTICULTURAL PALACE

UNDER THIS GREAT DOME OF OPALESCENT WIRE NETTING AND GLASS WILL STAND A DOUBLE OCTAGON OF PALMS BOUNDING A VAST CONSERVATORY. TRAILING VINES FROM ALL THE WORLD WILL CLIMB ON THE LATTICES. OUTSIDE, IN THE SOUTH GARDENS, WILL GROW A MILLION FLOWERING PLANTS AND SHRUBS.

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VESTIBULE TO THE PALACE OF MACHINERY

THIS IS THE LARGEST EXHIBIT PALACE AT THE EXPOSITION. HERE LINCOLN BEACHEY MADE THE FIRST INDOOR AEROPLANE FLIGHT. IT IS SIGNIFICANT OF THE INCREASING USE OF ELECTRICAL APPARATUS IN THE INDUSTRIES THAT THERE IS NO SEPARATE BUILDING FOR ELECTRICITY.

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A NICHE IN THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE FOUNTAIN GROUP, "SUMMER."

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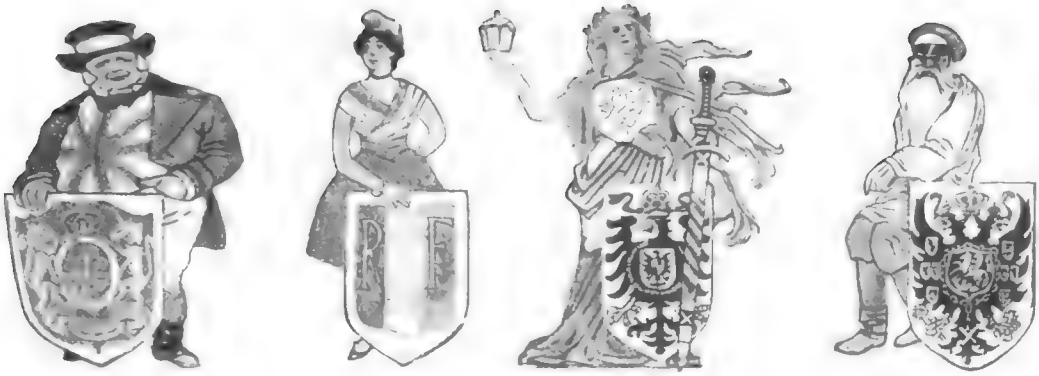

What You and I Owe to ENGLAND · FRANCE RUSSIA · GERMANY

by WILLIAM HARD

***Editor's Note*—Behind the question, Who will win in the great war?—lies another: What will the victor's success mean to modern civilization, to the world? Seeking the answer, one is led to reestimate the national qualities which may be reenforced and strengthened by victory, or possibly weakened by defeat. What *are* the essential characteristics of the nations at war?—what have they done for the world?—what has been their contribution to world-culture and civilization?**

Here is an answer—for England, France, Germany, Russia—by a man who has established a reputation as a clear-minded observer and a just investigator. It is a brilliant article—a piece of literature of genuine distinction as well as a direct answer to our questions. It's closely woven, and not to be read casually. Don't try to skim it. *Read* it. It will be splendidly worth your effort.

THE militaristic subjects of the German War-Lord have been the world's tenderest composers of children's songs—

Schneewittchen hinter den Bergen,
Bei den sieben Zwergen.

Snow-White in the mountain glen,
With her Seven Little Men.

Get Carl Reinecke's musical setting to *those* words. *Snow-White*, poking the *fire* and broiling the fish and setting the *table* and bringing out the seven beakers, *all* for the seven gnarly gnomes, in the *hollow* beyond the ridge, while she waits and waits for the *Koenigssohn*, the Prince, on a high note, who shall come and translate her to her own true "golden throne!"

How shivery with goblin imagination and how cozy with fireside comfort, both at once! Get it; and when the children sing it—and they *will* sing it—and when the little personalities about the piano become themselves as mystically magical as the music, you shall taste for yourself the first great contribution made by Germany to the civilization of the world.

It embraced many things besides children's songs. But you can fix its quality as nicely by mentioning children's songs as by mentioning the philosophy of Kant.

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What was it, that contribution? What has Germany given the world?

And, to go the rounds, what has England given the world? And France? And Russia? These four great nations now at war—how is the world different, better, because they have lived and labored? What have they contributed to civilization, each of them, distinctively, peculiarly?

As for the Germans, the *characteristic* they have most impressed on the world seems to have been their "stolidness." Germans are "stolid." And, at countless touch-and-go dinner-parties, German scholarship is thrust away for being "dry as dust."

I must speak of German scholarship because the Germans are unique in this: that it is from their libraries, or from places in the very shadow of their libraries, that they have brought to the world their two greatest world-gifts.

A HEART IN THIS DRY DUST

Now I will not say that German scholarship is *not* "dry as dust." But I *will* say that German scholarship is also the most emotional scholarship in the world. Cruise the floors of libraries from book-stack to book-stack and you will seldom encounter a German learned work that will not, if you really strike its purpose, proceed almost to explode itself, on contact, with the enthusiasm of a floating mine.

I will maintain, with dinner-party license, that a German never writes a book in order to collect facts *for their own sake*. His way of going about it is as follows:

"Herr Doktor Professor Humperschmegel of Munich has said, in print, actually, that Pope Gregory the Seventh kept back the development of the national spirit in Europe. Already, in the Zeitschrift for Ecclesiastical Political Middle-Ages Knowledge, I have demolished this theory. But now, in my old age, I return to the conflict; and here I have two billion facts assembled, *every one of which proves that Humperschmegel is wrong and I am right.* It is done. And when I sit on Sunday afternoon in the garden by the river, the man at the next table will sometimes raise his stein and say: 'There sits Professor Schwinkl. He prevented Humperschmegel from misleading the world.' "

You may retort that you are not interested in the development of the national spirit among the nations of modern times. *But whose soul does that prove dry?*

Out of the spirit that conducts researches in order to demonstrate ideas and in order to establish *whole systems of ideas*, the Germans developed the philosophy and the poetry that first made Germany a *big, distinctive* international influence.

And when did this event happen? Not much more than a hundred years ago.

Germany talks about "European culture" now with all the self-consciousness of a young sophomore.

I do not say that Germany had not previously produced powerful men. Luther, let us say, was a powerful man. But long before Luther, in the growing revolt against the Catholic religion, there was the extremely powerful Englishman, Wyclif; and, shortly after Luther, there was the extremely powerful Frenchman, Calvin. There is nothing *distinctively* German in being hostile to Rome.

As for personal freedom, remember that even in 1807 two-thirds of the inhabitants of Prussia were serfs, bound to the soil!

As for science, remember that even in 1822 the German Liebig, destined to be a great chemist, was obliged, when he wished to *learn* chemistry, to seek France and to study in Paris under Gay-Lussac.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, who is as near to us in time as George Washington, wrote his memoirs in French.

He was belated, however. He should have written in German. Already the movement was under way which gave the world (to mention only the most familiar names) Lessing, Kant, Fichte, Goethe, Schiller.

These men and their contemporaries in Germany had a prodigious international vogue. Carlyle explained them to England, over and over again, as "a national duty."

But why "a national duty"? Because even the poets among them had a message which was more than poetry. They were scholars, philosophers, seers.

If we are going to talk about the "national character" of the Germans, we must not forget that day. Schiller believed, as thoroughly as did the philosopher Fichte, that the Artist does not deal, really, with Matter. Matter is nothing. It does not really exist. And even the Human Understanding can teach us little that is profitable.

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The Artist must rise above Matter and above the Human Understanding into "The Divine Idea." In that clearness the worth of human living will become evident, and *it is the duty of the Artist to teach that worth.* To have done with the half, the respectable, the plausible, and then "Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren, resolut zu leben"— *to live with determination in the Complete, the Good, and the True*—that was Goethe's cry. And so Carlyle recorded him to be a poet, truly, but to be *more* than a poet, a "spiritual revolutionist." The influence of *that* Germany can be seen best in Carlyle's exclamation:

"It is appointed that Germany is to be the leader of spiritual Europe."

Spiritual Europe! To *lead* it! That was Germany's vocation *then!*

And everybody said then that the German was a "mystic."

It is for such reasons that I do not attempt to define the permanent racial or national character of *any* people.

I turn, for instance, to the English.

The Englishman is "conservative." Certainly. Whenever you look at him and observe his rock-like intellect, you must say: "How conservative!"

Now when did he become conservative?

I once read a very acute French book, written at the end of the seventeenth century, which admirably contrasted the *steadiness* of the French with the *fickleness* of the English. For some eight centuries the French had made little change in the structure of their government. As for the English, they had managed, within the space of one half-century, from 1640 to 1690, to accomplish the following infamies:

They had turned against their rightful ruler, Charles the First, with an ax, and had decapitated him.

They had set up a king-less and a bishop-less state, a state therefore unprecedentedly irreligious.

Tiring of this state, they had destroyed it and had permitted a son of their murdered king to return to dwell among them; but soon tiring again of lawful government, they had laid hands upon his successor, James the Second, and had chased him brutally out of the kingdom. And, finally:

They had taken it upon themselves to *appoint* to a place on the throne of England a foreigner, William of Orange, a profane person, who had no blood-claim to it whatsoever.

"How conservative!"

But it was during that fickleness that England gave the world modern government, free parliamentary institutions! And it gave the world not only the *idea* but also very largely the *form.* We may say with regard to both hemispheres what President Lowell of Harvard says with regard to the Continent in his book on "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe":

"The main features of the British Constitution have been very generally imitated."

Believe me, we owe *nothing* to the *conservative* Englishman any more than we do to the *stolid* German. It is to the *radical* Englishman, who put Charles the First's hopelessly unconstitutional head where it would do the least harm, that we owe the *beginnings* of *everything* in the doctrine of the *supremacy* of the elected representatives of the people.

In the next century English radicalism, having given us modern government, proceeded to give us modern industry.

Some day, when the relative importance of things is better discerned, there will be fewer visitors to the Tower of London and there will be more pilgrimages of reverence to the spot where stood the little cottage in which James Hargreaves, unlettered artisan, first made *eight* spindles turn at once.

> Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen past
> To signal fires

will some day show us, really incandescent, the figures of Hargreaves, Kay, Wyatt, Arkwright, Crompton, Newcomen, Cartwright.

Theirs not the fault if the Factory System which they made possible has brought us woe along with wealth. Blame not Prometheus if with the fire he stole for us from heaven we have burned to death our fellow men. Those English inventors of the eighteenth century gave us the *means* by which, and by which alone, a rich and a broad life can be made for all mankind. They gave us the idea and practise of power-driven machinery. Nothing can now take that glory away from the most fruitful group of practical innovators that ever lived.

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It was at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire that for the first time in the world a set of spinning-machines was not only successful in spinning thread without the pull of the human hand, but was driven to its task by steam. There was the *machine!* And there was *power!*

In these matters the nineteenth century merely hatched out the egg laid by the eighteenth.

Well, why was it that the fly-shuttle, the spinning-jenny, the roller spinning-frame, the spinning-mule, the power-loom, the steam-pump, the steam-engine, all appeared all at once in England? Shall we say that *the* Englishman is by *racial and national character* a radical, an innovator?

Not if I can help it. I would answer that question first by propounding another:

Why is it that in the present reign of France over all modern costume, there is one field, a small one, which is independent of the costume dictators of Paris? Why is it that styles for *men* are set in London? Is it because the English have a *racial* talent for designing clothes for the male figure? After viewing many Englishman, I respectfully venture to think *not.*

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND MEN'S STYLES

I will maintain, once more with dinner-party license, that it is because of the English Channel. Thus, easily:

The English Channel, being wet and deep, made it unnecessary for the English to allow their kings to have large standing armies in order to protect them against the powerful nations on the Continent. But the English kings, not having large standing armies, were unable to protect themselves against their subjects. Hence, representative government. And the first step toward English control of men's clothes!

For the English gentleman, not being obliged, as the Continental gentleman was, to bother much about the king and his court, went out and lived scattered on the countryside and gave himself to the outdoor sports which are so impressive to the males of all countries.

At the same time the "common man" in England, relieved of militarism and feudalism and absolutism through the triumph of Parliament, was able to devote himself conscientiously and uninterruptedly to trade. But out of trade, especially with foreign countries which produced cotton, came the demand for quicker methods of manufacture. Hence the Machine and Power. And the second step toward English control of men's clothes!

For the new Machine Industry, the new Factory System, originating in England, gave England, long before any other country had it, a large, a very large, leisured and semi-leisured class. And the persons belonging to this class naturally went out and lived on the countryside and became gentlemen and devoted themselves to the accomplishments of leisure, chief among which (for males) are outdoor sports.

Thus it came about that England, for its third great international contribution, gave Sports to the world.

In fact, we may go farther. We may say that England has affected the whole use of leisure more than has any other nation. Inevitably! The leisured and semi-leisured classes of other nations, as they were developed by the Factory System, found leisure already standardized by the English.

However, the leisure-hour accomplishment which is most easily transmitted is Sports. And this is the accomplishment most congenial to males. The English male with leisure became, directly or indirectly, the tutor of all males with leisure anywhere. It had to be. He was there first, in powerful numbers.

But clothes are a feature of leisure. The working garments of a farmer or of an artisan or even of a manufacturer or merchant are not *clothes.* They are mere protective devices against climate and shame. There are no *clothes,* in the high sense of the word, till there is leisure for discrimination—as, for instance, between what is appropriate at five o'clock and what at seven. Therefore the English, first to develop leisure, and first to develop sports, were first to organize masculine attire. *And men's styles are set in London.*

Which, clearly, would not have been the case had it not been for the English Channel!

I will admit that I can not explain the rich profuseness of English poetry by the English Channel. But I am certain that anybody who gave himself to the task would find a better reason for English poetry than to say that the English are just naturally poetical; that it is in the *breed.* Now is the time to examine this delusion of *breed,* and of *racial and national innate permanent*

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character, and cleanse our minds of all the hate and harm that goes with it.

Kipling found *the* American of our day to be a kind of neurotic busybody plunging thoughtlessly from one childish detail of life to another and turning a keen eye on "the instant need of things." Yet the travelers who came to this country in the early part of the nineteenth century, and who observed the aboriginal American environment which ultimately produced those colossal persons, Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain, put it down in their notebooks that *the* American is a kind of vegetative philosopher, given to meditating, whittling, and much slow, judicious, leisurely talking!

No sooner do we get the character of a people nicely fixed than along comes a great wind of social change and blows it to an entirely new shape.

Perhaps the Englishman is "conservative" to-day. I won't dispute it—nor will I assert it. I am looking not at characters but at accomplishments. And I claim that it is evident that in the two primary matters of *how we earn our living* and *how we are governed* the "conservative" Englishman has been the most radical of all world-changers.

THE STEADY FRENCH

I proceed now to the French, who are, I understand, "excitable" and "volatile." I suppose they are. They have taught their lessons to the world with much waving of hands and shrugging of shoulders and flashing of eyes. I admit that. But what *are* the lessons they have taught? Lessons, distinctively, of *common sense*, of *taste*, of *reason*.

In what fields of Art, for instance, has French influence been strongest? In precisely those in which a feeling for proportion, for form, for *restraint*, is most necessary. In architecture, for instance, and in painting and in statuary and in prose style.

The French taught prose style to the English. Before the great French influence on English literature in the days of Louis the Fourteenth the English did indeed often write and speak prose; but English prose style, in its modern character, did not exist. So well, indeed, did France teach English prose-writers to write prose that it even taught English poets to do so; and in the verse of Dryden and of Pope you may see French influence at its prosiest.

It is absolutely *not* an influence to *excite* the Englishman or the German but rather to *steady* him. In the two most genuinely *emotional* of the arts the Frenchman has been overwhelmed by his rivals—in poetry by the conservative, inexpressive Englishman and in music by the stolid, inexpressive German. The mental empire of France has been in those things that are most capable of exact mental measurement.

WHAT IS "EUROPEAN CULTURE"?

And this is the reason why France, after all, is the center, the collector and conveyer, of the world's whole culture, uniquely. It is not only supremely influential to-day in many of the arts, but it has achieved a *mental mastery* of all of them; and if all European nations had to perish except one, and that one were to be chosen for being best fitted to continue civilization as a whole, why, that one would be France.

This *comprehensiveness* of French culture has been very well pointed out by the English writer Havelock Ellis in his comments on a certain book written by Rémy de Gourmont. It is called "The Esthetics of the French Language." It is deeply learned *and at the same time charmingly graceful.* And Mr. Ellis very properly says:

"It is difficult to imagine such a book written about our own beautiful language." And why?

Because we are without that French mental mastery of all the elements of culture, a mastery in which knowledge and taste march together.

"Our men of letters," says Mr. Ellis, "lack the erudition to write such a book; while our scientific students of language can not write from the esthetic point of view."

If you will ponder that comment of Mr. Ellis's, you will begin to see why it is that, from the Middle Ages down, the grasp of France on the culture of the world has been so steady and so commanding. France assembles all culture and lives it. Read the novels of Anatole France. He is not the greatest novelist that ever lived. But in the works of what English or German or Russian novelist will you find so full a transmission to future times of all the culture that the world has lived so far?

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Rightly, therefore, did Henri de Bornier boast: "Every man has two countries—his own *and France!*"

But how does this intellectuality, this *reasonableness*, show in the greatest event in the history of France, its greatest *external* contribution to Europe and to America—the French Revolution?

It shows magnificently.

NAPOLEON—MESSENGER-BOY OF EQUALITY

Two things have obscured the real influence of the French Revolution. The guillotine and Napoleon.

But look at the results.

On October 9, 1807, the King of Prussia decreed: "From Martinmas, 1810, ceases all serfdom in our entire estates. There shall be only free persons."

Why? Prussia had been trodden under foot by France. France under Napoleon, just as under the Republic which came before him, had what the old French monarchy did *not* have, and what Prussia then did *not* have—a *free* peasantry, *created by the Revolution*, cultivating their own lands robustly and cheerfully and *prosperously*. It was a lesson of the simplest and most reasonable common sense, like all of the main lessons of the Revolution. Napoleon was its messenger-boy.

The Queen of Prussia described his mission when she wrote: "From Napoleon we can learn much. It would be blasphemy to say: 'God be with him,' but he is a tool in the hand of the Almighty with which to bury what is old and lifeless."

And not only did he bury serfdom over large areas of Europe, but also, again over large areas of Europe, he established another common-sense result of the Revolution—the absolute equality of all persons in their personal rights and in their commercial rights before the law. No feudal or other *privileges* for anybody! No feudal or other *disabilities* for anybody!

Therefore, in the same decree in which he abolished serfdom, the King of Prussia permitted the peasant and the burgher to buy *noble* land and permitted the *noble* to enter trade!

That was the French Revolution in its *results*. Within a generation, almost within a decade, France passed from feudal destitution to independent small-farm and small-business thrift and energy. And it gave a large measure of these blessings to neighboring peoples.

A very bread-and-butter, almost sordid, outcome!

Yet it was precisely the outcome organized from the beginning, as you can see by reading any of the Apostles of Reason who preceded and incited the Revolution.

But French Reason gave the world, through the French Revolution, one other thing—the idea of "Fraternity." It was not, and still isn't, a practicable idea. But it is one that can be reached only through Religion or else, as in France, through Reason. It is *not* a *natural* idea, an *instinctive* idea. Human beings, unless artificially instructed, do *not* regard themselves as brothers. It was the French who, first among nations, *and last among nations*, in a whole movement of thought, developed the conception of universal human brotherhood.

Do we owe them nothing for that? Let us grant that reason let loose is more extreme than instinct and more unreliable. Let us grant that the farthest flings of reason can not always be followed up in practise. Yet in the midst of constitutional democracy and of opportunistic socialism, in the midst of minimum wages and municipal lodging-houses and the seven-and-three-quarters-hour work-day and special-low-railway-rates-for-working-men-on-their-way-to-try-to-find-work-and food-for-their-wives-and-children—in the midst of all this detail, and in the presence of a Socialist party which brings its immediate little reforms farther and farther toward the front and puts its *revolution* farther and farther toward the back in its public pronouncements—in such an age, and for several ages to come, shall we not look back, with a painful sense of how far we have dropped from even an *interest* in human brotherhood, to the outright boldness of Robespierre:

"It is only the *superfluity* of foodstuffs that should become articles of commerce. What is *necessary* belongs to all."

I don't care whether it can be *done* to-morrow morning or not, any more than I care whether "blessed are the meek" can be *done* to-morrow morning or not. I know it can't. But, except in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, there can not be found a set of sayings that will so stretch the heart of the world on the rack of self-questioning, now and henceforth, as the

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essays and speeches of the relentlessly reasoning men of the French Revolution.

So we come to the Russian, the "brutal" Russian.

He is most decidedly a recent arrival among us. Two hundred years ago he was still wearing his Oriental robes at the court of the Tsar. Peter the Great made him discard them and also made him shave.

THE "BRUTAL" AND ARTISTIC RUSSIAN

Russia is intellectually a debtor nation still. It has learned a great deal. It has taught little.

It mentions its scientific and other scholars. It has many of them. Pavlov got a Nobel prize in Medicine. So did Metchnikoff. And Madame Curie, born in Russia and brought up there, is the only person who has appeared twice in the Nobel prize-lists. She received part of the prize in Physics at one time and then at another time the whole of the prize in Chemistry.

This is not a record to be sneered at in America; for we have won only two of the Nobel science prizes altogether, and in each case the winner, though living in America, was born and trained in Europe. Michelson *really* belongs to German influence and Carrel to French.

However, in Europe the scientific contributions of Russia are not relatively important; and of course there is nothing distinctively *Russian* in finding new chemical elements or in studying the behavior of milk-ferments in the human intestines.

It is in the arts, not in government or in industry or in science, that Russia becomes valuably distinctive. In the work of a musical composer like Tschaikowsky or of a painter like Verestchagin or of a dancer like Mordkin or like Pavlowa there is a certain new emotional quality. It is the quality of a people bent tempestuously on saying just what they individually *feel*.

Isadora Duncan, instructed in Paris, dances all Greece for us as well as all modern Europe. Mordkin and Pavlowa dance, even in their most rigorously schooled moments, *themselves*. You see Isadora Duncan and come away thinking of Iphigenia. You see Pavlowa and come away *thinking* of Pavlowa.

There is something of this emphasis in the work of every great Russian novelist. He covers it over, thickly, with the countless details of incident through which he proceeds to his purpose. But the purpose is always present. *My* reaction on the world. *Mine!* From Tolstoi's novels there emerges finally *Tolstoi!* He was not only a great artist but himself a great work of art.

Russia's one *great* international influence is through its novelists. You may never read Gogol for yourself—I know I never shall—but you can not escape him, for you do read Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells; and the influence of Gogol and of the more familiar personalities of Dostoievsky and Turgenev and Tchekov and Tolstoi and Gorky has penetrated not only the books of Bennett and of Wells, but the books also of almost all other important novelists in England and in all other countries.

The Russian novelists were the most *influential* novelists, internationally, in the nineteenth century; and they alone among all Russians have really been infused, as an intellectual element, into our daily lives.

Now, Germany again!

England, let us remember, taught the world the elements and foundations of modern practical life—modern Government, modern Business.

France has led the world's efforts to mix knowledge and Art and Daily Life in the cup of Reason to make that intimate blend which, in moments of peace, is Culture, and in moments of revolution, as in 1789, is intoxicated Idealism.

From Germany there came, a century ago, a cry of the Soul.

What is Germany's world-message to-day? It has one. War aside, it has one. What is it?

I pray to remark it is *not* Science.

People talk of "*The Scientific German*" as of a magical super-monster of research from whose terrific brain there issues a devastating stream of inventions to discomfit and demolish the commercial rivals of the Fatherland. Don't be afraid. It is not *he*, among the Germans, that will hurt you.

What if Frank and Caro in Germany *did* devise a method of taking nitrogen straight out of the air to use in fertilizers? A method to that same end was devised by Bradley and Lovejoy in America—and they did it *before* Frank and Caro.

Suppose Dr. Baeyer of Berlin *did* discover the marvelously intricate artificial substitute for indigo. What is there Teutonic in such accomplishments? The very *first*

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coal-tar dye was discovered by an Englishman, Perkins.

Let us say that Rodenhaeuser's German electric furnace for the refining of steel is an excellent one. Why weep? Weren't excellent electric furnaces for the refining of steel already being constructed by Girod and by Heroult in France? Most decidedly, yes.

The paths of applied science, of technology, of research, all lead to-day in the same direction in all civilized countries. Let us grant that they are being traveled by *a larger number of persons* in Germany than in any other country in the world. Yet the results secured are identical in *kind*, everywhere. No *uniqueness* in technological thought is coming to us from Germany or from anywhere else.

Ditto in *pure* science.

Let us grant, most humbly, that the Germans have walked away with an outrageous number of Nobel science prizes. Those prizes are awarded, three of them each year, in Physics, in Chemistry, in Medicine, by certain very impartial Swedish groups of learned men. There have been forty-six Nobel science prize-winners altogether. *Fourteen* of them have been Germans. Only *seven* have been Frenchmen. Only *five* have been Englishmen.

Yet it by no means follows that English science is to German science as five is to fourteen.

Volume of product does not by itself demonstrate a racial superiority. Germany has a population fifty per cent. greater than that of Great Britain. For that reason, and more particularly for another reason which I shall soon mention, the number of men traveling the paths which lead to Nobel science prizes is far greater in Germany than in Great Britain. But Great Britain does not cease to produce scientific men of outstanding stature. There's Thomson, for instance.

Thomson is the world's leading *physicist*. His work has not only a scientific but a *philosophical* interest. Plunging into the vast abysses of that inconceivably tiny thing, the atom, he has carried us farther into the swirlings of the electrons and into the actual constitution of matter than we ever could go before. Speaking of such things, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, who has written more comprehensively on the history of science than anybody else in America, has remarked: "We owe our knowledge of the *ultimate* particle of matter, the electron, *chiefly* to Sir Joseph J. Thomson."

The *three* Germans, Roentgen and Lenard and Braun, who have received Nobel prizes in physics, might well have to club their work in order to make it equal Thomson's in philosophical *value*.

So may England still look at her children and say, in the words Kipling put into her mouth: "Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not yet dry."

Who are these Germans that, in an age which is still *Darwinian*, they should bring into international discussions a constant claim of scientific supremacy? They have never produced any man, or any ten men, or any hundred men, who so utterly altered *all* thought for *all* the world as did Darwin. *He* was a *revolutionist*, one of the great radical English world-changers!

Consider him. Consider all English scientific thinkers. Consider all the scientific thinkers of all other nations! I went to Dr. Henry Smith Williams and asked him to do so for me and he replied: "French, German, Italian, Dutch, Scandinavian—they have all performed prodigious feats in the conquest of scientific knowledge; but, after all, and counting everything, the leadership is *England's*."

WHO IS THE TEUTONIC TERROR?

But it is hateful to make such international comparisons in science. Science is the fellowship of all humanity in the search after such truth as God permits us to know about His human world. I have therefore not listed even Darwin as an *English* influence. He grew, himself, out of facts and ideas streaming in the international current. In the goal sought, in the means used, and in the *nature* of the advances made, Science is a *unit*, super-international.

No, don't let "The Scientific German" keep you awake nights. It is not *he* that is the Teutonic Terror. Then who is? Why, that same old "dry-as-dust" *system-making* German who now, in a new incarnation, conducts researches not into "The Divine Idea" but into Industry and Government, yet still for the same old purpose of demonstrating ideas of *some* kind and of establishing whole *systems* of them.

I will give three illustrations of him.

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First, in tying Invention and Finance together into a *system*.

An acquaintance of mine made an invention, a highly technical one, which turned out to be commercially very important. He went to bankers in America, England, and Germany.

In America the purpose of the bankers was purely financial. Quite naturally. Under our arrangement of things, the question for them was: "If we issue stocks and bonds on this proposition, what is the market for them and how can we *get out?*"

In England my friend was charmed. The bankers he met belonged to the class of persons immortalized by Bagehot as "spending half their time washing their whole persons." They bathed and did a bit of business, and did a bit of tennis and bathed, and were fresh-cheeked and fresh-minded and civilized. But at the end of two weeks their conception of the technical scope of the new invention was limited—very limited. You may say that my friend didn't find the right bankers. Well, in Germany the bankers found *him*.

He hadn't been in his hotel in Berlin twenty-four hours when he was waited on by a person who introduced himself as a representative of a certain banking institution—one of the largest. "And in what capacity?" inquired my friend. "I," said the strange person, "am a *chemist*." Yes, a chemist, an academic, professorial chemist, professing *industrial* chemistry.

In twenty minutes, for the first time on either side of the Atlantic, my friend got his invention and its scope completely understood by a member of the *regular working staff* of a bank. And what was the next step?

"We will put so much money into this proposition. And we will *keep* it there. And we will give you commercial advice straight along from so-and-so in our organization. And we will give you technical scientific advice straight along from so-and-so in our organization. We conclude that your invention has such-and-such possibilities. We will *cooperate* with you in developing those possibilities, commercial *and scientific*."

Now how can such *cooperation* be dismissed as "all very well for autocratic, militaristic Germany but quite impossible for *us?*" What is there militaristic about it? Or autocratic?

So also with my second illustration—railways—the tying together of Transportation and Industry into a *System*.

Are we to say "militarism" and "autocracy" just because the principal railways of Germany are owned by the several states of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg? Then what about Australia with its railways governmentally owned? Is Australia "militaristic" and "autocratic"? No, let us look deeper. Are the German railways *managed* autocratically?

Well, who are the persons peculiarly dependent on railways? Shippers, of course. And does the German Imperial Government autocratically impose a beneficent schedule of railway rates on a voiceless body of German shippers? It does not.

Among the men who sit as a national permanent rate commission there is a distinct group called "The Traders' Committee," representing the shippers and their interests. And how are they chosen? By the Kaiser? Not at all. By the shippers themselves. Five of them are elected by the Agricultural Chambers of Germany. Ten of them (five for Manufactures and five for Trade) are elected by the German Chambers of Commerce. And the advice they give to the rate commission is so influential as to be called "authoritative."

The shippers of Germany have official recognition and official influence continuously and robustly in the management of German railways.

SYSTEM—MADE IN GERMANY

That at the top! And then the same idea of cooperation at the bottom! There are "*district* advisory boards," chosen in various ways at various points along the railway lines. In the case of the Prussian railways, for instance, the members of these local boards are elected for three-year terms by local Chambers of Commerce, Merchants' Associations, and Agricultural Unions. From bottom to top the rate-making of the German railways proceeds under the eye and with the cooperation of the men who *use* the railways.

In the United States the railway managers and the shippers are mutually hostile. They appear before the Interstate Commerce Commission as litigants—as *complainants* or *culprits*. Then the members

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of the Commission, seven non-shippers and non-managers appointed by one man, the President, say "yes" or "no;" and the litigants go on to their next litigation.

I do not say that we are all wrong and that the Germans are all right. Far from that! I say only: "Watch them! Stop calling them mere *automata of autocracy*, and watch them." German Industry and German Transportation, welded harmoniously together in daily cooperation, in daily *self-governing* cooperation, can be seen today reaching out into the export trade of the world and dragging back into Germany a great deal more of it, a *very* great deal more of it, than German Industry, *by itself, on its own merits*, would deserve. Again, the philosophic, system-making German, true pupil of philosophic, system-making professors.

THE ORGANIZING GERMAN

It is *he* that has organized also a system of education and government and business, inter-connected, in which laboratories are stationed at every vantage-point where squads and regiments of scientific investigators, pure and applied, can charge at the problems of the future. *He* is why there are so *many* researchers in Germany. The scientific German is merely one aspect, one weapon, of the organizing German.

And he hasn't done the easy task of organizing a *centralized* system. He has organized a *diffused* system. He has produced a *systematic labyrinth*.

That fact will show in my third illustration—Labor.

The greatest modern device for protecting the laborer against the consequences of being a laborer is admittedly Social Insurance. In that device the Germans are admittedly the originators and the masters. But do they operate it through *one* man or one *set* of men or a *few* sets of men? Quite to the contrary.

German Social Insurance, except in small part, is not even *state* insurance. The state does not *operate* it at all. The insurance against accidents to laborers is operated by groups of employers. The insurance against sickness is operated by countless groups of employers and employees together. If people get hurt too much or if people get sick too much, these groups begin to lose money too fast; and so they introduce safety devices to prevent accidents and so they build sanitariums to prevent illness, on their own initiative. The marvel of German Social Insurance is precisely that it spurs individual initiative to top speed.

Leaving Insurance, look now at a German Labor Exchange, where laborers come to find jobs. Look at the one in Strassburg. Is some fang or tusk of the Imperial Government projected into Strassburg to poke the docile German laborer into employment? Quite to the contrary again. *The Strassburg Labor Exchange is managed by a joint committee of employers and employees.* And more!

When a Strassburg laborer, going to the Strassburg Labor Exchange, can not there find a job, he begins to draw a certain amount of money each day from a certain insurance fund which insures him against unemployment. That is, he begins to draw it in certain circumstances. And those circumstances are these: that he has contributed to the fund and that he is a member of some one of certain trade unions. *For the municipal unemployment insurance fund of Strassburg is a cooperation between the municipality and the organized labor of the city.*

Paternalism? Coercion? Drill? There is plenty of all that in Germany. But the lesson out of Germany for us is the utilizing of the *spontaneous self-interest* of all groups and classes of people, the *organizing* of *individual initiative* for a *cooperative national purpose*. And this is on the other side of a very deep gulf from mere centralized autocracy.

WAITING FOR THE PRINCE

For the Germany that struggles toward such a unified expression of its whole composite self, what can there be but praise—and emulation? It tries now to organize the world of outward things even as it once tried to organize the world of inward things. In new times have come new needs; but the reaching toward unity is the same and it is performed with the same laborious passionateness.

It is *Schneewittchen*, poking the fire and broiling the fish for the gnarly gnomes of militaristic illusion and waiting and waiting till the Prince, the Deliverer, shall come and translate her to her own true "golden throne."

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ALL *for* PATRICIA

by

EUGENE P. LYLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

EURIPUS, which is the capital of Illyria, had contained Ned Thacker of Kansas only since morning, and the evening of the same day was yet in its early glamour. But to judge from his apparel, as he ran through the streets, the young American had been filling his first Illyrian day with violent endeavor. The evening clothes in which he had left Paris were partly stripped from him. Hatless, coatless, collarless, he was no longer *de rigueur* save for the dueling field.

But then dueling was one of the activities that had brought him to this plight.

The duel was with the Duke Renaldo de Valdepena, second cousin to the king of Illyria and his sister, the Princess Patricia, and was contrived by Ned as a special favor to the princess, to save her from marrying Renaldo that evening. It had ended in arrest for both duelists, at the hands of the king's captain of the guard. After that, Ned, escaping, had taken a hand in thwarting a mutiny against the king—the gallant Irish baronet who had led Illyria against the Turk—prompted by the infamous rumor that he meant to betray his country into the hands of the Austrian envoy. Patricia and Ned had conspired to get the king away to the French minister's, and then, when the mutineers entered the palace, Ned had beguiled them while the princess also escaped.

Yes, it had been a full day. But it was not over yet. Free from the guard, on parole, Ned was off to help Patricia rejoin her brother, the king. It was for this that he ran, regardless alike of the nipping air and his strange attire, along the fashionable drive.

Wide and silent and ghostly blue-gray under the cold moon, it wound with the shore line of the Ionian Sea below. It was bordered by stately residences with formal lawns and sometimes a globed light over the porte-cochère. One mansion Ned noted from its escutcheon as the French minister's, but the premises were in darkness, and he kept on. He was passing a long, high wall, the garden wall behind the king's palace, when he heard a muffled clanging of iron, and a half-minute later all but ran into two women who had closed the garden gate behind them and were hurrying off into the drive. One, somewhat in the lead, caught her breath. The other stifled a scream.

"Miss Patsy!" he exclaimed joyfully.

The braver one put out her hands. "Oh, it's you!" Her voice throbbed thankfulness.

She wore a Spaniard's cloak and a plumed Cavalier hat, but because of the shadow under the wall he could but imagine the witching black eyes that had drawn him across the continent. He caught the impulsive hands. "My Irish princess," he whispered.

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"PATRICIA, I WANT MY ANSWER."

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"You are—alive?" she demanded in awed wonder.

The question was natural. She had left him fifteen minutes before, a saber in his hand, facing the mutineers and holding the door through which she made her escape.

"I thought," said she, trembling as she remembered, "never to see you alive again."

The young man pondered this during one-sixtieth of a second. It took that long for exultation and teeming audacity; then he said: "Patricia, I want my answer."

She drew back, a tender, quivering laugh betraying her. "Your answer?" she questioned. Her tone was the kind that goes with lifted eyebrows. It was very fair art, under the circumstances.

"My answer," he repeated, undismayed.

Several months before, in Paris, to himself he had said: "Now, if a crown, a kingdom, can't fetch her, what chance is there for me?" Then he had brought down his fist, and added: "If that's a question, why let's get out and find the answer." The trail of the answer had brought him to Illyria.

"You know what I mean," he insisted, "but to be perfectly clear I will say——"

"No, no, not before——"

"Then Marie can drop behind." He had recognized her maid in the other girl.

"No!" she cried, this time in angry self-reproach. "My brother will be looking for me. He will go back. He will walk squarely into the mutiny, after all we did to get him away. Come: he will return this way from the French minister's."

They were passing the stately residences, and the French legation was the next house, when a huge, low yellow touring-car, full half its length being hooded engine, curved into the drive, apparently from the French minister's garage at the rear. When fairly headed down the drive, it stopped, and one of three men sprang out.

"If that is Mademoiselle Patricia—" he said in French, and paused tentatively, holding open the door.

"Oh, it is," she cried, starting forward. "You mean that Terry—that the king—is with you?"

Hurrying her maid with her, she tried to distinguish the two other men in the car. One would be her brother. He would be leaving the French legation with these friends who had been provided to rescue him. The young American called a warning, and darted after her. But she and the maid were swept into the tonneau; the man outside followed, snapping the door to; and the car fairly leaped for the blue-gray vista of roadway. Thacker jumped to the footboard. He hung by the fingers of one hand over the door; but the blow of a fist swung him off.

"Ned!" he heard—he really heard. "Come for me—for—your—answer—Ned—come—come!"

Her cry was faint at the last on the wind. He was racing like a stripped Indian; but the back of the car coalesced with gray distance. He laughed insolently and stopped. There was no outrunning the ninety horses hooded in the nose of the phantom. Besides, Ned thought he knew the tall pedestrian in business suit and derby coming toward him, head down and in haste. He was not mistaken.

"Faith, Mr. Thacker!" exclaimed the man.

"The king, thanks be!" exclaimed the young American.

"Intact?" marveled the king. "Intact from the mutiny? Aye, thanks be! But for your fortunate intrusion, sir— Wait, though, I need your help again. I can not find my sister——"

"Just a minute," young Thacker interrupted him excitedly. "You saw that sixty-cylinder comet flash past a minute ago? Well, that's where Patri—your sister is! She's in that car—she and her maid. We've got to——"

He stopped. The king's features seemed of marble in the moonlight. "Then it was the Austrian envoy," he said slowly, as if to himself. "The mutiny. And now abduction!"

"One was a big man," Ned informed him, "like a black bear, all in furs. Arms long as a gorilla's. I saw, when he reached for her. They dragged the two girls in, and I heard him grunt, 'Ach, so,' like that, like a sleepy, fat Dutchman."

"The envoy himself!" groaned the king. "There is one way—one," he decided, hastening toward the palace.

"Sure—pursuit."

"No—abdication."

The king knew that Patricia's life and all hung absolutely on his compliance with Austria's need and greed concerning Illyria. He could betray his people. He could immolate his sister. Which? He put the monstrous

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"NED! COME FOR—YOUR—ANSWER! COME!"

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question from him with his crown. Once he were no longer king, the envoy would have only the Honorable Patricia O'Hara on his hands, and no king's sister. Her release would follow swiftly. Hence imperative reason for abdicating.

Which counted merely nothing against Simon-pure American obstinacy. "Is there a place that sounds like—like Prilip?" inquired Ned Thacker innocently.

The king halted in his brisk stride as if another blow had fallen. "Prilip?" he said. "Prilip the village? Not Prilip? God in mercy, man, Prilip is a smugglers' wallow over the north border! It's a kennel of thieves, outlaws, cut——"

"It's the name," Ned interposed, "that the man in bearskins called out to the chauffeur. Prilip, that was——"

The king caught his arm. "If it's there the beast is taking her, then——"

"Quick, get me to a telephone!"

With but one thought, both broke into a run for the palace.

Fifteen minutes later the glorious captain of the King's Guard answered Ned's summons at the royal garage—once a Turkish dungeon. He came in his crimson-upholstered, high-powered roadster, driven by a fierce, wiry little orderly. There was also a passenger, who sprang from the car with the captain.

"The nerve!" stormed magnificent Captain Von der Blitzen, soldier of fortune, once of Cincinnati. "I let you loose on parole, and I must come after you!" He towered over Ned, and twisted his sea-king mustache. He flung open his long cloak in readiness. The crimson sash of his Illyrian skirted uniform bristled like a brigand's.

"I also sent for you, sir," spoke a voice behind them.

The captain brushed past Ned into the garage. "The king!" The words were a deep, faltering rumbling in his chest.

"It was also I who desired you to bring my cousin," said the king, reaching a hand to the captain's passenger.

But at sight of him Ned broke bounds. "What!" he said. "The misplaced bridegroom?"

The king came between them in time. "Renaldo! Mr. Thacker! And you, captain— Nay, all four of us, at odds with one another we have let a real and deadly foe work his will. Renaldo, the envoy has just seized Patricia."

Renaldo stood with hand half uplifted to Ned; but the slap he had meant to administer was forgotten. In the dim light of the crypt his soft brown eyes hardened.

As for the big, honest captain, the news smote him first with shame. He saw how brutally he had wronged the king, how he and the Guard and all muttering Illyria had wronged him. For they had listened to whispers, and they had thought him corrupted by the Austrians; yet the envoy had had to strike at him through his dearest love, his sister.

"When," said the captain in a voice of rolling thunder, "when I have split that envoy through his pink skull down to——"

"Oh, catch him first!" fumed Ned. "We're losing time."

"Then, we are all one in this?" said the king. He glanced particularly at his cousin.

"Are we!" protested the young grandee. "*Ai*, there's my hand." He put forth two, for Ned and the captain both.

"But," said the king, taking the four clasped hands between his own, "there's death in it, gentlemen. The envoy——"

"— or the devil," scoffed Von der Blitzen, "we are four against him."

"And all for one, one for all."

"That's it, all for——"

"Patricia."

Ned Thacker did not know that he had said that aloud, not until the second after, when the captain boomed it forth from his simple hero's heart:

"All for Patricia, that's the word!"

The others smiled, but their handclasps tightened on the pledge.

They might have been the Three Musketeers on earth again, the Three and d'Artagnan. They were! Athos, the king; Porthos, the captain; Aramis, the Spaniard; and—d'Artagnan of Kansas! Yes, verily. Flaws in the likeness are the chronicler's.

"Now for it! Come on! If we do not overtake them this side of the border"—This from the captain.

"But the start they've got——"

"Will be lost," interposed the cunning Renaldo. "Allow me to predict that the envoy pauses here and there to arm a little death-trap."

"Yes," Ned assented. "They will stop one, two, three of us, but the fourth—the fourth *must* get through! And that's why we must go in separate cars. You start first, old Hohenstaufen!"

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AT SIGHT OF HIM NED BROKE BOUNDS. "WHAT!" HE SAID. "THE

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MISPLACED BRIDEGROOM?" BUT THE KING CAME BETWEEN THEM IN TIME.

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Back in the shadows of the garage a motor began to hum, and two head-lights flashed wide-awake. The captain understood, and sprang into his roadster.

"Pass me who can," he shouted back. "But do not stop for me, no matter what—" The rest was lost.

From a locker the king pressed coat, cap, goggles, automatics, and cartridges on his cousin. "There are rifles in the car," he said. "It's my beauty—the phaeton I had in Paris. The man jumping in is your Basque. Follow the captain's light."

The duke swung on as the car glided past, and the king turned back into the garage. "Now Ned——"

Ned was helping on the car chosen by the king for himself: a battered, sawed-off torpedo, all armored engine, which had served the king through Balkan wars.

"Best get in with me," the king suggested, "or Clancey can——"

Ned shook his head. "I want a nag of my own." He nodded toward a motorcycle against the wall, one of a half-dozen that he had taken from a rack. They, too, had seen war; the king's couriers had used them. Every one was a tandem, since two riders double the chance against bullets, and all were ready for instant use. From the lockers Ned had already garbed himself in road-splattered leather and buckled on a courier's pistols.

"You will follow," said the king, as he drew on an old service coat and stepped into the car.

"And pass you all!" said Ned.

In something more than two hours Ned had made good his boast—passing king, duke, and captain like a rocket skimming the earth. But not far beyond the captain he was reminded by a split in the speedway that he did not know the road.

He jerked the speed-lever back in neutral, gradually stiffened his leg against the foot-brake, and drew up before a roadside café-garden set in the fork of the road. He leaned the motorcycle against one of the ghostly, frost-sheeted tables under the bare poplars, leaving the motor going, and pounded on the door of the rubble-walled inn.

The door opened, almost suspiciously soon for a sleeping house, and Ned laid his hand on his automatic. Immediately he put his hand to his cap. It was a girl who opened the door, a black-haired, olive-cheeked girl in peasant dress. She carried a saucer of oil with a burning wick, and she gravely touched her forehead in salutation.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Ned, "but which is the road to Prilip?" He gestured earnestly. "Prilip—Prilip!" He had to make her understand.

She shaded the wick, and the glow showed her eyes heavy and languorous. "To Prilip, it is that which takes to the right. Yes, sure."

Ned hazily realized that he was hearing English, in a roadside Illyrian doorway, past midnight, from the curving rose-red lips of a girl bearing an ancient wick-light. And it was English that savored weirdly of Maine, Indiana, and Arkansas. She had got it at Robert College in Constantinople, of course; but it is always startling.

"Thank you," he cried heartily, and turned to be off again. She called to him, but it was not that which stopped him. It was the captain in the roadster speeding past, the cape of his cloak laid back from his shoulders like streamers. Ned was relieved to see that he took the road to the right. The girl had told the truth then. Evidently the envoy had not stopped here to arrange for mischief.

"Thank you, and so will the king!" He started away, but felt her hand on his draw him back.

"Only for a good-health cup of plum brandy," she whispered.

Suspicion broke over him like flowering pyrotechnics. He twisted free, and ran for his motorcycle. The motor was still humming, but the shadowy form of a man rose from his knees beside it, and ducked under tables as if expecting a shot. Ned wasted no time with shooting. He was only too glad to slip through this first trap of the envoy. He mounted, but there was the odor of burnt gasoline and choking protest in the explosions. Before he reached the fork his lights went out and the engine lay over dead. He knew; carbureter flooded.

While he was draining it, an automobile went by in the dark. He recognized the king's blunted war-car; the king had passed Renaldo. Ned readjusted the needle-valve and tried his engine. It would not start. With an electric flash-light from the tool-box he swiftly tested the various trouble sources, and found it—the gasoline tank was empty. The kneeling man had done that.

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"ONLY FOR A GOOD-HEALTH CUP OF PLUM BRANDY," SHE WHISPERED.

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He stood up, glaring at the desolate café-garden. On his ears fell the whir of another car. Renaldo! Of course Ned's ducal rival would blandly leave him there. But the phaeton was slowing down. Yes, because, like Ned, Renaldo did not know which road to take. Ned ran up to his car, and ran along with it.

"The road to the right," he shouted. "Speed up, man, or they'll get you too!"

"But you?" the duke's liquid voice came to him.

"Oh, I'm stopped. No gasoline."

"Only that?—here!"

A gauntleted hand tossed out a large can. Ned caught it as the car shot ahead. It was half full.

"Game, game little duke!" he murmured. Then, when he had filled his tank and was on the wing once more, bearing down on the phaeton's tail-lights: "I hate to do it, pass him again, but——"

Abruptly he sheered off to the edge of the road and began throttling down to what would be a lope on horseback. He had heard the gunshot-like explosion of a tire, then another, and the lights ahead lurched and heaved as if on a small boat at sea. He came up with the phaeton as one of its hind wheels crunched into splintered junk.

"Tacks—something—in the road," said Renaldo, leaping out. "How did you get through?"

"Edged off from 'em. Quick, jump on."

"But the king? The captain?"

"Tacks must have been sprinkled after they went by. Still, it's mysterious. Now quick, on behind!"

"No, it will cut down your——"

"Jump on!" roared Ned.

"Paying off the gasoline, eh?" But the duke obeyed.

"Oh, Blas," he called back in Spanish to his man, left with the wrecked phaeton, "be picking up the tacks."

With the roughening of the road and the apprehension of more snares, Ned ventured no longer to rowel his dozen canned bronchos to their limit. Even so, keeping to the edge of the road, they brought up the king's lights shortly before dawn; and then were greatly puzzled to note the rate at which they were gaining.

Renaldo leaned forward, and shouted against the wind. "He's not going at all! He's stopped!" A moment later he gripped Ned's shoulder. "Brakes, brakes!" he yelled. "That's a stone wall across the road!"

"Stone wall, your grandmother!"

Yet there it was, a wall of white, three feet high, squarely across the road, built as if by magic between the passing of the captain and the coming of the king. The nose of the torpedo touched the wall, its engine still running. And in the torpedo they found the king, alone, peacefully asleep. They came upon him from either side, and their eyes met over him. The blithe young Spaniard shuddered—a manner of delicate tribute.

"That envoy!" he whispered. "The master craftsman! Yes. I thought so—chloroform! The odor remains on his lips."

"But Clancey? Where's Clancey?"

"Taken off. Both were overpowered. Look." He picked up a handful of empty shells littering the tonneau. "There's been a decoy ambush, to draw their fire—while others crawled upon them over the back of the car."

"But the wall?" Ned glanced at it again, then jumped down, ran to it, and—snatched it to one side. The stones were canvas. It was a bolt of canvas unrolled across the road. "The king will awake soon. He would go on. They did not even stop his motor. Now why?"

Renaldo looked up from his ministrations over the unconscious king, and replied with a despairing shrug.

"Well, be thinking it over, Little Brain of Quicksilver, and take the wheel there and come on," ordered Ned. "The rush of air will revive the king, and I'll scout ahead on the motorcycle. We've yet to see what's happening to the captain. They don't want us bunched, that's certain, and he'll need us. It'll take the four of us yet, I'm thinking, to get one through. You know the clutches. In the high! Come on!"

Ned went through a village of tile-roofed huts, rousing the dogs, then scattering them. He startled a woman and child kneeling to the ikon of a wayside shrine. He stampeded an ambling caravan of donkeys, driven by boys on foot and ridden by veiled Turkish women. There were vineyards, orchards, stripped of verdure; and then there were forested hills betokening the Pindus Mountain country farther to the north.

The sun was hours high, and yet the cyclist had not overtaken the captain, nor

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had sight of him. But at last, miles away down a wide valley, on a slender white tape of road cut off by the base of the hill before him, he caught sight of the long, low yellow touring-car that they pursued, and faintly heard the unmistakable discordant note of its horn.

Moreover, he thought he saw the floating veils of two women in the car; and that thought, since one of them would be Patricia, so fired his brain that for an instant he did not note a very bewildering item—namely, that the car was merely crawling, like a crippled beetle.

A moment later there rose to his ears a prolonged challenging blast from brass, and the captain broke into view from around the hill, hot on the trail. He had sighted the quarry—and the crippled beetle was going like a coursing greyhound in its own patch of dust.

Ned opened the throttle, taking the down-grade like a diver. Instantly the stretch of road below was cut from his view by the hill. There was destruction prepared for the captain somewhere on that stretch of road. Ned divined that much. What pit, what barrier, might demolish the roadster and not the yellow car first he did not ask himself. He only knew that their adversary was equal to it.

His own part was another seeming impossibility—to overtake the captain, to save him. He rounded the hill, came out on the level stretch he had seen from above, and there they were, miles ahead and not a half-mile apart. The simple, terrible captain pounding to his doom!

Ned, bent horizontal to his handle-bars, was gaining fast, but there ahead they were entering a dense wood, and it looked treacherous. He tried his horn. By some freakish chance the captain might fancy it a warning. He made it do sharp yelping stunts, until at last a head bobbed up in the roadster and looked back. The head would belong to the little Illyrian orderly, and Ned took hope. He flagged him imperiously with one waving arm, and the head bobbed down again.

Abruptly the motorcycle shot nearer, so that the roadster must be burning her brakes, turning her terrific momentum into heat. Then began a slow but quickening stir in the atmosphere, and a tall pine pitched crashing across the road, just behind the yellow car. The oncoming roadster jammed into it and crumpled up like tin.

A woodchopper was making off deeper into the forest.

Ned came on the captain swearing magnificent vengeance. He was vividly alive, and the orderly, hung over the shattered windshield, was only stunned.

On the crest of a rise, not a hundred yards ahead, the yellow car had slowed down, had stopped. What now? Ned found out at once. He flung his two-hundred weight of motorcycle over the fallen tree, and was mounting, when a rifle-ball hit his mud-guard. Evidently they had not figured against motorcycles, but they would stop this one this way. He flung the cycle back over the tree-trunk. At once the firing ceased.

"What'll we do? How'll we get at 'em?" demanded the captain helplessly.

Ned was asking himself that. He saw a goat path that wound around the slope into the sheltering depth of the wood. It looked almost good enough for a motorcycle; and if it but crossed the road beyond, perhaps he could . . . A shout from the captain interrupted.

"Here comes another car! A racer, a—it's the king!"

"And a hot little duke driving. Wow, how they come!"

The captain's big face glowed ruddily. "The four of us—" he began.

"The four of us!" said Ned simply. The thought was complete as it stood.

He was trying to decipher the tactics of the enemy in the yellow car, waiting so purposefully at the top of the hill. Here was the king's car which they had caused to be only delayed, and now what were they going to do with it?

The armored torpedo came to a halt touching the fallen tree, and the king, white and silent, sprang out, followed by Renaldo. Ned was intently watching the yellow car. But no shot was fired. No tree fell. No mine exploded. Nothing. What could they want up there, just waiting, when they might be escaping across the border?

Ned turned at a stifled exclamation from the king, and saw him pick up a bit of snowy cambric, which he began earnestly to examine from corner to corner. Distress filled his eyes, and he strained them on the yellow car.

"You're sure? It's hers?" asked Ned.

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The king nodded.

"Then," said Renaldo—and the tapering forefinger caressing his faint golden mustache trembled—"one of those two women is surely Patricia."

He pointed. From the rear seat of the yellow car two women in auto veils were gesturing wildly for help, until a big man in black furs pulled them back. At the same time the yellow car started and slipped over the ridge out of view. One of the women shrieked as it disappeared.

Ned turned excitedly to the king. "They wanted *you* to see," he cried. "They even dropped her handkerchief. They wanted *you* to know it was Patricia."

"Precisely," said the king. "'Tis the envoy's method, by acute agony to hasten and make certain the base concessions he expects of me. And the frontier not twenty miles beyond! Once he is across with my poor sister——"

"But he miscalculated," protested Ned. "He calculated there'd be no survivors of the smash-up. He calculated that the rest of us were stopped long ago, except you; and you alone could not hoist your car over a tree-trunk. But four of us— Hey, captain!"

The powerful captain laid hold on one of the torpedo's front wheels, and the three others on the other, and so they lifted the forward truck to the fallen tree; and then, with the orderly in the car giving them power from the engine, they dragged the rear wheels over the barrier.

The orderly was to be left behind, and the king took the wheel, Renaldo the other seat, and the captain straddled the iron nose.

"In only twenty miles," despaired the king, "we shall never do it."

"Go, just the same," Ned yelled after them. "I'll head them off for you."

With which gasconade the young Kansan mounted, and rider and cycle threaded the goat path like machinery turning into rabbit.

"Patricia!" His thoughts hummed with the motor. "Now's the home-stretch, and I'll be first. I must! I will! Patricia! I'm coming first, Patricia."

His gray eyes were set piercingly for turns and falls and low branches, his gauntleted fists were locked vises on the handle-bars, and the things of flashing spokes under him responded to flexing wrist-muscles as if it were a rapier's slender steel.

The blurred discord of the yellow car's horn came to his ears from the left, and that meant that the pursued had not yet crossed his line of direction. If the path but held so, and did finally touch the road—

A half-mile farther on, he heard the horn again—nearer. Road and path were converging. Soon after, he could hear the high, faint hum of a distant automobile, still on the left and, this time, a little behind. Momentarily he expected to see the road itself, off through the wintry wood. The fate of his calculations lay in the first glimpse.

As it happened, when he did see it—and also the yellow car—he had time for but a glance from the tail of his eye. There was matter enough for his wits directly in front. He had flushed the goats of the region. They were a large flock; hundreds, they seemed; and they went scurrying like enchanted white creatures of a Grimm fairy-tale forest. Instead of breaking from the path and letting the invader pass, they were stricken with the one mad idea of keeping ahead of the half-man, half-buzz-saw beast that came rocketing through their solitude. In their panic they hugged the trail, and looked like a millrace churned to froth.

"Stalled, by Jupe!" groaned Ned.

He was on them. He had to slow down. He looked for the road ahead. He *could* not see it. He looked back over his shoulder to the left. Yes, there it was, and he noted this time that it was a sunken road, built in a twisted, narrow gorge. He had a fleeting vision of the yellow car bumping down it, making heavy weather, but not two hundred yards away. He saw the big chauffeur—the envoy employed only giants about his person—and beside him the black-furred corpulence that would be the envoy himself, and with a pang he saw the two women behind, and a man, their guard of course, between them.

Then the car vanished under the nearer bank of the gorge, and he could hear it nearer and nearer in front of him. Yes, there it was, right in front. The yellow car would pass within a stone's throw, carrying Patricia past him over the border into Prilip's den of cutthroats.

Suddenly, with the leap of a wild idea, Ned laughed aloud, and squeezed the bulb of his horn.

It was bizarre, grotesque, but d'Artagnanesque—Inspiration!

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The splitting, raucous horror of his horn was overdose of panic. The foremost goats began leaping and—vanishing! They were taking the bank, down into the sunken road. He bombarded them with the horn, and opened the throttle. By droves they were dropping from view. The yellow car's bugle rose frantically, almost straight ahead. Ned snatched out a pistol and began firing. The jostling goats whimpered in agony, and swept over the bank, flooding the yellow car under them. Ned on the motorcycle shot the rapids with the wave, his pistol still in his hand.

The yellow car was turned into the bank. Goats had landed in the chauffeur's lap, on his chest, kicking frenziedly, breaking his grip on the wheel. And still they came . . . and then Ned. His General Putnam leap deposited the motorcycle astride the car's nose, jamming the cycle's gear and cylinders into a tortuous mess. Ned left his mount here, continuing over the handle-bars. He tobogganed athwart the yellow car's mud-guard, alighting on hands, brow, and chin, torn, bruised, and gashed, but never happier in all his days.

Now for these blighters who would carry off Patricia!

They were smothered under goats, and he was up and in the car and had his pistol against the chest of the black-furred man before they rightly knew there was anything but goats.

The big chauffeur ventured to take down his arms from over his head. The shower from the constellation of Capricorn seemed to be over. The last little upright bobtail followed a pair of horns over the side of the car, and the recent precipitation became a foamy torrent washing the banks and flowing off down the road. Mechanically the dazed chauffeur reversed his engine and seized the wheel to right the car.

"No, you don't!" shouted Ned. "I'll——"

The man behind ejaculated something he did not understand. Ned turned so that he could partly see both him and the chauffeur, and he laid hold on his cocklebur and truculent French.

"A move of that wheel, a move to your pocket, *mordieu*, and I shoot the envoy!"

"The envoy, brigand?" came in gnarled, unwieldly French from behind the upturned collar of the black-furred man. "What you say, envoy? How that you rain yourself down with goats, madman, and discommode——"

Ned dug the muzzle of the automatic deeper into him. "You Dutchman, as if I did not know your bald, pink—" With his left hand he snatched off the man's fur cap. He snatched again, in a lightning flash of thought, but there was no wig. It was a black bristle thatch, and the man's own. And the face he looked into was not pink and ruddy, not fair and Austrian, but dark with the heavy cheekbones and thick skull of a Hun. He tore open the collar. The man had a black beard, that did not come off. He was genuinely of a black-bristled breed.

Ned's anger rose dangerously in him. "*Toot même*," he snapped, "the envoy sent you, and you are as good as locked up right now, if not worse. Patricia!" He half rose, facing the two veiled women in the rear seat. "Step out, both of you. They may get me, but—well, be going back up the road. You will meet your brother. Quick, step right out!"

Neither moved. They were staring at him as if they did not understand; he was talking in English. Because of the heavy veils he could not tell one from the other.

"Patricia," he said, at a loss, "I have come. You told me to. Why——"

One of the women was drawing back her veil, doubtless to observe him better. She was a middle-aged woman, dark of skin, with a slight black mustache and heavy cheekbones.

"Patricia!" he spoke in sharp appeal to the other one.

With a puzzled gesture she lifted her veil. She was much older than the first one, with slight iron-gray mustache and heavy cheekbones.

Ned jerked his second automatic, and covered the whole party of them impartially. "Who is it that you are, you people, anyway?" he demanded.

The black-furred man lifted his heavy shoulders. "If that it imports you, musseer," he replied, "we are a Hungarian gentleman and family touring these savage regions, having not been warned of motor brigands, and we are now returning to our estate near Kronstadt. Have you, by chance, some objections?"

"Well, yes," Ned contrived to say succinctly, "I have."

The concluding story about ***D'Artagnan of Kansas*** *will appear in the February number.*

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Paying off the Swede

by Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS Saturday morning in Rockbilt Court, the construction of which was being rushed with that vigor which is the glory of the American mechanic. Plumbers were tearing up the finished floors to wipe the joints; floor-scrapers rushed their planes over the high places on the varnished parquet; electricians punched holes in the ceilings to fit their wires, desisting occasionally to punch the enraged plasterers; while the helpers of one and all shot dice and rushed a can in the cellar.

All was hurry and bustle to meet the first of October.

Ole Olsen, carpenter, sat in a window of the fourteenth story of that palatial apartment-house, viewing its scenic appurtenances—the lordly Hudson, the majestic Palisades, the brick-docks on the North River, and the Eighty-sixth Street station of the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad. He had been mitering a corner of the genuine mahogany baseboard, but had abandoned the work for the window, for Ole found a quiet pleasure in the high-priced scenery, above the rude joy of labor.

Ever and anon he glanced up Eighty-sixth Street in quest of his boss, a wretch who nourished an aversion to idle carpenters. Ole's honest face took on that far-away look; beneath his flaxen thatch he debated the rival claims of strikes and sabotage, though to a superficial observer he appeared merely to contemplate the thin air before his nose.

Moe Cohen, the boss foreman, paused in the doorway and viewed the back of Ole's square, flaxen head. He had suspected the Swede of having a soul above work and, slave-driver that he was, hated him with a bitter, envious hatred.

"No hurry on this job, Olsen," he drawled, cheaply sarcastic. "It's only September, and Christmas is time enough." His wrath burst. "You big square-head loafer! Get out of that window, and get off this job!"

Ole emerged from his economic study. "Don't make no foolishness with me," he said. "You one pretty frash faller, Cohen, and I thank I quit."

"You bet you'll quit," snarled the foreman. He yanked the mouthpiece from a near-by speaking tube. "Give me the time-keeper! Yes? What's the time of Olsen the carpenter? What, the union rate, too!" He slammed down the receiver and hauled out a roll of bills.

"There's what's coming to you, Olsen," he said intensely, slapping down twenty dollars. "And now, you soldier you, beat it quick!" He went out.

Olsen folded the money away. This rush was all foolishness: there was time enough, especially now. He put his tools

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OLE LEANED OUT OF THE CAB, GESTURING. "*GUDE*-BY, JEWISH FAILERS!" HE CRIED.

into his box carefully. With less ostentation, but in as workmanlike a manner, he put in also such other tools as were in the room. He put in the foreman's coat, and looked into the wardrobe, and behind the door, returning leisurely to the window. *There* was time enough.

His big boss Warshawsky stood on the curb below. That was a dangerous place to stand, for Warshawsky, being incorporated, had built the flimsiest possible bridge over the sidewalk. Ole noted the danger, and dropped a warning piece of trim, which was caught in an errant current and missed the boss. Ole repeated the experiment with substances more amenable to Newtonian law, with plaster chips and with tenpenny nails, and finally with the foreman's shoe. They rattled on the bridge but did not go through; still, Warshawsky was in danger. A brick-bat, now——

Ole went into the bathroom and returned with a handful of tiles, but the boss had disappeared. Ole sat down again in the window, and again he yielded to the magenta charm of the brick barges, and to the grace of the bustling dock-captain.

It is a matter of common experience that the climbing of fourteen flights of stairs is winding. And to be winded when one desires intensely to ask questions, is a trial.

Warshawsky leaned against the doorjamb, and panted like the runner of the ancient Marathon. Like that hero of antiquity, the veins of his neck swelled and his eyes popped out. Ole waited blandly for him to drop dead.

"What—what—" Warshawsky waved futile hands.

"I am cleaning off this floor," explained Ole. "This place is dirty, I tall you, faller. How I can work here, what?" He threw the foreman's other shoe out of the window and then studied Warshawsky's chokings.

"I am Ole Olsen, carpenter," he suggested.

The boss also went to the speaking-tube. "What's his time?" he wheezed into it. "This Scandinavian loafer!"

"Twanty dollars," said Ole helpfully.

The boss dropped the tube as it confirmed Ole's statement, and extended the money. "Now, you bummer, you—be scarce! Out of my house!"

Ole picked up his box and went down the fourteen flights on the risers. In his wake followed Warshawsky, his cautious stepping at grievous variance with the poetic license of his language.

Warshawsky followed the carpenter to the Corinthian entrance, going nimbly over the slabs of expensive Caen stone that the rushing marble-workers were cutting beneath the feet of the other mechanics. Once again the trip had silenced him, and

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THE POLICEMAN THRUST A SUMMONS INTO WARSHAWSKY'S HAND. "MONDAY MORNING," HE SAID.

in the calm of exhaustion he watched his late employee leave the building.

The foreman had descended the rear stairway to the entrance; Warshawsky stopped beside him, and together they watched the carpenter cross the street. From the opposite side he looked back, and then hurried to the cabs at the public stand and clambered into one, in apparent alarm. The cab described an ellipse, passing Rockbilt Court, and Ole leaned out, gesturing.

"Gude-by, Jewish fallers!" he cried.

The cab rolled down the street, but just before it rounded the corner Ole's head reappeared. With seeming irrelevance the great blackened thumb of the waving hand which preceded it called attention to the carpenter's tuberous nose.

"We're well rid of him," said the foreman. "He slowed the whole gang up." His eye fastened on something in the gutter, and he left the boss and approached it warily, with that dreadful curiosity which impels one to circle round about a coiled rattler.

He picked up his shoes and held them up to his superior mutely.

A second cab had followed the one which had borne Ole Olsen away. "Cab, sir?" suggested the driver, stopping before them.

"He fired them out of the window," grinned Warshawsky, who was quick at a

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joke. "Believe me, Moe, he got fired himself pretty quick!"

"Yeah, I got rid of him all right," said the foreman satisfiedly. "He wasn't worth a whoop anyway, and him at the union scale!"

Warshawsky hesitated. "I say I fired him pretty quick," he repeated. "He threw your shoes out of the window, but that wasn't what got my goat so much as the noive of him—the noive!"

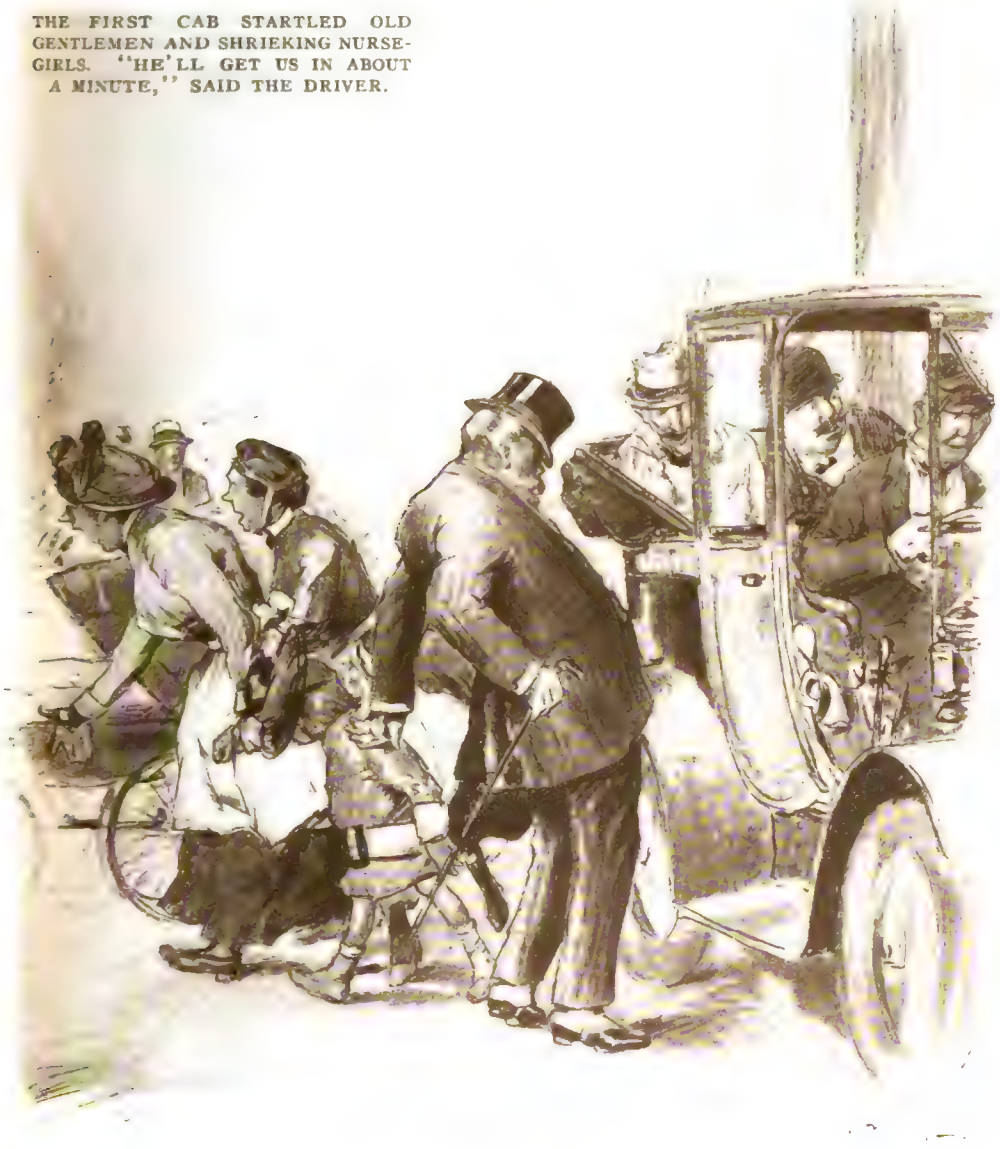
"He was fired good and plenty then," said the foreman. "I fired him first for soldiering." He paused. "By the way, I paid him off, so——"

"Moses Cohen!" cried Warshawsky. "You hadn't paid him already once?"

"I certainly did. But it's all right. I got his time."

"Cab, sir? Cab?"

"*Bandit!*" yelled Warshawsky. He rushed down the steps, and Cohen, catching



THE FIRST CAB STARTLED OLD GENTLEMEN AND SHRIEKING NURSE-GIRLS. "HE'LL GET US IN ABOUT A MINUTE," SAID THE DRIVER.

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his arm, was dragged after. Into the vehicle they went. "Wait—wait!" cried Cohen. "What in——"

Sooner could he have stopped a thunderbolt. "Jacobs!" he called, in a stifled voice. The time-keeper ran toward them, and Cohen threw him a thick roll of bills. "Jacobs—pay the men off!"

The cab was under way without orders. "Catch that cab that went ahead!" shouted Warshawsky.

"Right, sir," answered the driver, and put on speed.

They whisked around the corner. Several blocks away the other cab was moving slowly, the driver casting quick glances over his shoulder.

"That's him!" cried Warshawsky eagerly. "Time and a half if you catch him!"

"I'll get him all right," said the driver confidently. "I'll stay with him if he runs to Coney Island."

The other cab turned out of the avenue and crossed Fifty-ninth Street. It swooped around trucks and drove light wagons on to the sidewalk. It startled old gentlemen, and left them pounding their canes on the pavement and looking after it, to spring anew from the line of flight of the pursuer. It turned into the Park, and rushed up the West Drive, and around the Belvedere and the Obelisk, giving the loungers on the steps of the Museum an unnecessarily accurate idea of the tastes in hosiery of shrieking nurse-girls. After it rushed the Warshawsky cab grimly, vengefully, inexorably.

The gap between the vehicles had narrowed to a few score feet and the provident Warshawsky called to their Jehu: "Get a policeman to come with us!"

"He'll get us in about a minute," said the driver, consolingly. "There's a bull stopping him now." He slowed down and rolled up beside the chase, within which Olsen remained secluded.

A motor policeman had stopped the first cab, and they saw him hand a paper to the driver. Warshawsky sprang out, rushed to the other cab, and pulled open the door. "Out, bum!" he cried tremendously.

Olsen did not out: the cab was empty.

The policeman thrust a summons into Warshawsky's hand. "Monday morning," he said succinctly. "And bright and early, mind; and don't keep the judge waiting, or you'll have the sheriff after you. You sports want to go down to Long Island on to the Vanderbilt, with the other speed-boys. Take it from me, if this ain't your first arrest—" He shook his hand threateningly, and mounted his infernal machine.

Cohen looked at the taximeter and groaned from his heart. "How much?" he asked piteously.

"All paid for," said the driver. "You can settle with your friend the carpenter; you don't owe me anything. He paid for both cabs. Of course," he continued amicably, "you said 'double fare'; but seeing you're pinched, say a dollar for the hurry."

"Say it yourself," advised Warshawsky sourly, and questioned the driver of the first cab. "Where did that loafer get out? We didn't see him."

"He got out just around the first corner, and ducked into the café. What is it—a game?"

"I guess we can kiss that money good-by," said Cohen picturesquely.

"What time have you got?" inquired Warshawsky.

"Half-past twelve; no use going back to the job now. The men are all paid off."

Warshawsky sighed. "I suppose we might as well go home," he muttered irresolutely, casting about listlessly in the depths of his gloomy soul.

Suddenly the gloom was vividly relieved: a wasp-like thought had stung him to the quick. B-zz-zipp! Like that. "Cohen!" he quavered. "Cohen!"

His face was haggard, and his lips were tinged blue. "A telephone," he whispered hoarsely.

Cohen helped him into a drug-store, while small children gathered in the doorway, waiting to steal a ride on the ambulance.

"Hello!" called Warshawsky. He rattled the receiver feverishly. "Hello! This you, Jacobs? Quick! That Swede carpenter, did he, did you—you what! *Verdummte!* Get off that wire, you—you——"

"Warshawsky!" cried Cohen, sensing the terrible truth.

Warshawsky nodded. "Oi-oi!" he moaned. "He paid him off again!"

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AUNT LETITIA WAS "HOME-FOLKS." HER NIECE WAS AS VIVID AS ON THE STAGE.

Peter Winchester, Star Maker

by

Leon Rutledge Whipple

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

PETER WINCHESTER, critic, was drawing on his gloves, bored by the slap-stick and ugliness of the Lyric Vaudeville that November afternoon, when velvet curtains disclosed Act D—"The Old Régime," by Betty Burwell & Co. He rubbed his eyes—or was this really the drawing-room at "Wendover," Fairfax County, Virginia?

The "set" was an old Virginia room, full-stage, with a back-drop, through windows, of evening fields and a distant silver river. A tall clock, face checkered by half the signs in the almanac, ticked peacefully at six; candle-light gleamed on real mahogany; veritable portraits of Revolutionary soldiers and ladies with powdered hair smiled or frowned. There were blue bowls, an embroidery-frame like an easel, decanters on a miraculous Sheraton table. The dim

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"PETER, HE WANTS TO SEE HER—HIS SWEETHEART. WOULD IT BE WRONG TO FOOL HIM TO ONE HOUR OF HAPPINESS BEFORE HE GOES TO JOIN HIS GENERAL?"

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footlights helped the illusion of hushed, warm antiquity—a ghost scene from the Golden Forties.

The silent stage told something to those cramped city-dwellers in flat and boarding-house, for there was a flutter of involuntary applause: then into this golden restoration of dead dreams came pensively, in sprigged crinoline and flowered bonnet, a girl with ashen-gold hair. Before a tall gilt mirror she danced the classic poses of the minuet, like a young girl planning conquest over cavaliers. The blasé crowd murmured again its approval of face and ivory shoulders. The girl curtsied very low.

Peter confided to himself:

"That, now, Peter, is a person! Persons are the antidote for people. They do not come in quarter sizes at life's department store. They inspire epigrams like this—not final proof of their worth—but, *but* when a lonesome girl in hoop-skirts can get a hint of the sentiment and beauty of the Old South across to Broadway bumpkins who think Mason and Dixon's line is something in ready-made garments, well, she is——"

He gave it up to listen to "Betty Burwell" playing the harp for her old songs from Byron and Tom Moore and Burns—a far cry from the slangy catches of the day. The "Company" came on—a real black pickaninny—to do a "pattin'-Juba da-ance, Mis' Betty, ma'am." And she used the "Co." to tell restless New York women and motley pleasure-seekers tales of Uncle Remus, and of the old negro who "wa'n't 'fraid o' hants, no-how."

The fat broker next to Peter chuckled and clapped to bring her back again. The velvet curtains parted, and to the silver harp-notes she sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

The women fumbled for their handkerchiefs. The fat broker blinked viciously. Then—— "Cut it out!" growled Broadway, ashamed; and, seeing on stage "The Comedy Coquettes"—horrid contrast!—wearing rags, dancing rags, and talking rags. Peter excavated his hat, and left.

The house-manager took back Peter's card, asking an interview for the *Flame*. In return came this note:

Miss Alston thanks Mr. Winchester, but the public can have little interest in her private life, and she makes it a rule to meet strangers only through the courtesy of mutual friends. Lest she appear ungracious, she has the pleasure of referring him to her representative, Mr. Vincent Wells.

Peter whistled to himself. "She is cold enough to be a star—that sounds like the Alstons of King and Queen County. Mark with red one actor who fears the printed word!" The house-manager overheard the last.

"She's a lady, Mr. Winchester, that's all. Hope you don't mind?"

"No; fact is I'm glad they're not extinct. Where's she from?"

"All I know is she came to New York from playing stock in Richmond, Virginia—had a letter to Canby from Old Tom Fitzgerald. He took a fancy to the act, and she makes good all by her lonely. We're tryin' to book two weeks more after Christmas. And she never even had a picture taken. Funny, ain't it?"

"Humor," quoth Peter, "is often a matter of latitude. And I don't mean by that some stories are broad while others are just long. But coming from Albemarle County myself, on about the same parallel as King and Queen, I perceive that what is serious to Miss Alston might be funny to you—also very much vice versa. You are of latitude Forty-Second Street, North. Who is with her, aunt or mother?"

"Her Aunt Letitia Alston, and a prim one she is," answered the house-manager, surprised. "How d'you know?"

"Latitude again, Mac. If my sister came to a den of Yankee-land to interpret the Old South in vaudeville, she would bring along her duenna. It's tradition, and by the same token I shall try to meet this lady—I fear she is, Mac—not by the path of modern fairy-tales which leads through the Forest of Violets over the Chocolate Mountains into the Lobster Palace of the Un-sleeping Beauty, but by the queer device of writing a note to Cousin Susan Aylett back in Goochland County, Virginia."

"Well, I guess you know. But I don't see how she gets by with that soft stuff. They just eat it, though. Now the Comedy Coquettes——"

"It's simply a matter of ancestors, Macdonald. Miss Alston probably has more ancestors than anything else. The Coquettes haven't any. The vulgar many prefer ancestors. This lady will be a star, but you will never see that starriness even when reflected in a puddle of electric lights. I thank you—good-night."

In a fortnight, during which Peter had reveled in the act twice more, Cousin Susan

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Aylett sent this page from Who's Who in Virginia:

Her mother was the famous "Beauty Betty" Burwell of Gloucester—I recall two affairs over her at the Old White one summer. Berkeley Alston was the youngest son of the old general. They both died when this child was half grown—and she has twisted Letitia Alston round her little finger ever since. We are shocked to hear she is appearing on a public stage in a Northern city. You know, my dear, that General Alston saved your grandfather's life at the Second Battle of Manassas, so what you can do for Betty will be a duty as well as a pleasure. I send you some wild-grape jelly you like, and a note to Letitia. Pompey says there are lots of partridges this fall—do come down.

Peter sent the note as credentials, and carried with him the wild-grape jelly as a gift, and they had it with real sally-lunn for supper in Miss Alston's little apartment. Aunt Letitia was "home-folks," and her niece, in the soft gray velvet and rose-pink that makes ashen-gold blondes seem boys' dreams come true, was just as vivid and flame-like as on the stage. She "got it over" because she was a "person."

"Aunt Letty says we are some kin, Cousin Peter," she drawled.

"Thanks, Miss—Cous—" Peter was blinded by the nearness of a star.

"I reck'n it's because Virginia was the Mother of Presidents who were the Fathers of the Country that we are all kin—grandchildren. I don't have to play the girl of 1850. I *am* the girl; and when I play that harp that came from the Semmes's where Jeb Stuart used to sing, I just forget everything but old times——"

"It's missionary work, Mr. Winchester," interrupted Aunt Letitia. "If we can use some of the old furniture from Twin Hills to show these Northerners that life in the South was the most beautiful the world ever saw, I reck'n it's a good deed."

Betty was very sensible. "Also we make the Northerners pay for their conversion, or the Twin Hill mahogany might have to be sold. All the same, I hate vaudeville. I want to get in a big company—do the real thing. I'm tired of fighting for a place between a toe-dancer and a pair of comedy acrobats, and getting grandmother's Sheraton scratched!"

Aunt Letitia shivered. "I can't stand it—even for the sake of the barbarians or the money."

So Peter left, seeing his star trembling toward the horizon and the obscurity of "stock in Richmond." He had them to meet friends in his rooms, and they became fast "cousins." One night she did bits from Ibsen and Synge, and the next day, frowning, he sought the famous Brian Creed at the Drama Club in the spirit of a forlorn hope.

Peter respected Brian Creed because he was an honest actor and a great producer. Creed liked Peter because he was honest, too, and never let epigram oust criticism. They shared the coffee of a noon breakfast, and Peter came bluntly to the point.

"Do you want a star, Creed?"

"No. I'm going in for the 'pictures.' They don't have to talk. I have to take 'The Golden Age' out of rehearsal to-night because I can't find a woman who knows how to talk."

Peter remembered the golden tones of Betty's voice, and his inner eye saw a star rush up and catch in the zenith of the theatrical heaven. "I know a girl with a voice——"

"This thing of Marven's needs more. It's a real comedy of manners, with Civil War background. Pleasant day, eh?"

Peter went bravely on. "This girl's a genius, star-dust waiting to be whirled into form. She's in vaudeville——"

"I say," cut in Creed coldly, "I'm mad and busy, Winchester. I want an actress to carry a load. I must be going."

"But," continued Peter, musing, "she had three years of once-a-week stock under old Fitzgerald in Richmond, and——"

"That's the real thing—thought old Fitz was dead. Father told me Fitz was playing the king to his *Hamlet* once, and Fitz filled his mouth with cranberries, and when *Hamlet* stabbed him he spit them out so vividly the Pater thought he really had killed him, forgot his lines, and made 'em ring down so he could give himself up for murder."

Diplomatic Peter chuckled. "The girl's got that spirit. I'm no fool, Creed. I know personality and I know art. You can't see her act, but you can get to my rooms to-night and hear her read one of Dr. Bagby's sketches."

"You know her, then?"

"Her grandfather saved mine at Second Manassas."

"Um—if you put it that way, I surrender, like my ancestors did at First Manassas. I'll give you exactly half an hour. I suppose I can see a chance in that time, and

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"SEE, I HAVE GATHERED YOU SOME ROSES FROM THE GARDEN.
YOU REMEMBER THE OLD BUSHES BY THE WALL?"

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HIS QUAVERING NOTES JOINED IN THE RATTLING TUNE—"TO LIVE AND DIE—IN DIXIE!"

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then I'll finish this funeral of mine. At eleven-thirty, sharp! *Au revoir.*"

Toward eleven that night the ladies came to Peter's rooms in the lower story of an old brick apartment. The gray velvet and rose-pink looked more than ever like a boy's dream come true, and Aunt Letitia Alston was bravely tremulous at the hope of taking the Twin Hill furniture out of vaudeville. Scarcely had Peter set himself at the serious task of making batter-bread out of real water-ground meal when a knock stilled the laughter.

A keen, bearded man with a black medicine-case peered in. "Excuse me, Mr. Winchester. The old Major's had another spell with that heart of his. I'm afraid it's serious, and I'm going to get a nurse to-night. I gave him something to make him quiet, but I'm a bit anxious. Would you mind listening?—might peep in before you go to bed."

"Certainly, Doctor. I'm mighty sorry. I'll look after him."

"Thanks. Forgive the intrusion. Good-night." They heard his car grind away.

"Poor, proud old Major Tazewell Cary! I'm afraid he's going to join his lost legion pretty soon." Peter set the door open to hear up-stairs.

"Tazewell Cary, Peter?" queried Aunt Letitia. "That sounds like one of our people. Is he from Fluvanna?"

"I don't know, ma'am. He does something triflin' and genteel in real estate, and he's mighty poor, I reck'n. I tried to be friends, but when he heard I was from Virginia he met me in the hall with head high as a colt's. 'I am sorry, su'; we can not be friends. I am a Virginian whose state has forgotten him.' He cuts me like an emperor."

"How like the Tazewells! After the war, I remember——"

"Aunty, there's a time for pride and a time for sense. Peter will help him if he needs it. The question is now—will the famous Brian Creed come, and when he does shall I give him part of 'The Doll's House' or, as Salvini used to do, say the alphabet so wonderfully he shall shed tears? A - B - CDE - F - G - ee—catch the pathos, Aunty?"

"Try the end letters, Betty," Peter grinned. "Saying your A-B-C's is young even for you. Now Q and V and R, they're some aristocrats."

"U-V-W-XYZ!" she hissed. "And so forth!" in the voice of Bernhardt.

Through their light laughter suddenly pierced a shrill, clear cry: "*Ey-yah-yah-ey-yah-yip-yip-yip-i-i-ey-ya-ah!*"

"Children, it's the Rebel Yell! Here—in New York!" Aunt Letitia sniffed as if at powder smoke. Again the challenge, but feebler:

"*Ey - yah - yah - ey - yah - yip - yip - yip - ey-a-ah!*"

"The Major! I'll go!" Peter rushed up-stairs.

"Come in, su'," a tired voice answered Peter's knock. "Sambo, let the gentleman in, and fix us a hot toddy. He may ride from the field. It's a cold, black night."

They entered a big room where a pallid gas-mantle lit up a ridiculous mixture of ruined grandeur and stark poverty. The cheap iron bed and flimsy oak bureau were balanced by the noble lines of an old grand piano. An ugly modern screen could not hide the scanty supply of cooking things. But on the mantel-shelf were candles in wonderful silver sticks, and on the walls pictures of pretty women framed in oval rosewood. The horse-hair covering of the old chairs was frayed and ragged. But in spite of the dust and cracks, it was stamped somehow with the certain tale of old times and famous days.

Over the mantel hung a cavalry saber with tarnished gilt grip and tassels. In a wing chair before the dying fire huddled an old gentleman in stained and faded coat of gray marked as a major's of the Lost Cause. He was thin to pity, and hair and imperial of a vanished generation were snow-white. Almost with the beads of death on his brow, his cheeks were flushed with some untimely excitement, and his blue eyes blazed with courage, though it could not hide his pain.

As Peter entered he roused a little. "Come in, su'. You have orders from General Stuart?" He was dreaming, half delirious from weakness and the draft of medicine. At sight of the ladies, who had followed Peter upstairs, he made a gallant effort to rise, but sank back, trembling.

"Sister Lucy, I crave your forgiveness. This wound I got at Brandy Station is not quite healed yet. It is mighty sweet of you to come to see an invalid—Sambo! Sambo! Where has that triflin' nigger gone? No—no—he's not dead. Did you hear horses—charging? Ah, Virginia, you?"

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The blue eyes had taken hold of Betty's face as the light fell on it. At last he was up, holding to the chair-back; then, as generations of chivalry woke his body to remembered services, he stood straight and graceful in the wrinkled coat. Her eyes brimmed with tears at this victory for tradition, and she came to him with outstretched hands, forgetting all else save that her countryman was stricken in a strange land.

He bent over her hand like the ghost of cavaliers and pressed his lips to the fingers very reverently. "Virginia! I thought you would never come. You have not forgotten? It has been lonely—lonely—" His voice broke with deep emotion, and he fell back in the old chair, his eyes closed. Peter busied himself making up the fire, while Aunt Letitia studied the bottles on the bureau. When he opened his eyes again, by some wave of strength he was sane and in the present.

"Ah, my dear child, you must forgive my bad eyesight. I thought you were a very old friend of mine. But her dress was different, and her hair. The old fashions were more beautiful, though I fear it seems ungracious to say it. Mr. Winchester, have I disturbed you? Is this the nurse Lodge threatened me with?"

"I have come to nurse you, of course," whispered Betty quickly.

"You have come to nurse Tazewell Cary—exile? Charity hunts him out in a New York attic!" Bitter irony filled the words and passion swept over the pale face, already shadowed by the coming wings. "Do you know what they called me—my state that I fought for, four years, under the Stars and Bars? They called me 'nigger-lover.' When the arbitrament of arms had settled it forever, I tried like my fathers to work for the good of the state. I faced conditions. I became a readjuster. I took office from the Union because I could help my people, and they labeled me 'Yankee' and drove me from the state with scorn. They hated me, and I have lived forgotten, among strangers ever since." He laughed grimly.

"And Virginia—called me traitor, and gave me back my ring. She was very beautiful, like you, but cruel. See, your face is like hers! And I pray each night to see her once more in the old way before I go to join my general." From the pocket above his heart he took a worn leather case. There was a ragged bullet-hole in one corner, and it was strangely stained. Betty's misty eyes saw the ancient daguerreotype of a war-time belle. The hair was parted and a curl fell round the throat, circled with black velvet to bring out the fine pallor. The face was proud and beautiful, with all the virtues and all the faults of the old régime.

"My dear, if I could see her once more like that, we could forget all these silent years. I would like to hear her sing once more in the old parlor on Gamble's Hill. One glimpse of Virginia, my sweetheart—the Old Dominion—I would not be afraid to go——"

He fell silent, musing over the beautiful picture. Betty's tear-stained face held a new determination. She placed her finger on her lips and led Peter outside the door.

"Peter, he wants to see her—his sweetheart. It must be a sad old story. Would it be wrong to fool him to one little hour of happiness before he goes to join his general?"

"God knows. What can we do?"

"I am going to the Lyric to dress in my crinoline and fix my hair like hers and come back and be Virginia. He will not know. I shall play him to sleep like a child, and he will not die with all his dreams broken. I can get a taxi at the corner. You and Aunty promise him she will come soon."

"Betty, you haven't time for this madness." He looked at his watch. "Creed will be here any minute, and you'll never get this chance again. You can't go."

The girl drew herself up proudly. "Mr. Winchester, you forget! I can help this brave gentleman who fought for our country. Art means nothing unless it makes people happy — dries their tears — puts shadows out of sight. If I can do that to-night, why, to-morrow I can starve. If you want to help, try to make his room look like the old times, and present my most abject apologies to Mr. Creed. I'm sorry." She was gone.

Peter's shoulders drooped. Here was his fine plan come to naught. Yet something in the fire of Betty's face woke him to share her vision. Let Creed take the play off; there were bigger things than plays. The death of a man who had fought four years and lost—that was something! If Creed did not understand, he could go hang; and Peter threw himself into the task of turning time back fifty years or more in the old room.

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Aunt Letitia was busy with gentle services to the sick man, whom she had persuaded to lie down on the creaking bed. Peter drew close the faded curtains and set half the room for this strange stage. From his own furniture he added spindle-legged chairs, calf-bound books, even the cherished silver. Betty had been gone some ten minutes when Creed's sharp entrance found Peter struggling up the stair with his brass fender.

He attempted no explanation. "Lend me a hand with this." They rested outside the door, and Peter took his medicine.

"Creed, in here is a Confederate veteran. He's dying, alone, eaten by homesickness. Miss Alston has gone to get her dress and play him back to old times. I'm fixing the room—stage-manager for this pitiful tragedy. It sounds silly, but we want him to think he's home again. I don't reckon your artistic temperament will understand, but she left her sincere and grateful apologies. Now laugh if you want."

The actor was in no mood for laughing. He was full of his own troubles, the play's failure, and tired by hard work. "Oh, go to the devil! I didn't know I was rushing half across New York for a lot of child's play! What d'you think I am—a bigger *fool than* you? Good night."

Brian Creed's eye traveled angrily over the pitiful pretense of an illusion Peter had worked. Involuntarily he frowned — a frown born of the deep instinct that had made him a famous producer. He sneered at Peter: "When did they burn gas on plantations in 1850? You've got light enough in there to kill any set ever built. Look here!"

His passion for honest stage pictures carried him into the room to quench the gas-mantle's green pallor and light the ancient lamp and candles. He set the lamp on the piano and raised the top to hide the ghastly wall behind; he placed the candles, one on the mantel, one on a table. As by magic, the old part of the room stood disclosed while the modern ugliness and cheapness were cloaked in kindly shadows. He moved the wing chair to face the piano, stirred the fire to redness, busied himself with draperies. Then curtly, as he strode to the door: "Sit in the chair and see how it looks."

Peter marveled at the craft that had played this Arabian Nights trick. The artist touch had changed the dim corner into something that breathed quiet age and history. He murmured thanks, when there was a rush of footsteps and Betty paused in the doorway.

She whispered, wondering: "Oh, you dears! it's home—it's home."

She moved to the center of the picture, part of it in her sprigged crinoline, black silk mitts, and cameo brooch. Her very words and gestures were those of a girl of the '50's. Some sixth sense of the actor led her where Brian Creed's lights fell most softly, and she opened a box of white roses, murmuring: "I brought these, too. He needs them."

And with arms brimming with fresh roses, Major Tazewell Cary saw her when he limped round the screen on his "Sister Lucy's" arm.

Aunt Letitia placed the thin hand in Betty's warm one, and with Peter and Creed melted into the shadows by the door. But the Major remembered them no more. Gallant blue eyes were drinking in the color and splendid youth of this vision out of the night. Whether he thought it real, or a dream, or some visit of an angel from the far country he was so soon to explore, who knows?—unless the God that made Betty's heart like a child's and gave her the gift that bloomed now in gracious smiles and gentle word.

"Virginia?"

"Tazewell, you have been ill?" There was the caress of a loving heart in the words. "See, I have gathered you some roses from the garden. You remember the old bushes by the wall?"

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"Here is medicine, su'." She pressed her lips lightly to one dewy bud and made him take the rest in his arms, while she fixed the rose in the torn buttonhole of the gray major's coat. The tremulous thin hand, where the veins stood out blue and stiff, rested on her arm, then fell weakly away.

"Virginia, why have you come—to taunt me again? Do you understand at last? You called a Cary traitor, and sent me to exile. How long ago was that, Virginia? How long have I been away?"

"Too long, Tazewell. But you are back now. Forget and rest—that is all over. I was mistaken—oh, I was mistaken——"

Creed gripped Peter's arm in silent admiration of the brilliance of her acting. She was the girl the Major had loved—every

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tone of her voice, every word born of the quick imagination rang true and lifelike in the room where the clang of the cars and the rattle of a mail-wagon worked to break the spell.

"I shall dwell in those days forever," murmured the Major. "They have forgotten my slight services at Cedar Run, in the Seven Days, at Fredericksburg, and the Crater. My father and my father's father and the Carys' clan sleep in Hollywood, but I—the last Tazewell Cary—I am an exile. I am not sorry to go. Death may be a home-coming—or am I home?"

The old eyes turned from bit to bit of the past and seemed to find peace. "Jinny, sing for me—the old songs, before I go?"

"Hush, dearest. You are not going. I have come to keep you with me."

"Yes, take me back—to rest. Sing, my dear."

Aunt Letitia was weeping softly on Peter's shoulder. Creed's face, like a mask, told of the hidden emotion waked by the tender scene. He saw the fine art of her inspiration, the forgetfulness of the world, and in his eyes shone the admiration of an artist who sees art called to meet the test of real life.

Betty turned the leaves of the old music Peter had found, and ran her fingers lightly up and down the yellowing ivory keys of the instrument twice as old as she.

Then she sang the old songs—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and "Maryland, My Maryland," and, very softly, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The fresh young voice brought old days very near, and her audience heard the stir of past emotions around them. The sweet notes broke Major Tazewell Cary's last hold upon the sordid present. His spirit leaped back to the golden days of war and chivalry.

"Virginia, wait. Do you hear some one calling? I am expecting orders from headquarters. General Stuart may need me soon. Is that a horse?"

"No, Tazewell, you need not go yet. Listen, I'll sing the new song—the song that we'll sing when we sweep those people back across the Potomac."

Swiftly she burst into the stirring notes of "Dixie," and her clear voice chanted the words:

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away. Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!"

The old Major had arisen and was fumbling with the sword-cords on the wall. He was erect and quick as a boy—

"Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land we'll take our stand,
to lib an' die in Dixie!"

Now he held the sword and scabbard in his hands. His quavering notes joined in the rattling tune—"To live and die—in Dixie!" The air died out, and swiftly the long-kept blade leaped from its dull hiding-place into light, polished and keen.

"Come on, boys! We're going back! *Ey-yah-yah-yip-yip-ey-ey-ey-yah!*"

Betty stopped and turned to meet him. The gleaming blade leaped up in the old salute and a brave voice cried:

"General, Major Tazewell Braxton Walke Cary, acting colonel of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, has the honor to report—to report——"

The saber fell clanging to the floor. He crumpled up in a gray heap, and as she bent over him he lifted up his face, and she kissed his lips. Then the tired voice whispered: "He orders me to cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

Betty clung to the fallen sword in a passion of weeping until Peter led her gently from the room where the still hero lay, smiling, one hand at the white rose above his heart.

When "The Golden Age" reached Richmond in the spring, Miss Betty Alston heaped snowballs and yellow jonquils high on a mound in Hollywood in the family plot of the Carys. The new stone bore the words:

MAJOR TAZEWELL CARY, C. S. A.

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A PORTER IN THE UNIFORM OF LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY DIVED AT HIM.

An Idea for a Comic

by *Frank Leon Smith*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THERE are a hero, a heroine, a villain, and a newspaper-publisher in this story. Also an office-boy and a cartoonist, by way of "villagers, etc." Now then—

Six P. M.

The dusty, shadowy jungle of drop-lights, decrepit desks, and infirm chairs where the members of the *Evening Traveler's* $100,000 art department evolved their short-lived masterpieces was almost deserted. In a far corner, his tousled head

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thrust into the pool of light poured from a low-hanging funnel, Grant Dwinell, editorial-page cartoonist, bent over his drawing-board.

Standing before a palsied table near the door, the only other occupant of the room, Charlie Forrest—the new man—scraped pencils, pens, blotter, knife, ruler, and eraser into an open drawer. Then he unscrewed the incandescent bulb from the drop-cord over the table, placed it in a nest of drawing instruments, shoved in the drawer, and fastened it with a padlock of the huge dimensions made famous by funny-paper sketches of hen-houses and jails. Looking up, he met Dwinell's amused gaze.

"You know the ropes, I see," said Dwinell.

Forrest's broad face broke into a smile; but then, his face was continually repeating itself in that respect. There is nothing concealed in our sleeves—Forrest is our hero. He had the build of a well-trained welter-weight, his head looked equally well under a high or low crowned, broad or narrow brimmed hat, and his heart— Well, when touched, Forrest produced the money without submitting the embarrassed one to the least vestige of a third degree.

"I've lost three bulbs so far, and the week is young," he said. "Guess the morning-paper crowd or the ghouls from the city-room help themselves to the first lights they can find when they break their own."

"Yes—a bulb is common property in a newspaper office," Dwinell returned. "Still, it isn't as bad here as it is on the *Chronicle*. Why, we used to lose our chairs overnight in the old days. Once the boss put in a dozen new oak boys, heavy and nifty. Next morning every chair in the dump was marked with Gilbert's initials. He wanted to make sure, you see. Do you know Ted Gilbert? He was on the *Morning Chronicle* then."

The smile vanished from Forrest's face. "Used to work with him on the Denver sheet of this circuit," he replied quietly. "I hadn't seen him in three years, till I met him here yesterday."

"You from Denver?"

"No. I'm one of the gents you read about but seldom meet. I was born and raised here in New York. But I've worked in the bush mostly—Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and Denver papers. This is the first time I've had a crack at the game in the big town."

"Yes—that's the way, I guess," Dwinell commented. "A New Yorker has to go all around the yard so he can come in through the front door of his own city."

"Yes. Well, I must be going. So long."

"Well—be good—Oh, hello!"

Enter the heroine with the villain.

She was a slender, well-formed young heroine. Her simple, black studio-apron buttoning in the back and enveloping her from her tiny pumps to her firm little chin—her rosy, beaming face and the mass of wavy black hair heaped high on her head—gave her the appearance of a very attractive *Pierrette* in widow's weeds. The office-boys blushed when she spoke to them, and the older employees of the paper never cursed while she was in hearing—the newspaperman's high tribute to beauty.

"Alma Dunkley" was the name she signed to the four-column cartoon and accompanying story she contributed daily to the home page; and if she drew chorus men, and girls who looked equal to writing notes to handsome actors, and labeled her characters "Billie" and "Beryl" and so on, it was because she was bound by her contract to obey orders. Really she was a very sensible lady.

"Hul-lo, Charlie Forrest!" she cried as she hurried to greet the new man.

"'Lo, Alma." Forrest smiled broadly as he grasped her hand. "How are we?"

"Very fine, thanks—and you?"

"I could pull up a hydrant by the roots," and he tensed his muscles, burlesquing a circus chain-breaker.

"You look it," she laughed. "We thought we had lost you. How long have you been playing *Deerslayer* in the trackless wilds?"

"Oh, some three or four of those years. But I have to come back into civilization once in a while for pepper, salt, and a new line of fast chatter."

"Well, I hope you'll take out your naturalization papers and stay a while," she said earnestly. "Oh, Charlie, do you know Mr. Gilbert?"

"Yeh—hullo, Gilbert." Forrest evinced no enthusiasm.

Gilbert had remained in the doorway. Properly, a villain, at such a time, should be standing with averted head and sidelong glance, left hand supporting right elbow, right hand caressing snaky mustache. He

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should nod now and then—"So-uh?" Then he should toss his head and laugh derisively—"Pah!" But Gilbert had no mustache, and anyhow he didn't know the rôle he was to play, so he rocked easily from toe to heel and return while Alma and Forrest were talking.

Prosperity oozed from Gilbert. His clothes and jewelry were very apparent—a heavy stick with a wide silver band was hooked over his left arm; his hat was the ultimate gasp in headgear. But the perpetual sneer impressed on his long, lean face was designed eons ago by the first man who looked upon his fellow creatures and pitied them for their ignorance. Gilbert always seemed on the point of saying, "Piker!" For a halo was suspended over him—a halo drawn with waterproof ink by a No. 170 pen, to be sure, but a halo nevertheless. He was one of the three leading comic artists in the country—"king" of them all, by his own admission. His "Nut Brothers" series was known from ocean to ocean.

"H'w are yeh?" he grunted in return to Forrest's salutation. Then he extracted from the southwest corner of his waistcoat a fat silver cigarette-case, making no effort to conceal its fatness and worth. No, he did not offer Forrest a smoke, but selecting a *cigarette* for himself he tapped it carefully *on the* case and inserted it between his tight, thin lips. It will be remembered that Sherlock Holmes gave up in despair after devoting months to the problem—"Why do men tap cigarettes?"

"Didn't know — you folks — were acquainted," he puffed, then tossed away the match.

"Yes, indeed," Alma replied. "I stole Charlie's first job from him, didn't I, Charlie?"

"Oh, I dunno about that," Forrest smilingly evaded.

"Yes, you do. Why, Charlie and I went to Dan McCarthy's school of caricature together, years ago when we were kiddies. One day Dan told me to hurry right up to the *Dispatch*. He said he had sent Charlie up there before me, but that I should go along anyhow. Well, when I got there Charlie was waiting in the reception-room. When the art manager sent out word, Charlie told me to go in first. I went in and I got the job. Poor Charlie lost his chance by being polite."

"Uh-huh!" Light as foam was Gilbert's laugh. "Chivalry—it isn't done in business, you know."

"No," said Forrest; and again, "No." He smiled—a smile that was accomplished without wrinkles about the eyes.

Gilbert made no reply, but sauntered over to look at Dwinell's drawing. Alma asked Forrest, "What are you doing to-night, Charlie? Anything special?"

"No—I was about to suggest that you eat with me. What say you?"

"Grand. Come upstairs and wait till I slip off my apron; willst?"

"Sure." Forrest caught up his hat.

"Ted—we'll make that some other night," Alma called from the door.

Gilbert looked up and nodded sourly. "All right." And he resumed his conversation with Dwinell.

"Hope you are not breaking an engagement on my account," said Forrest as he went out with Alma.

"Oh, no—Ted was going to take me to a show, but that can wait."

II

An hour later.

Dwinell straightened in his chair and, cocking his head to one side, inspected his work—a drawing that showed a very shaggy, immoderate appearing individual sprawled on a park bench.

"What are you going to call it, Dwin? 'For he was a jolly good fellow,' or 'The face on the gin-mill floor?' "

"Bug" Leonard, reputed to be the best-dressed office-boy in New York City, had strolled silently into the darkened room.

"Hello, Bug. No, you've got to guess again."

Leonard helped himself to a cigarette from the cartoonist's slender stock. He was a privileged character, and he knew it, though he rarely overstepped the bounds. Like the proverbial cabin-boy, he enjoyed the confidence of master and men. The members of the art staff depended upon him for news from the "front office."

"What are you going to do there, Dwin? Have a cop beating his night-stick against the hobo's feet?"

"Hobo!" exclaimed Dwinell, feigning disgust. "Can't you see that this lad is a fallen gentleman, or must I draw a diagram for you? No—there'll be no cop, nor Santa Claus, nor Uncle Sam, nor Tammany Tiger

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in this picture. Does that answer your question?"

"Sure. Say, Dwin, what d'yuh think of the new man?"

"Forrest? Oh, he'll get by."

"Get by? Why, he's a wiz! He's got a knockout in that 'Kidd, the Cabman,' series. He'll have the town standing on end in a month. He can draw like a fiend!"

"Yes?" said Dwinell, without looking up. He had played the newspaper game for fifteen years and knew something of office politics. Although he seldom grew enthusiastic over the work of an associate, he never knocked.

"Sure"—and the confident youth inhaled deeply, then blew the smoke from his nostrils. "You guys from the Coast think a man who doesn't hail from the earthquake village can't draw for sour apples. Just because two-thirds of the comickers and cartooners in N'Yawk were raised out there where they have wild seals in the front yard of the leading hotel, is no reason why a local boy should get palsy in his soup-bone."

Dwinell laughed. "You must admit, Bug, that the men from the Coast have the wallop. Why are you so het up?"

"Me? Oh, I'm a Brooklyn boy, meself."

Dwinell plied his eraser vigorously, then dusted the rubber crumbs from his drawing with a dingy handkerchief.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I like Forrest's stuff and I hope he gets it over big," he said after a time. "There's room for another whirlwind comic success right now."

"Another? Referring to the 'Nut Brothers'—By Ted Gilbert—every morning in the *Traveler*—order the paper from your fav'rit' dealer, etcetry—as the one? That's what you have in mind, Dwin; but say"—and Leonard held out a horizontal palm as though to pat a large dog—"Ted is all through—he has shown everything he has in his box of tricks—not a shot left in the locker."

Silence from Dwinell.

"Yup—Ted might as well read up on incubators and patent crates, because it's the chicken-farm for him. Forrest is the fair-haired boy in N'Yawk—or will be. At least that's the way it looks from here. He ought to have the place at the top of the morning sport-page that Gilbert has held down for so long. Shame to bury Forrest in the evening paper. Why, he can draw rings around Ted; and funny—say! But then, nobody can boost Gilbert as a Rembrandt—his stuff looks like it was drawn with a trowel."

"Yes?"

"Sure. And Dwin, it makes me hot to see Ted grabbing Forrest's style and ideas."

"Eh?"

"Oh, you're wise to it—anybody with a cinder in each eye could see the steal. Why, you know as well as I do that Forrest was here with 'Kidd, the Cabman,' three years ago, but the boss said he couldn't see it—too far ahead of the times. Consequence was Forrest had to go out to Denver and cool his heels while the game was catching up. And what happened to him out there? Gilbert swiped his characters—anybody can see that that little fat guy with the overhanging fangs and chopped-off whiskers is Forrest's stuff. So is the thin dame with the square eyes. Ted grabbed both of 'em, doped out a series, and came here. And right away, because he was a good business-man, he got away with it. Then he hit upon the 'Nut Brothers' by dragging in a twin to the little fat guy, and the big chief touted him from Juarez to Winnipeg as the greatest ever. Gilbert catches money enough so he can have his breakfast served to him in bed every morning, and in the background we have a view of C. Forrest grinding away on the treadmill out in Denver. Even now the great Ted is swiping from the same basket."

Dwinell said nothing—tactfully.

"The whole story, continued on page two," Leonard went on, "is this: Gilbert has seen everything Forrest has done in years—SEEN, in caps. Don't I know? When Forrest was out in Denver didn't I bring the Denver sheet to Gilbert every afternoon from the exchange pile? I suppose he wanted to read up on the doings of the miners' union, or something?—Nix!"

"What have you got against Gilbert?" Dwinell inquired, and rummaging in a drawer he brought out a pen and prepared to ink-in his cartoon.

"Who, me?" asked Leonard. "Nothing at all. But why don't the big boob loosen up? Here he's getting a senator's salary—say nothing of what he makes on the outside. And does he ever scatter a sou in the office? Nah! When he takes a suit out to be pressed the tailor might wear his hands thin going through the pockets, but he wouldn't find a nickel—not a red. It's all counted, Dwin; it's all counted and stowed

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"OH, CHARLIE, DO YOU KNOW MR. GILBERT?"

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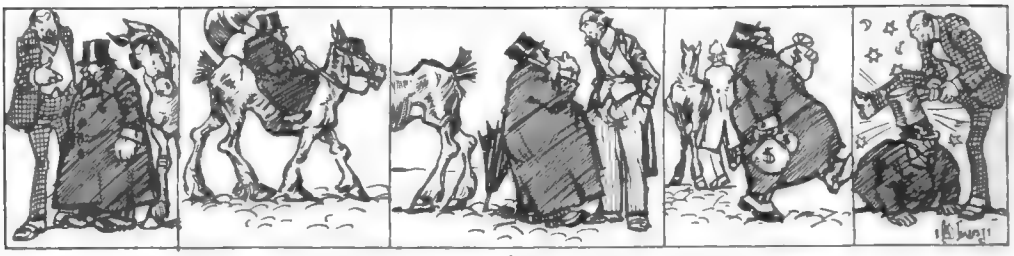

"YOU WILL OBSERVE A STRIP BY YOURS TRULY, WHICH APPEARED IN MONDAY'S PAPER—

away. Besides, to see the big cheese parading around with his head on his shoulder-blades you would think he was N. Bonaparte and Angelo K. Sorolla in one."

"Er—yeh?"

"Sure. But Forrest is a prince—nothing small about him. Always speaks to a fellow when he passes by on the stairs, always there with the big grin, and he shells out when he asks one of the kids to do something for him."

Leonard did not class himself with the younger, unenlightened office menials. Although he would not accept a tip he was glad to see the smaller boys taken care of.

"Find a blotter for me, will you, Bug?" asked Dwinell.

Leonard ransacked several desks and tables and at length located a torn bit of blotting-paper.

"Thanks." Dwinell stemmed an imminent flood where he had cross-hatched too heavily.

"Say, Dwin," Leonard began on a new line—"I think there's a romance in our midst. I met Forrest and the Princess in the hall as I came in. On their way for the big eats, I judge."

"They have known each other for years, I believe," said Dwinell briefly.

"Ah, ha! Well, Ted better look out, or when the lights go on he'll be found holding to the edge of the empty gunny-sack."

Dwinell tilted his cartoon to the light to catch the shine of such lines as might be wet. Then he scrubbed industriously with a large piece of art gum to remove the pencil-marks. Brushing off the crumbs, he marked, "10:30 tonite SURE" in the corner and passed the drawing to Leonard.

"Yes, I guess Forrest isn't slow when it comes to leading a nifty young maid into the conservatory for a few soft words while the bunch inside is dancing," he said. "Turn this in to the engravers, Bug, and tell 'em to remember it's for the morning sheet—get me?"

III

Afternoon of the next day.

Ted Gilbert stepped quickly down from his big egg-yellow touring-car, said, "Wait, Herman," to the small German nobleman hiding behind the steering-wheel, and hurried into the *Traveler* office.

By spurning his car in this manner he hoped to imbue the onlookers with the idea that he had forty more cars in the barn at home—that he had been an automobile owner since the days of the naphtha buggy. It was hard for him to snub his property like this. He would have preferred to examine the machine thoroughly for scratches and dents, and then to post himself where he could watch Herman for a time to make sure that the chauffeur remained in the car, and that he did not put his boots on the cushions. But Gilbert knew that a gentleman should cultivate aloofness.

He was conscious of a feeling of triumph as he mounted the stairs to the art department. An hour before he had signed a paper granting permission to a theatrical manager to use the "Nut Brothers" in a new revue. The costumes, name, and lines of the two characters made famous by daily appearance in the *Morning Traveler* and seventy other newspapers in as many cities—his work was syndicated—were to receive further publicity, and Gilbert's income was to be increased by a weekly tithe of fifty dollars.

In the hall he encountered Forrest, and was about to pass by with a muttered "Oh!" or "Hanh!"—the salutation used in halls and vestibules by people who have not been introduced, or by those who know each other and are not on the best of terms. But Forrest grasped his arm.

"Are you busy, Gilbert?"

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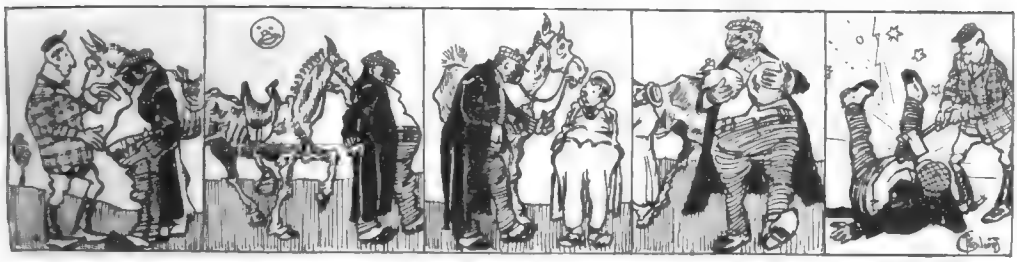

AND HERE WE HAVE ONE OF YOUR STUNTS, PRINTED YESTERDAY MORNING."

"Yes; why?" Gilbert was mildly irritated.

"I want to sing a little song."

"What is it?" And Gilbert hauled out a thin watch. Something told him that he would not enjoy the program Forrest had announced.

"Just this." Forrest was speaking earnestly. "I want you to keep your paws off my stuff."

Gilbert's feeling of triumph dissolved into nothingness. "Why—I'm afraid I don't know what you mean—uh-huh"—he tried to finish with a light laugh; but the result was a rusty giggle.

"Then I'm going to show you. Look here."

Forrest drew from his hip pocket a folded sport-page from the *Morning Traveler*. Then he produced another rumpled leaf—this torn from the *Evening Traveler*. He spread both against the wall.

Gilbert watched with the affected indifference manifested by the small boy who notes that the corrective slipper is being removed from the parental foot.

"If you will cast your lamps this way," said Forrest, "you will observe a seven-column strip by yours truly, which appeared in Monday's paper. And here we have one of your stunts, printed yesterday morning. I presume you attribute the similarity in ideas to coincidence?"

Gilbert gazed at the exhibits and said nothing.

"How about it?" Forrest demanded as he folded the papers.

"Why—er—do you insinuate that I have stolen your idea?" Gilbert used the "Preposterous!" accent, simulating indignation.

"Insinuate?" Forrest repeated scornfully. "Nah—I don't insinuate. I'm telling you in so many words what you know to be true. You've been lifting my ideas for the past two years. Because I was buried out in Denver you thought you could use my stuff and get away with it in New York. All right; but I'm here, now, and I'm telling you to chuck away your jimmy."

Gilbert had been tracing imaginary fences around the toes of his boots with his silver-mounted stick. At Forrest's last words he looked up quickly.

"Be careful, Forrest. That's strong talk."

"I'm not talking to stir up an air-current. I'm warning you—hands off—that's all."

"Look here, Forrest—" Gilbert had succeeded in working himself into a temper—"I don't want to cause you any trouble, but if you persist——"

"Oh, I know you're in right with the big chief," Forrest interrupted, scoring a point by assuming that Gilbert's dignity would be defended by the publisher rather than by fistic force. "But let me tell you something. Ever since I began to draw pictures for a living I've tried to get a chance in New York. This is the first time I've had a newspaper job in my home town, and I'm going to put it over, or try to. And I'm not going to let anything prevent me from making good with my own stuff; get me? I'm tired of watching you gather the velvet on my stunts, and when I dig up an idea hereafter it's going to work for me—not for you. If you want a show-down we'll go and see the big chief right now."

"I don't like your tone, Forrest," said Gilbert coldly, as one might say, "Careful, Dawkins."

"You don't, eh? And I'm the lad who provided you with a technique and the characters you've made thousands on. I've been supplying you with ideas for years, and you don't like my tone!" He stepped closer. "Just let this little thought percolate through your dome, Gilbert. Whether you like my tone or not—from this day on

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if you ever use anything I put in a comic I'll push your big nose into your ear, if you understand what I mean."

The little thought percolated almost audibly. And then, knowing that Gilbert would make no move that might be interpreted as evidence of combativeness, Forrest walked into the art-room.

But, unlike other heroes, who proceed calmly from one peril to the next, Forrest was nervous. So nervous, in fact, that he was unable to control his pencil, and produced effects that resembled the wavy, ten-ply coast-lines shown on the maps. This—the penalty for losing his temper.

As for Gilbert, he was on the point of swallowing his cigarette when Forrest posted the NO TRESPASSING sign, and the threat to remove the profile from his face quite filled him with unrest. Slowly he recovered his composure. His face bore an expression similar to that of the elderly lady in the movies whose lips frame the words, "Well, the idea!" so naturally that you can almost hear 'em.

He stabbed a discarded apple with his stick and scraped it off on the brim of a fire-pail that contained more flotsam than water. Then he tossed his head in an "Oh, well," manner, and continued on up the stairs to the room where the contributors to the feature and home pages worked.

As he disappeared, Bug Leonard, who had paused on the stairs below to enjoy the debate, slapped his thigh joyfully. "Fine! Good work, Charlie, old hoss!" he said to himself. "Ted loves you for them words."

Gilbert found Alma Dunkley stabbing at a typewriter with dainty forefingers. She had completed her drawing for the morrow—it was propped up before her, and from time to time she consulted it as she wrote.

"Hello, Ted," she greeted him. "How do you like it?"

Gilbert carefully examined the cartoon. "Very fine," he announced, and drew up a chair.

"Bran-new idea, you see," she commented as she sought an elusive letter, her finger poised above the key-board.

"Gee—note the caption of our story—'Girls, only the man you are to marry should kiss you.' That's new and startling, Alma."

"Don't knock please, Ted," she said, her small nose crinkling. "I know it's a veteran subject."

"Yeh. Say, Alma, apropos of—er—nothing, I've got my car at the door. Will you slip on your bonnet and shawl when you're through work and take a ride with me? We can eat somewhere afterward."

She turned and regarded him, her clear, blue eyes twinkling merrily. "Sorry, Ted. I gotta date, I have," she burlesqued.

"A date you made last night?" he asked quickly.

The blue eyes ceased twinkling. "Not that it's any of your affair," she said. "But since you are so curious, I don't mind telling you that I made the date last night—at dinner."

"Sorry—beg pardon, and all that sort of thing"—contritely.

"No harm done. How goes the series?"

"Fine, great O! They're going to use the 'Nut Brothers' in the 'Passing Show'."

"How is that?"

"Why, there'll be two guys dressed as *P. Nut* and *Chess Nut*. They'll spill off a lot of my chatter."

"That will be fine, Ted."

"Yeh."

"I see they are beginning to advertise 'Kidd, the Cabman,' on the delivery wagons and bill-boards," she remarked after a time.

An icicle inserted under Gilbert's collar might have sent a similar chill down his spine. "Yes?" he queried, with such nonchalance as he could muster.

"Yes, and I'm glad, aren't you?" she replied, pounding industriously on the machine. "Charlie Forrest has waited a long time for his chance."

"Yes"—Gilbert dug a forefinger under the front of his collar, raised his chin, drew down the corners of his mouth, and moved his head from side to side—a gesture seldom denoting enthusiasm.

For a space the silence was broken only by the clacking of the keys. Then Gilbert gathered up his stick, rose from the chair, and shook the wrinkles from his trouser-legs:

"Well, I must be moving. Sorry you can't come along."

"Yes—but I won't be finished here for an hour or two more, and then it will be time for dinner."

"Well—so long."

"Good-by."

Gilbert was in no happy mood when he stepped out on the sidewalk. He glanced immediately at his car, hoping to detect

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dereliction of duty on the part of Herman. But the little German was busily polishing the speedometer-dial with a bit of waste.

"Hotel, Herman," said Gilbert as he stepped into the tonneau. Some day, he hoped, he would be able to say, "Club, Herman."

As the big car turned out from the curb, Herman raised his left hand from the wheel and wiped a fleck of foam from his mustache.

IV

Three months later.

One warning had been sufficient for Gilbert. Not once since his talk with Forrest had he indulged in the forbidden fruit. The quarrel between the two had resulted in a spirited competition. Each man strove to produce the best drawings—also to evolve new quips and wheezes. Each had a reason for striving.

Gilbert felt his mantle slipping and was ill at ease. For two years he had enjoyed the limelight, unchallenged. He had seen men buy copies of the *Traveler*, turn to his comic, laugh, then throw the paper aside. He had heard men refer to the "Nut Brothers" in cafés, theatres, on the street, everywhere he went. He had become accustomed to the leveled forefingers of people pointing him out. "What are the 'Nut Brothers' doing to-day?" was as familiar to him as "Nice weather we're having, eh wot?"

But the amusing adventures and sayings of "Kidd, the Cabman," had changed the situation. A comic artist is hardly the person to admit that his series is inferior to the work of another man, but Gilbert knew in his heart that he was no longer king at the *Traveler*. He realized that the "Nut Brothers" had lost their appeal. Consequently he labored mightily to retain his standing.

Forrest had every reason to strive. For years he had felt that he was the better man, and he lost no time submitting the proof in seven-column daily strips of concentrated humor. His series "caught on" from the first, his work improved daily, and aided by Cort's advertising matter it was not long before he had a following which threatened to eclipse Gilbert's in point of numbers.

One day, because of an accident in the engraving-room, Forrest's comic was omitted from the paper. The first edition of the *Evening Traveler* came off the presses at 9:45 A. M. At 10:15—it seemed barely possible that the edition could have reached the up-town readers—came a 'phone call from a big athletic club. A member demanded to be informed why "Kidd, the Cabman," was not in the paper. None of Gilbert's devotees had ever evinced such enthusiasm.

On the surface no bitterness of feeling was apparent. Although Gilbert, as king, made his drawings at his hotel, he was obliged to call daily at the art department. A quarrel between two men serving the same employer is unpleasant. So, after a few weeks, a diplomatic relationship was established. Both men spoke cordially enough when they met. But——

Gilbert, you will remember, is the villain. Now villain and revenge are almost as inseparable as pell and mell, proffered and cigar, waiting and auto, obsequious and waiter.

Gilbert craved revenge for two reasons. The other was Alma Dunkley. He had felt quite certain of the attractive young artist's affections until Forrest had joined the staff, and now——

Three months later, as above. Night.

Knowing that Alma was working late, Gilbert mounted the stairs to her department: object, a brief chat. As he was about to enter the room he heard voices. Being a villain, and therefore suspicious, he reconnoitered.

Forrest was speaking. "I know, Alma; but it doesn't look well to me."

"Oh, bother, Charlie. Get that foolish notion out of your head."

"No, honey, I wouldn't think of asking you to marry me while you are earning more money than I. Foolish pride, you say; but put yourself in my place——"

"Now, Charlie, we've been over that ground before. I'm going to quit here the first of the year when my contract runs out—so it won't be long before you are the only wage-earner in the family."

"I know all about that"—very doggedly—"but I'd feel like a piker if—confound it, I wish I hadn't signed a three-year contract. It will be months before my first raise is due, and there's no hope of doing any business with Cort when the terms are down in black and white."

Gilbert stood outside the door in the attitude of the man in the comic who is saying or thinking, a big—?—. He did not wait.

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"FOOLISH PRIDE, YOU SAY; BUT PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE——"

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He had lost all desire for a brief chat. Stumbling down the stairs to the sidewalk he climbed into the big egg-yellow touring-car and instructed Herman to lose no time in proceeding up town. Arriving at Forty-second Street, Herman asked for further orders. For a moment Gilbert hesitated. He had lost all inspiration. Then he leaped out and directed Herman to take the car to the garage and—to leave it there.

Absorbed in the details of his woes, he proceeded to the Mansion House—we'll call it that since every city and town lists a hostelry of that name. Clancy, dean of the bar staff at the Mansion House, had hit upon a cocktail that seemed difficult and different, and had captioned it the "Gilbert Guess." Not every man may quaff a beverage bearing his name; and so, when in doubt, Gilbert quaffed. As he approached the hotel he saw a taxi rear up at the door and deposit big, bulky, raucous Harrison Cort, publisher of the *Traveler*.

Cort stepped out under the sidewalk canopy and immediately a large porter person in the uniform of Lord of the Admiralty dived at him and wrenched the bulging kit-bag from his hand. Cort strode into the hotel, and Gilbert followed.

The artist did not greet his employer, but seated himself behind a pillar in the lobby and drew out his cigarette-case. At the proper moment he would cough, and Cort would turn. Then Gilbert could manifest surprise, pleasure, and so on.

At the desk the big publisher called loudly for the manager, and as if shot from a star-trap the alert figure in dinner clothes appeared at his side.

"Hello, Fred!" Cort thundered.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Cort," said the manager cordially.

"Well, it sure is good to be back in civilization. Those western hotels remind me of a morgue."

"Yes?" said the smiling manager.

"Sure, you show some service here, Fred. I like the way you do things. You take care of a man from the moment he lands at your door. Why, one of your men had my bag while I was in the air between the cab and the curb. Er—where is he, I wonder?"

Both men turned—a bell-hop, divining the query, dashed to the door.

"He'll be here directly, Mr. Cort," said the manager confidently. "Will you have your usual suite?"

"Yes—where's that bag?" There was a trace of impatience in Cort's voice.

Well, the Lord of the Admiralty never came back. He made good his escape, as the story-books used to say.

The manager was profuse in his explanations—he didn't see how it could have happened—the thief must have stolen a porter's uniform and posted himself at the door to await worthy prey—and so on. Cort stormed up and down the lobby, cursing freely. The heavy-jowled house-detective puffed out his cheeks and looked mysterious—and Gilbert watched and waited.

"We'll notify the police at once," said the manager after a time.

"No! Do you want to make me the laughing-stock of the town? The joke is on me. We will say nothing, but investigate quietly."

Unusually sensitive, was Cort. A blow on the jaw might stagger him for an instant; but to be laughed at—to be made the object of derision by a mishap like this—he who had "crossed" times without number, who knew his traveler's rote as the stay-at-home knows the way to the ice-box—it was too much.

Quickly the excitement in the lobby was hushed. The heavy-jowled house-detective became more mysterious, and the apologetic manager led the choleric publisher into the dining-room.

Gilbert had missed nothing. The incident struck him as an excellent jest. And then, because the artist who draws a daily comic must cultivate the objective viewpoint and consider everything and everybody in the light of material, he mulled over the happening. Yes, he decided, it was an idea for a comic.

V

Afternoon of the next day.

"What's the matter, Charlie? You look as though you had swallowed your last dime. Why the frowns, boy?" Dwinell inquired.

Forrest sat with his feet on his drawing-board, his hands clasped behind his head. He grinned.

"I ain't got no idees, Dwin. All the wires are down," and he tapped his forehead lugubriously.

"Want an idea, Chas?" Bug Leonard demanded.

"That's me—what d'yuh know?"

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Leonard seated himself on Forrest's desk. "Have Uncle Sam—" he began.

Forrest lunged at him with a T-square. It was a stock jest in the department to suggest an idea involving Uncle Sam, the hard-worked hero of a million cartoons.

He began to sketch funny faces and heads on his drawing-board, his brow creased in concentration. He had spent too much time with lists of figures that day to think of work, and as the hands of the clock approached the engraving-room, "dead-line," he strove desperately to capture an idea from thin air.

"Well, I gotta rush the Java canister for the Robby Looey Stevensons at the copy desk," Leonard observed, and ambled from the room.

On the floor below he met Gilbert.

"Who's up-stairs, Bug?" the artist demanded.

"Oh, Dwinell, Sam, Fin and Chas Forrest, and six or eight more ink-slingers."

"Say, Bug," said Gilbert confidentially, "I've got an idea Forrest can work up into a comic. I can't use it in my own series, but it will go well in 'Kidd, the Cabman.' I—well—er—I can't tell it to Forrest myself, you see."

"Yeh," said Leonard, comprehending the situation. Rather white of Gilbert after all, to volunteer in this way, he thought. "Slip it to me and I'll tell Forrest," he said.

"Yes, that's right. But don't let on that you got it from me. He might not—er—he might not care to use it."

"I'm wise," said Leonard. "I'll let him think it's my dope; then it'll be all right."

"Fine. Well, it's this way——"

Whereupon he recounted the adventure at the Mansion House, omitting, of course, the name of the hotel and the principal actor.

"Good stuff," Leonard chuckled. "That will work in great in his Cabman series."

"Mum's the word, Bug, on the source of information," Gilbert cautioned.

"Oh, sure, I'll keep it dark. Much obliged." Leonard accepted a cigarette.

Gilbert turned and descended the stairs. Revenge! At last the account was to be squared. When Cort saw that comic in his paper he would think that one of his employees was poking fun at him.

"And then—bing—bing—bing, and out; use both doors," Gilbert mused. "Gee, Forrest won't last ten minutes after the big chief sees that stunt. Clever? Oh, no, Gilbert, not at all!"

And if Forrest had felt ashamed to ask Alma to share his lot while she was receiving the greater salary, how would he look at the matter when he was jobless?

"Brains count in the long run," thought Gilbert. "I knew I could ditch him if I waited. Oh, well, Forrest—the fortunes of war, and all that sort of thing." Still gloating, he entered his car.

Leonard danced into the art-room and crashed his fist on Forrest's desk. "I gotta idee for you, Chas," he announced.

"Yes? Have *Kidd* fall off the cab, or something?"

"No, a regular, sohelpmegawd idea." He hauled up a chair and seated himself.

"Here's the stunt. A guy that's been away comes back to town and drives up to his hotel in a cab. While he is jumping out of the 'bus a porter grabs his bag out of his hand. Fine business—the guy is tickled to death. He drills into the hotel and yells for the manager. He tells the m-g-r that he's glad to be back on earth again, and congratulates him on his service. Tells him he is running a regular hotel, etcetry, and generally feels well pleased with everything. Well, he's waiting there yet for his bag—see?" And Leonard chuckled and drove his hand against Forrest's collar-bone to emphasize the jest.

"The porter was a crook, eh?"

"Sure; he never came back. You can use that idea swell in your series. Have *Kidd* drive the cab——"

"Much obliged, Bug," Forrest interrupted. "Guess I can use it. I'll make it right with you for the tip."

"Oh, that's all right"—and Leonard blushed. Gee, this was the acme of triumph, to supply an idea to a top-notch artist!

Forrest secured a clean sheet of bristol board, ruled a long, narrow rectangle which he divided into six panels, then started to lay out his compositions. The idea worked very readily into his series.

Two hours later he delivered the finished drawing to the art manager, then wandered up to the feature-writers' room. Alma glanced up as he approached, but said nothing—young persons who are in love seldom know just what form of greeting to employ. For an instant the two exchanged

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one of those glances. Then Forrest leaned over her desk and whispered:

"Very huggable little party!"

"Shoosh," she said, her face rosy red.

"Yes," said Forrest loudly, "I look for a hard winter in the city."

"With a great deal of snow," she supplemented.

"Why do you persist in being so clever, Miss Dunkley?" he asked, very formally; then in an undertone, "They'll be giving you a raise in pay next, and then where will I be?"

"Silly boy"—fondly.

Forrest flushed and looked the part.

"Hey, Mr. Forrest, can I see you a minute?" Leonard stood in the door, his face very white.

"Excuse, please," said Forrest, and walked to the hall.

"Gee, Chas, I've got you in bad!" Leonard blurted out.

"How's that?"

"That idea I gave you—that guy was Cort—the guy that lost the bag. It happened at the Mansion House last night."

"Great guns!" Forrest's heart missed a beat.

"I just found out," Leonard continued. "I heard Cort talking over the wire to the manager of the hotel. I wouldn't have told you if I had known about it, Chas. Gilbert gave me the idea. He said he couldn't use it, but he wanted you to have it. Gee, I'm sorry, Chas."

"Gilbert, eh?" Forrest repeated grimly. "Well, we'll see."

"Gosh, I hope it don't make trouble for you, Chas. It's all my fault," Leonard blubbered.

"No, Bug," said Forrest kindly. "Forget it. You didn't know. Now keep your trap closed and don't breathe a word about this to anybody."

Leonard walked sorrowfully away.

"What is wrong, Charlie?" Alma demanded when Forrest returned.

"Oh, nothing; nothing at all."

"Tell me," she insisted.

"Well, I guess I've smeared things with Cort. But let's not worry until we're obliged to."

"Charlie!" She was thoroughly alarmed. "What is it?"

"I'll tell you later. Maybe it's all right, anyhow. Let's forget it now."

A telephone-bell tinkled. Forrest scooped the receiver from the hook.

"Is Mr. Forrest there?" came the sing-song voice of the switchboard-operator.

"Talking."

"Mr. Cort wants to see you in his office right away."

"Good-night!" and Forrest slammed down the receiver. "The big chief wants to see me," he explained. "Now please don't fret, Princess. I'll be right back and tell you all the news."

He hurried away, but in spite of his confident air his heart was heavy. Knowing Cort to be supersensitive, he realized the effect the comic must have. But where had Cort seen the drawing? The engravers had not had time to complete their work. Perhaps the summons had no bearing on the unfortunate idea, he told himself. But visions of a broken contract, of shattered plans, of a wearisome round in search of work flitted through his mind.

Boldly enough he walked into Cort's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Forrest," the big chief rumbled, and rose to extend his hand.

Forrest's gaze was directed at the publisher's desk—his blood chilled as his eyes rested on the last drawing from his pen.

"Sit down, Mr. Forrest. I won't keep you long."

Forrest dropped into a chair and waited for the blow. Cort was famed for the genial manner in which he performed that operation known as swinging the ax. Always he made his intended victims as comfortable as possible before exhibiting the dread instrument.

"Mr. Forrest, I am contemplating some radical changes. I sent to the engraving-room for your latest drawing in order—er—er—where did you get the idea for this comic, if I may inquire?"

Well aware of Gilbert's proficiency in that form of evasion known as side-stepping, Forrest realized that the author of the "Nut Brothers," would clear himself of every vestige of guilt. Undoubtedly Gilbert had prepared an alibi of some sort; and rather than precipitate a "You did—No I didn't—Yes you did" affair, Forrest determined to shoulder the full responsibility—and to settle later with the conspirator.

Without hesitation he replied: "Saw the

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story in a foreign paper. That robbery was actually pulled off on a man who was stopping at a Paris hotel."

"H'm," said Cort, gazing at the drawing. "An old trick, evidently." And then—he chuckled.

"Mr. Forrest, I contemplate making a few changes in the art staff of the evening paper."

"Yes?" said Forrest, fighting back a feeling of despair.

"I have been waiting for one of my artists to break away from the hackneyed, shop-worn, slap-stick style of humor that has prevailed in daily comics for the past few years. I have watched your work closely, Mr. Forrest, and now I am firmly convinced that you have a great future before you at the *Traveler*. Why—er—haw—haw! —there is a wealth of genuine fun in this drawing!"

Forrest believed that the big chief was playing with him—that the bomb was about to be exploded.

"Mr. Forrest," said Cort, "your present contract calls for an increase of five hundred. With your permission—of course—we will destroy the old contract and arrange a new one whereby you will receive an increase of one thousand dollars. I want you to feel entirely satisfied with the treatment accorded you here—for we want your very best work."

"Oh, I'm a willing victim," Forrest laughed nervously. "You have my permission, Mr. Cort."

"Very well. To-morrow I shall have the papers drawn up. That is all, I believe—oh, one thing more. I am moving you from the evening to the morning staff. I hope this will be agreeable to you. Of course, you realize the desirability of the position at the top of the morning sport-page? Mr. Gilbert's series will take the place of yours in the evening edition."

"I sure do appreciate this, Mr. Cort," said Forrest delightedly.

"Very well. And Mr. Forrest, after this drawing has been reproduced, will you have it cleaned up and autograph it for me? I—er—haw—haw!—I shall have it framed for my office, and I shall regard it, young man" —Cort became extremely genial—"as a standard by which to judge your future work."

"Oh, I'll try to keep up the pace, Mr. Cort," Forrest grinned as he backed out of the office.

He floated up three flights of stairs—really he was not conscious of touching the treads—and burst into the feature-writers' room.

"Hustle up, Lady!" he called. "Get your things on. We're going to have big eats. I'll be back for you as soon as I can find Bug Leonard." Then he whispered: "I dare you to marry me to-night."

VI

Herman, the German nobleman, is looking for a job.

NEAR AND FAR

BY MARION STANLEY

ONCE seas were spread between our feet,
Yet never alone were we
Whose hearts across the world could meet,
Whose spirits scorned the sea.

Now face to face or side by side
Alone, alone, are we,
Whose hearts strange continents divide,
Whose souls, a rolling sea.

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"MAIN STREET" IN PERVYSE, A VILLAGE ON THE BELGIAN FRONT, AFTER A DOZEN BOMBARDMENTS.

MY DAY *at the* FRONT

by HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

***Editor's Note*:—Mr. Needham, well-known as an interviewer of famous men, was on his way to get a "statement" from the King of the Belgians. Through Headquarters' favor he had his day at the front. It was his first sight of war, and what he gives you here so vividly is what you yourself would see on the battle-line.**

A WHITE puff of smoke appeared in the air—about "half a block" from me, I thought—and this was followed by a sound like a strike in a great bowling-alley down-stairs somewhere. In a detached state of mind I watched the smoke drift lazily away in the blue sky. Measuring the distance from the explosion to the nearest habitation, I came finally to this verdict: unless done for exhibition purposes it was deuced bad shooting.

The next moment, from a cuddle of roofs off to the left, a dirty puff of smoke shot up—much as though a chunk of lead the size of a house had been dropped into a pile

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of soot and ashes. Followed a rumble like a general moving in China.

My mind worked quickly this time. A "Jack Johnson" or a "Black Maria!" Still I wasn't uneasy. It was all so far away.

But when a white puff of smoke showed itself just above the roof-line of my goal, Pervyse—between Nieuport and Dixmude—I stopped dead in my tracks. Was it not the better part of common sense to retrace my steps?

Reassurance came from the least expected source in the world. Trudging along, carrying a basket, was a calm little lass seven or eight years old. She, too, was going in the direction of Pervyse, so I kept on with her.

Before I arrived at Pervyse I realized that desultory shells were dropping in front of me and behind me. I refused to let my mind dwell on what would happen if the German gunner "split the difference," but went on rapidly, tremendously excited, and somehow not a bit afraid.

But it is necessary, and perhaps interesting, to tell how I got where shells were bursting—really at the front.

I went from the English base, Havre, to the French town north of the deadline for correspondents, Dunkirk, in a touring-car manufactured at Liége. I went thence to the Belgian base, Furnes, which was in shelling range of the German guns, in a Brussels-made limousine. These details I mention to accentuate the handy use of the motor-car in war.

DESPATCHES FOR THE FRONT

Only once in the one hundred and eighty miles was I required to show my *laissez-passer*. This essential document was signed by Rear-Admiral Charlier, Governor of Havre. It authorized me to "circulate" in a French triangle encompassing Havre, Paris, and Dunkirk. Fortunately for me, Mr. Gibson, Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels (still there!), came my way bound for Dunkirk, where the Belgian Premier and War Minister was in close touch with Belgium's gallant army. Three days later I received from the Secretary a telegram saying that Baron de Broqueville authorized me to take a place in the automobile bearing official despatches from the Belgian Civil Government at Havre.

My touring companions were two Deputies, members of the Belgian lower house, lawyers by profession, but now without practise. M. Janson is serving his country in a civil capacity. M. Devèze enlisted at the outbreak of war, and wore the uniform of a non-commissioned officer. It was in his motor, driven by his chauffeur in military dress, that we rode.

Along the road at every farm were quantities of the sugar-beet. In the fields plowing was in progress—all as in peace. From Havre to Calais there was nothing in the run to suggest the proximity of war, except soldiers in varying numbers and barricades across the road at the approach to a town. These barriers were usually of sod and dirt reinforced with brick and loose stone; in some cases made of bags of cement. Small villages had been satisfied to put carts in the path of speeding motor-cars. Always the opposite lines of barricades overlapped, making it necessary for the motorist to negotiate a sharp S-turn; hence there was no possible way of evading the sentry.

At Calais I experienced the first real shock of war. As we entered this wide-awake city, apparently of a size with Des Moines, Iowa, its commercial activities appeared to be in full swing.

Suddenly a five-passenger touring-car bore down upon us. Across the tonneau, strapped to the front and rear seats, were two stretchers, and on them, under gray blankets, two soldiers, their heads almost concealed in bandages. I was to run upon many improvised ambulances of this sort, but the first sight of a "pleasure car" carrying wounded brought a realization that war was near indeed.

Almost at once I could see motor-ambulances, painted gray, with a large red cross on either side, speeding to the hospitals laden with suffering men, or, having delivered their shattered human freight, tooting away to meet the hospital trains or to field hospitals. Nearer the front they go almost to the fighting-line, of course. One of the few pleasant incidents of this indescribably awful war is the blessing of motor transportation to the wounded.

As despatches had to be delivered to a Belgian officer of high rank in Calais, I had the opportunity to wander about and learn something of the manner in which hospital conditions almost as bad as those

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of Sedan of 1870 were met by British, French, and Belgian cooperation.

The period of acute suffering marked the desperate attempt of the Germans to reach Dunkirk and Calais along the Channel coast. On the River Yser the Belgian sacrifice was terrible. In two days over ten thousand wounded reached the base hospitals, and Calais had to meet an emergency for which it was not prepared. Belgian, French, and English surgeons, patient Calais nuns, French, Belgian, and English women, priests and doctors, worked in conflict with death until they were all but overwhelmed by the ceaseless flow of wounded. The trains never stopped arriving in Calais. Hospitals were full to overflowing. Halls, shops, and private houses were crowded with wounded—even a dirty cinema theatre.

AMONG THE WOUNDED

Inside this tawdry "place of amusement," on boards covered with straw, blood-stained soldiers lay, shoulder to shoulder in silent agony, waiting their turn on the coarse deal table which had to serve for the dressing of wounds and for operations. In an atmosphere reeking with iodoform and chloroform Belgian surgeons, assisted by two of their English brethren, worked night and day, striving to keep pace with the influx of wounded. There was a never-ceasing flow of the maimed, the disfigured, and the crippled.

So the cry went to London and to Paris for help. Relief came at once. In one day a party of English doctors, nurses, and orderlies, under command of a major of the Royal Army Medical Corps, had taken up quarters in what was before the war a well-known school for girls. The rooms were light, airy, and commodious, and in no time at all a well-equipped hospital, scrupulously clean, was in complete working order. Meanwhile a French hospital, equally efficient, had been installed by the excellent organization known as the Union des Femmes de France.

That was not all. In an engine-shed near the Calais town station was improvised a clearing hospital, where the wounded, direct from the field ambulance, were received, their wounds dressed, and where they were sorted out according to the severity of their hurts. With its high timbered roof and big windows, this engine-shed made a very good receiving hospital—and a place to gain a vivid, never-to-be-forgotten impression of the horrors of "scientific" warfare.

Here came battered soldiers, their uniforms discolored with mud and stuck to their bodies with clotted blood. When uncovered, these shell-torn bodies, after hours on end in the dirt of the trenches, were indescribably filthy. Realizing their condition, the poor devils brought tears to one's eyes by apologizing!

Enough in this one spot to sicken the world. The glory business was snuffed out—nothing remained but human suffering, inhuman misery. This wastage of war was in a horrible state. Not since the discovery of chloroform, it is said, have the wounded been forced to endure such terrible pain and agony. The shell fire is so terrific and so incessant, with never an armistice for burying the dead, that the wounded lie for hours, often days, without medical attention other than the first aid which a surgeon in the trenches may be able to give. Then they arrive at the base hospitals with rifle wounds infected and shrapnel wounds maggoty. You simply can't describe it—it's too awful.

A blessed relief, I must admit, it was to be filling my lungs with crisp air on the last stage of our journey. From Calais to Dunkirk there occurred nothing worth relating. I was disappointed that everything was so peaceful and, when we entered Dunkirk, that I could not hear, as had been promised, the booming of the great guns. Without delay I went to the Hotel de Ville and sought out Count de Lichtervelde, member of one of the oldest of Belgian families, Secretary to the Premier, also Secretary of the Commission that visited the United States. He kindly offered to send me to Belgian headquarters at Furnes, over the border in Belgium. Then I should be near the front!

THE MOTOR PROCESSION

You may be sure I was not late next morning. Without delay I was given a special pass authorizing me to proceed to Furnes, taking a place "in an automobile of my Cabinet," said the Minister of War of Belgium over his official signature. The automobile was a limousine upholstered in pearl-gray—that is, it was pearl gray before the war, but now soiled and dirty. Its dark enameled exterior was tarnished, rubbed

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bare in spots, and disfigured with irregular letters in white paint—abbreviations denoting that the car was in the service of the "Cabinet Militaire de Belgique" running under orders of the "Ministre de la Guerre." However, this car had a fine engine—which is all the military gives a hoot about.

Kipling should write a poem "On the Road to Furnes." Or a prose yarn about "The Motor That Found Itself." On this road were motor-buses from Paris boulevards, taxicabs from the Strand, touring-cars from Italy, Belgium, France, England, America, and Germany; limousines from everywhere; "luxurious limousines," as they were once called, now brought down to the common level of motor-trucks—some filled with loaves of bread, some with spare tires, some with rifles, others with hospital supplies, others with cans of petrol and lubricating-oil, others with French officers. The English and Belgian officers more often rode in open cars. There were big motors hauling three guns (French 15.5) each; there were converted pleasure cars with canvas-covered bodies, whizzing along filled with light ammunition and supplies; there were huge motor lorries rumbling toward the front at no slow pace, carrying food to hungry fighters; there were motorcyclists chugging by—despatch-riders.

This procession was toward the front. In the opposite direction, returning from the fighting line, were gray motor vehicles on which were large red crosses. An optical illusion, but they seemed more numerous than all the rest.

GERMAN BOMBS EXPECTED

Furnes, on another day than this, was a sleepy little Flemish town, with a good-sized *place* or square in the center, upon which faced the Hotel de Ville and a number of cafés, besides the "leading commercial houses" of the town. The *place* was crowded with automobiles having something to do with war. Almost all of the shops were open, including the milliner's. It was all bustling, but not warlike. A Belgian officer attached to the General Staff relieved my mind. I did not know his rank, but I called him captain, and he was not displeased.

A half-hour before my arrival, he told me, while King Albert and Baron de Broqueville of Belgium and President Poincaré and General Joffre of France were reviewing French and Belgian cavalry, a German Taube had paid its "daily visit" to Furnes. The efficient German espionage had no doubt given notice of this intended review, and the dove-like aeroplane was despatched to Furnes to pot a king or a president.

A full quarter-mile from the square the Taube released its first bomb, which fell upon a small freight-house near the railroad station. Two other bombs were let fly and landed—in the cemetery. They were comparatively small bombs—not of a size to wake the dead.

Concluding that I was in search of excitement, the Belgian captain then told me that forty-three shells had been dropped into Furnes the day before, and it was expected the Germans would again shell the town *that day or night.*

Furnes had been shelled the day before—was to be shelled that day! A German aeroplane had dropped bombs a scant half-hour before my arrival—was expected back on the morrow! My reason told me to take the place in the limousine of the Minister of War, which was to start in a short time, and return to Dunkirk—beyond shell range. But the Belgian captain, looking upon the pass signed by the war Baron as an order to provide me with entertainment, dragged me off to see the interesting damage effected by a six-inch German shell at a range of "at least nine thousand yards."

Almost at the corner of the square, in the main street, was La Noble Rose, a two-story brick hotel with a peaked roof—a red-tiled roof it had been. In the wall of the second story was a jagged hole about two feet in diameter, at which curious natives gazed in wonder as they passed. We went in, the captain opening the door authoritatively. I confess that I was by this time a trifle nervous.

My comfort again came from a child. In the room we entered was a yellow-headed little lady of not more than seven years, dressed in a bright red frock, with a snow-white guimpe. When she looked up from her playthings, there was no fear on her placid countenance. She comported herself precisely as an American kiddie does when strangers come to see some possession of the household.

First, through my captain interpreter, I learned all about the visitation. It had

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happened the previous day when thirty Belgian officers were at lunch. The patron and his wife—as she told us—wanted to take refuge in the cellar after the crash of glass and breakage of timber, but the officers merrily laughed them out of it, insisting that the service of the lunch continue.

We mounted to what at home would be called the garret. It looked more like a roof garden—an unroofed garden. Very few of the red tiles were in place. The shell had come through the roof, and had descended, making a huge hole, into the front bedroom. Then part of it, or some object unknown, had been blown out through the brick wall.

The wreck of that room was almost complete. Two articles had suffered less than the rest of the furniture: the bed-springs were practically intact, and the feather-bed had merely exploded—out of a single hole had gone a shower of feathers, and these feathers were almost driven into the wall-paper, sticking as tight as if part of the decorations. And hanging securely from a tack in the wall was a placard, printed in three languages:

"The proprietors will not be responsible for articles of value unless deposited in the safe."

Leaving the hotel I was less nervous, but I could not entirely sympathize with the captain's point of view. "One gets used to shells," he said, "and misses them when there is a cessation of firing." I was trying to get accustomed to the rumble of artillery, which was distinctly to be heard. But I went off alone to have a look at the injury done by the Taube's bomb. It did not compare with the havoc wrought by the shell. If given my choice—and having to choose—I'd rather be a target for bomb-dropping than for shell fire.

After the exercise of what I considered some diplomacy, I secured a *laissez-passer*, signed by the commandant of the Belgian Headquarters, giving me leave to visit Pervyse. I didn't altogether understand what and where this Belgian village was; but, having been directed to the road, which was plainly marked with the distances given in kilometers, I started off on foot, quite as if I were setting out to visit some historic spot.

The road to Pervyse was like the road to Furnes, only more so. The same processions going and coming—guns, ammunition, officers, men, and food toward the front; the wounded toward the rear. At several farms field hospitals had been established, and one saw ambulances arriving.

A photographer, every bit as brave as I, took a picture of "Main Street," Pervyse;—this photograph, reproduced on page 65, relieves me of the necessity of searching for words to picture a town bombarded a dozen times in three weeks, by foe and friend. Six times it was captured by the Germans, to be retaken by the Belgians. It looked more ruined than anything to be found in "Baedeker." Long since every soul, following every live thing on two or four legs, had departed, leaving their unoffending Flemish village, with its spotless white-washed houses, to be knocked to pieces in the game of war.

That day of my visit they buried one thousand and fifty Germans in and near the remains of Pervyse. There's nothing about a dead soldier to write of save to note that very often he falls asleep for the last time face downward. No matter how bravely he has faced rifle balls and bullet-laden shells, his dying instinct appears to be to huddle up and escape from the inhuman onslaught. One wonders if the Maker ever thought men would die that way.

Not until I got back to Furnes did I

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appreciate the full meaning of my visit to Pervyse, which is in a direct line between Nieuport and Dixmude. In the front of the busiest café I encountered a six-footer dressed in khaki uniform. He held out a huge hand, saying: "Shake, boy, you're from back home." I should have guessed he was from Arizona, and he was—*via* New York, where he had been a detective. Thence he had gone to Winnipeg, enlisting with the Canadians, and because of military service in the Philippines had been made a non-commissioned officer. Arriving in England, he had talked his superiors into sending him on ahead to France, to locate a hospital base for the Canadians.

"Wideawake Fred," as he told me he was nicknamed, made me sit down, "have something," and tell him all about it. At my mention of Pervyse he said:

"Hell, boy, you've been at the front!"

And I hadn't realized it!

BATTLE WITHOUT A GRAND-STAND

The imagery inherited from boyhood was to blame. Years ago a round red-brick building was erected in Chicago, and at length, to the joy of the city's youth, "The Battle of Gettysburg" was opened. You entered plump in the middle of the scrap, on top of a high mountain from which no charge or skirmish of the entire battle was hidden. You got the whole show for the modest price of admission. All battles, I came to believe, were to be seen as vividly as that. Many were the years in which I dreamed of seeing a great battle from a natural grand-stand. Yet when my chance came at last, alas! there was no grand-stand—not even a hole in the fence.

The Belgian country from Furnes to Nieuport and Dixmude is flat as a pancake. One might get up in a church steeple, you say. But a glance at the remains of the church in Pervyse will give an idea why this particular elevation was the one place to avoid. The Germans undoubtedly found their range by the church tower.

As I said good night to my tall friend from Arizona, he remarked: "I guess they will shell this town to-night, boy. Good luck." I didn't believe it. The night was too fine.

The bed I occupied stood as near the devastated room in La Noble Rose as it was possible for me to be. In an adjoining house it was, but with only a thin partition wall between. Furnes was crowded, and had it not been for a young Belgian motor-bike despatch-rider I might have slept in a chair out-of-doors. The Belgian youth, earlier in the day, had sent me to this Flemish household, telling me, in excellent English, to ask for the room reserved for Dr. Depage, his father. But toward nightfall the lad returned to Furnes, and with hesitation asked if I were willing that he occupy half of the bed. Naturally, I took him in.

Lying there side by side, this Belgian and I, with soft moonlight coming in at the windows, with the tramping of the French Territorials going by, and with German shells promised before morning, there was no subject possible except war.

Pierre told me of his short but violent military experience. At the beginning of the war he had enlisted in the infantry, and for two months was in the trenches before Antwerp. The first eight days he did not once leave the trenches. For forty-four hours the German shells arrived at the rate of four a minute.

"What did you do?" I asked.

Pierre chuckled. "We played bridge," he said, "and made bets whether the shell was for the forts or for us."

"Did you see any Germans?"

"Not one the whole time. I only fired my rifle seven times. Twice to try it, twice at a German aeroplane out of range, and three times to humor my captain. He went crazy under the strain of the shell fire, and imagined he saw Germans stealing up on us. He's in an asylum now. Another one of our officers shot himself in the foot, to be sent back to the hospital."

"Were many of your men killed?"

"Thirty-seven by one shell not far from me." I felt him shudder. "We had to bury them at night. Found a body in one place, an arm in another, a head off in a corner. That was awful!"

Often in the land of peace I have trouble getting to sleep. But the last thing I remember was hearing about that gruesome burial; and I slept soundly, and without dreaming. I was not disturbed by shell fire. When I awoke next morning Pierre was up and dressing. After a "good morning"—and it was—I asked:

"By the way—how old are you?"

"I'm twenty to-day. This is my birth-

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day." I also learned that his father is a physician to the King of Belgium.

Some time that morning there was a crowd in the *place* gazing skyward, I among them. What we saw approaching, heading for "our midst," was an aeroplane. From the descriptions I had read I recognized its dove-like build—a monoplane with back-spread wing-planes, even its tail bird-like—a German Taube. Another little bomb-dropping expedition! It would read well in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that a daring German aviator had destroyed the General Staff Headquarters of the Belgian Army.

Again I saw white puffs of smoke against the blue sky—first one, then another, then two more. "We" were firing at the hostile aeroplane. But one could easily tell that it was well out of range, flying high in a realm of safety.

Then two aeroplanes—a British biplane and a French monoplane—rose from different points, and, flying according to some prearranged plan, set sail for the saucy Taube. We watched the attack breathlessly. What followed I never believed I should see—a duel in the air. There were flashes, puffs of smoke, and finally the Taube turned tail and sailed off toward the German lines, carrying her bombs with her. I looked around the square. Everywhere were officers, soldiers, women, and children. Everybody had been "rubbering"—just as if a balloon were soaring over a town in our United States.

Everybody in Furnes was out at two o'clock also. From the square all of the motor-cars had been removed, and gendarmes at every street opening prevented trespassing on the *place*. Not a window but was overcrowded. The sidewalk was lined with natives, and behind them other happy Belgians stood on chairs borrowed from the café terraces. In front of the Hotel de Ville there was a riot of color from Alice blue to gorgeous red. Generals and military attachés were out in parade dress.

The King was to review the Seventh.

For twenty days this Belgian infantry regiment had held on doggedly at the River Yser. Time and time again, and still again, they had hurled back the German attack. They were fighting for country, for all that was left to them of Belgium—a mere wedge of soil, a slice of Belgian territory no larger than a big Western farm in America. Now they were to appear before their King and hear their valor praised.

There was the sound of bugles coming nearer and nearer. At the entrance to the square the regimental band struck up a glorious air, and along the *place*, near the waving hands, marched the Seventh, in fours.

I was prepared to see a moving but a pitiful sight—men worn out by terrific war. Like most of my preconceptions, this anticipation was not realized. Their uniforms were soiled, some of them torn. Here and there a first-aid bandage was over a forehead, or about a hand. But they marched with a fine young stride, heads up, eyes shining.

Never have I seen a better-looking regiment. They were physically well set up, all of them. More than that, they were markedly intelligent looking, and there was in their faces the stamp of character. The battle of St. George's was won by high-class men—not fighting men, but men who can fight, and who can, as Lincoln said, hang on till they can't hang on any longer, and still hang on.

EVERY INCH A KING

After they had formed a hollow square, there were a few minutes of suspense, then two officers walked out of the Hotel de Ville, and after them a tall military figure—the King. Not only the King of Belgium, but the good and brave King of every boy's and girl's fancy, the every-inch-a-King of romance. Better cheering you never heard in America.

King Albert addressed the regiment, speaking forcefully, with little jerks of his head to emphasize his words. Then the regimental colors were brought to him, and he hung on the staff the highest honor in the gift of the Belgian military authorities. All had fought so bravely that the only thing to do was to decorate, not officer or soldier, but the regiment!

The band played the Belgian national air—everybody cheered—including an itinerant Yankee, who was amazed at the moisture in his eyes.

What?—cheer when Furnes was resounding to that monarchical cry, "*Vive le roi!*" "*Vive le roi!*"

Monarchical nothing! The Seventh had "held" on its five-yard line. "*Vive le roi!*" was their college yell.

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Decorations by E Hopper

FREDERICK PALMER *in* GERMANY

LUCKY are the neutrals. They are not only out of the war, but they may see the war on all sides. The back of my passport is mottled with the signatures of the officials of different lands. When I entered Germany, the gray-coated, helmeted officer at the frontier, as he ran his eye over the visés, studied the last one at length. This was a French staff officer's *passe militaire* to go from Calais to Dunkirk. Finally, he returned the passport with a glance that said, in all languages:

"Oh, you Americans!"

He did not like to let me by; but as my country was not at war with his, he could not deny the right of travel to a peaceful citizen whose papers were in order.

I was going to Germany as a tourist, as an observer who would not have to commit himself, as one must in Germany by writing pro-German propaganda in order to see about as much of battle as you see of Broadway by looking at the sky-scrapers from a ferry-boat.

At the front you are under the magnetism

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of the pressure of great masses of trained troops. When I traveled on one of sixty-five French military trains, each bearing a thousand men through Dunkirk in a single day, it seemed to me that the French army was invincible. Trains of reservists in Germany exercised, in turn, the spell of German invincibility. His very effort to get to the front blurs a correspondent's impartiality of observation.

One reason given for keeping correspondents back is that the sights in the trenches are too ghastly for description. Such horrors I had witnessed in Manchuria; but nothing of the reek of battle aftermath ever so gripped me with the meaning and effect of war as what I witnessed in Germany without trying at all to reach an army's headquarters.

I saw a Germany where you could not turn a street corner without meeting a convalescent wounded man in his stained green uniform or a woman who was holding back her tears; where you could not look into a face or a shop-window without feeling that subtle misery which was in the minds of the women stemming their sobs.

NO LACK OF FOOD IN GERMANY

The confusion of mind which came from reading partisan English papers and partisan German papers and from the German government's wireless news in America was cleared by what you saw no less than by what you learned in conversation. Errors of impression were corrected. The first of these was about a starving Germany. Food was literally thrust at you from all quarters. Frankfurters were no less plentiful at the railroad stations than in other days. A world in uniform was munching brown bread and raw ham sandwiches despite the exodus of male labor at harvest time. No crops were left in the fields; old men and boys and women, the drudge peasant women dragging carts while the horses were at the front, had brought them all in. They had managed to sow great acreages of wheat, whose green expanses under the somber winter skies gave the only freshness and cheer to the landscape.

Germany has food enough to last for a year. The question is if she has the men. These she will give while she has them—for the Kaiser. Make no mistake about him. Rightly or wrongly, he is the idol of the peasant women who take the place of the horses and of the men who die at his command.

His picture is everywhere, always in uniform. Always it is the soldier: the soldier in the peasant's cottage, the soldier looking down at you from the wall of a hotel foyer or a government palace. His face is impressed on the eye of Germany and fills the mind with its strength, its sternness, its alertness. It is a face which says "Forward!" in every line.

THE KAISER'S GERMANY

The English idea that the Crown Prince, leading the military party, started the war is ridiculous. He is popular with a certain set. He has more of the bonhomie of comradeship than his father; is fond of a good time and of action, of women's company as well as men's, and of good wine. He takes a sort of mischievous delight in opposing his father, whose serious self-importance excites the son's sense of irresponsible humor. But the war is not of the Crown Prince's brewing.

It is Germany's war; the war of Germany fashioning itself unconsciously in the likeness of the Kaiser. No German in that busy, progressive Germany has worked harder than he. He has led and he has driven. And Germans are deepest in loyalty to the royal idea. His ancestors built the empire; under him Germany has risen to her present power. He personifies Germany. Of his kind, he has been a great king, as old Frederick was, as Louis XIV. was. And he is king of the greatest military machine the world has ever known. "Attack!" says his upturned mustache and stern, set mouth.

The German youths I have seen lying wounded in the freight warehouse at Calais and every gallant German on the firing-line are acting out no calculated system of aggression, but the results of his training.

German enterprise had spread over Europe. Germans studied hard, labored hard. They learned foreign languages. By dint of industry they shook foreign competition. The German sees the Englishman as stupid and slow and taking things easy, while he himself plods long hours and is better educated in the mass. He believes in his superiority and therefore in his system. He is fighting for what England

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fought for when she won her colonies over-sea by arms. But he puts it that he is fighting in defense against the enmity of a jealous world which wants to stifle him.

On all sides the neutral American, whose friendship is wanted by every partisan, hears the protest that Germany is not a military but a peaceful nation. By the same token, the French protest that they are still military, while Poincaré's government takes care that no general at the front becomes too much of a popular hero, and that no Bourbon or Napoleonic princes are allowed to serve France. And doesn't the old Spaniard protest that he is really progressive? Yes, the German soldier does believe that he is fighting for peace.

German solidarity is an instinct. Under the pressure of war not only did every one turn patriot, with no thought except country, but the patriotism worked out well in practise. All not only wanted to help, but had their part assigned. Every one's duty was confidence, optimism, invincibility.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

"Berlin is perfectly normal. You would hardly know that there was a war," said travelers who came from Germany.

A Berlin alight at night and a London darkened for fear of Zeppelins make a contrast that leads to a superficial impression. By day, except for the sight of officers in restaurants and streets and of marching bodies of recruits, London, too, insists on being normal—in face of protests that the nation is in danger. "Wake up, England! This is war! Face the facts!" But so far as I can see, the throngs on the Strand are as great as ever.

The French would not think of business; only of war. Theirs was a pitiful candor. "We know it is life or death for France!" they said, and were willing that all the world should know the truth. After all, when a man sees a bayonet coming at his throat, if he says, "I apprehend there are mosquitoes abroad," he is not always acquitted of posing.

Germany insisted that business must go on as usual. It was heresy for any German civilian to think that the war was affecting him in his daily routine of business or labor.

Men in Wall Street, when they are risking all on a turn of the market, present the same front; and sometimes it does keep stocks from going down. Any one in danger of bankruptcy who expresses a fear of it is bound to bring it on. Germany, with her vast armies, had to think of her economic danger. Every man at home had to face an enemy while the soldiers faced the French, English, and Russians. England says: "What if we should lose?" Germany says: "We are bound to win!" England asks one returning from Germany: "Do you think they will try an invasion and a Zeppelin raid?" Germany says of the English: "We have them scared, eh?"

When I asked the hotel clerk in Berlin if he had a room, he went through the forms of the pressure of business in a convention season. He would look and see. Yes, there was a good one vacant on the second floor. The truth was that the upper floors were entirely unoccupied. So was the main dining-room; but the breakfast-room was given the air of a cozy and confident hostelry. One missed no variety of food except bananas and oranges, which the blockade keeps out. My waiter, a Swede who had taken the place of a young German waiter gone to the front, confessed that business was very bad.

"Why don't you go to London?" I suggested. "They have all the German waiters interned. The biggest hotel is really *full*, there"—to the disgust of Englishmen who can't wake up their countrymen.

"I think I will!"

An old German waiter who had overheard me, after giving me a "Damn the English!" glance, took him to one side and told him that all the restaurants in London were closed for fear of a Zeppelin raid. He believed it, too; everybody seemed to in Berlin. That old waiter, by the way, had already said to me: "Don't you find Berlin perfectly normal, sir?"

GERMANY A UNIT

Perfectly normal! Every one you met repeated this. To mention that you had noticed some effects of the war was to bring that look—the look which changed you from a friend to a foe and gave you the peculiar feeling of a rooter on the Yale benches breaking out with an intimation that Harvard was going to win. The rah-rah business prevails throughout the whole nation.

You may criticize England as much as

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you please in English restaurants, and all you will get is a look which says, "Must be a German-American, that fellow," or possibly an assent to the need of England's waking up. They're that way, the English; it is one of their weaknesses that may keep them from winning the war. But try criticism in Germany and you are encircled with eyes blazing censure. If the American flag which I had in my buttonhole was hidden by my overcoat, the stares I got made me wonder if I had developed horns and a tail. My friend, another American, and myself always had our railway compartment to ourselves. We two might occupy six places, while in another compartment seven Germans occupied the same number.

Never shall I forget the sturdy German woman in trim Red Cross outfit at the station in Hanover. I wanted something to eat, and while the train stopped I saw a row of sandwiches on a table, in front of a row of soup-plates and a bucket of steaming soup. I dived into my change-pocket with a view to buying a sandwich, and then I saw the woman. She looked to me as big as Minerva. Her lips half formed the word "Englischer!" An Englischer trying to buy the food that she was giving free to the Kaiser's soldiers! The look she gave me still burns in the back of my head, where it went sizzling through. From a good Samaritan, with the sweetness of humanity in her eyes, she had turned to a fiery Amazon.

"Perfectly normal," when in the windows of the offices of the two great shipping companies the register board of steamers about to sail for ports in all parts of the world were blank! Perfectly normal, because all shops were open, if empty, and the pavements still intact and the people still had faces, hands, feet, and bodies, and lived by eating and drinking, as they did in time of peace.

I had been in Berlin before and comparisons were possible. There were fewer people by a good many on Friedrichstrasse, the Strand of Berlin, than in antebellum days, and little of the old, busy spirit in their manner. They moved slowly, as if somewhat tired of pretending that they had a lot to do when they had not.

In one of the great department stores I found five customers on three floors. I was inclined to report the proprietor to the Kaiser: he turned on the lights only when a customer approached a counter. Infinitely important are lights in keeping up a people's spirit. Berlin even tried to start up its night life again—the night life which it had organized as a counter attraction to that of Paris for provincials and foreigners. But there are limits even to German patriotism. Besides, the provincials and foreigners were missing.

On Sunday morning a band—of course a military band—played opposite the silent royal palace. There was only a small gathering, a wistful, sad crowd, I should call it,

with the mighty statue of Victory to old William looming out of the mist.

On Sunday afternoon and evening the Berliners came out to the cafés for sandwiches and beer—as cheap as ever, by government order. They were not in such numbers as usual, and there was only the semblance of the old gusto in their gastronomic and conversational functions.

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Rather drearily they made their way homeward in a drizzle—but with streets normally lighted, while those in hated London were not.

OPERA AND IRON CROSSES

The Royal Opera was open and, of all the amusement places that I saw, the best patronized. The night I went there was a fairly large audience. Germans love music; and music is a great solace. Do you remember that in the panic of 1907 our own opera and musical comedies were all attended? In the great room where the audience goes to eat and chat, the circular promenade went on as usual during the intermission.

There were many officers, all convalescent from wounds. I noticed a dozen Iron Crosses. That imperial reward of bravery is given freely. It is estimated that one man in twenty had it in the Franco-Prussian war. The plan in this war is to follow that precedent; but if this war continues long, the recipients may number one in ten. It is hardly aristocratically exclusive even now, for I saw it on officers and privates by the thousand. Sometimes a score of crosses were allowed to a company for a gallant action. As it was difficult for the commander to choose between men when all had rushed on with courage in a charge, the recipients were selected by drawing lots.

Wounded officers from the front, wounded officers wearing Iron Crosses home from victory, at the opera! Doesn't that rouse in a mind associating romance with war a picture of spirited gaiety? But there was a sort of grim hush in the voices of the promenading groups; the voices of people whose minds are not on what they are saying.

One thing I observed particularly: a change in the Prussian officer, that officer so conscious of his caste, given to making all passers-by turn out for him. Though he wear an Iron Cross, he will now frequently give half the road. He has got the thing he longed for, war. It is not glorious, after all—not glorious, the mud, the blood, the stench, the herding close with his men in the cover of the trenches. He has become a trifle more human; he has found that his men are human.

His wife, his sister, or his mother who walked beside him at the opera promenade seemed rather to want to look at him than so talk. I noticed the same thing in my tours of the mean streets, when mother, wife, or sister leaned on the arm of a returned private. Often they were honestly silent and holding hands very tightly. For the wounded as soon as well are going back to the front, perhaps never to return.

After they are discharged from the hospital they are given a short furlough to visit their homes, with free railroad travel, free food at the stations. On every tram-car, in every railroad station, you saw these voyagers who bore their scars of battle. When they were young and unmarried, they looked as if they were equal to it again; and when they were older and left wife and children at home, they had the grim resolution of the Kaiser's orders, but desire was not strong. All seemed well cared for. That is the business of a paternal government. Serve and obey, and Germany will win.

And some of the young were boyishly cheerful and proud, as if they had had part in a splendid adventure and wanted another. One showed me his souvenir—a piece of shrapnel jacket, the piece that went into his side. His coat, torn by other pieces, had been sewed, but not too nicely, as he wanted to exhibit the tears.

A HEART IN THE MACHINE

When I went through one of the great hospitals I had again the sense of the machine-like impersonality of German nationalism. Each wounded man was a human body machine and so treated. There was the monotony of machinery; an absence of the cheeriness of the personal touch which we find in our own hospitals. A German hospital is better disciplined and organized than a French; German ambulances and dressing stations are more thoroughly prepared and smoothly managed, because the loyal, obedient German sinks his individuality in exact response to the command of his superior.

Again and again I was asked the question, "How long do you think the war will last?" Or, "Does England think that it will be a long war?" I had stereotyped my answer with a purpose. I always uttered it with a matter-of-course conviction, with the object of watching the effect on that reasserted bluff about everything being perfectly normal.

"How long will the war last?" asked the

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superintendent who had shown me over the hospital.

"Three years," I replied.

The superintendent's hands and head went down. "Three years! More and more wounded!" he exclaimed.

I was sorry that I had not made it two months. For a quarter of a minute he was not a cog in the imperial machine of war, but human. So were all the wounded in his hospital human, if one got beneath the crust of martial organization. A quarter of a minute, I say, for accuracy's sake; for he promptly stiffened up. He was a German again—one of the units of a mighty militarism.

"We'll see it through to the end!" he said.

THE WOUNDED

More and more wounded—wounded—wounded by the yard! The lists keep coming in, an endless monotony of Hanses and Fritzes in small type. Sometimes they are a month old. A newspaper man counted how many names an inch averages and then made his totals. But he received a complaint from the censor who had been checking off the figures. He was overrunning by about fifty to the foot! A very exact bureaucracy, the German.

Up to November fifteenth the Germans had lost a million men in killed, wounded and missing. Think of commanding a country to appear perfectly normal with such a weight as that in the hearts of its families! It is requiring a nation of seventy millions to act with the fortitude of the little community of ancient Spartans.

"You must not weep in public," says the Kaiser; and German women do not. But they appear in the streets with eyes red from nights of weeping. Moreover, you must not circulate any rumors of bad news concealed by the government—which is a favorite diversion among Englishmen. The penalty for this is a year in jail.

All the news which the German public gets is the brief official announcements from Grand Headquarters and the daily batch of press matter given out by the Foreign Office. When bad news must be printed there is always some good news to offset it. The report of the *Emden's* fate, when I was in Berlin, was accompanied by the announcement that twenty-six hundred prisoners had been taken around Dixmude and Ypres. These include some English. The Germans like immensely to hear of prisoners taken, particularly if they are English. They hardly seem to realize that the Allies also have a great many prisoners.

THE GERMAN PRISON CAMP

The sharpest contrast of all in war which the neutral may observe is seeing the men of one army which, from the other side, he watched march into battle—armed, confident, disciplined parts of an organization, ready to sweep all before them in a charge—become so many sheep, disarmed, disorganized, rounded up like vagrants in a breadline and surrounded by a fold of barbed wire and sentries.

This was the lot of the nine thousand English, French, and Russians in the "show" German prison camp at Doberitz, near Berlin, which you may visit by official permission. But you may not visit any of the other camps.

On a sandy knoll, fully exposed to the bleak wind, the prisoners sleep on straw ticks inside of big cavalry tents. And they do not wear any nighties, you may be sure. They wear the clothes in which they were captured, unless their government through the American ambassador has provided them with others.

There has been a howdy-do of countercharges by Germans and British about treatment of prisoners. The facts are these, and they should be given in fairness, without prejudice: The British government has sent to British prisoners in Germany thick suits of winter underclothes and socks and coats, while the Germans agreed to furnish two blankets apiece. Most of the prisoners hadn't yet received these blankets when I was in Berlin. England supplies her prisoners with a full outfit of clothing and blankets and feeds them with the regular British army ration.

On the highest point of the small knoll two field-guns commanded the enclosure at Doberitz.

"I don't believe there is any ammunition for those guns. They are just a reminder to these boys not to try any funny tricks," said the English-speaking German who showed me around. An adventurous spirit had taken him to America, where he had earned his living at various jobs in different parts of the country. He always spoke of

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the prisoners as "boys;" and if I wished to ask the "boys" any questions, it must be through him.

Many prisoners were on fatigue duty under sentries. They were building roads

"It's all in the day's work," said Tommy; "and lousy, too!"

But Tommy does not like being shown off when he is a prisoner, while the Russian takes it with a broad grin. One Tommy

and leveling ground for the new prison barracks. This was no humiliation. It was a relief. Imagine the monotony of life to these men walking up and down like caged animals, slapping their bodies to keep warm, day in and out, and thinking of home.

At Doberitz the French kept to themselves. They did not sell their blankets, as Tommy Atkins will, in the careless way of the regular soldier. Their blue coats and red trousers were kept neat and clean. They seemed subdued, a little sad and grim. The Russians were good-humored, hearty children. They could stand the hardships better than the others, for their standard of living at home is pretty low. Your nostrils told you when you were entering a Russian tent, too. But in all the tents some man was engaged in hunting the persecutors in his underclothes.

PRISON MANNERS

Tommy Atkins—well, he was Tommy Atkins. He had not lost his capacity for his cockney joke. To this had Kipling's Soldiers Three descended: to lining up in the morning to receive some oatmeal and coffee, and at noon a bowl of thin cabbage soup and some brown bread, and at night more coffee and bread; and to being herded by German bayonets.

seated on his straw sack, with a broken briar pipe that had a stem about an inch long between his teeth, was busy knitting a sock.

"Where did you learn to knit?" I asked.

"In India," he answered, without looking up; and I knew that what he wanted to say was: "Move along and look at the next cage."

"Here are the non-commissioned English officers," said my chaperon, as he opened the door of a little shanty where a dozen men rose to their feet. Head above the group was a giant sergeant, who had a service color on his coat.

"Where did you get that?" I asked. Such questions were allowable, but none that related to the prisoners' treatment.

"South Africa!" he answered proudly.

The small window was darkened by another figure, a big Scotch sergeant. He had turned his back on the visitors. We could just count him out of the Zoo. Hats off to his fine, sensitive soldierly pride!

"Now, these two boys are sons of rich men," said my chaperon, when we were in the cook-house, as he called for two young Russians. "They were serving their first year. They are very good boys, so we let them work here. That's all, boys. Now, this fellow got half blinded by a shell-burst. We let him hang around the cook-house, too, because he can't see very well."

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He pointed to a little Frenchman. The picture he made had pathos enough for either Hugo or Daudet. He was huddled up as if to make himself smaller and less in the way, and eating soup, with his nose close to the bowl, from his pitiful weakness of vision. Like some sickly, harmless kitten he was allowed to remain about the premises. Probably he would be like this all his life. And he was young.

"We mean that the boys shall sleep warm this winter," my chaperon explained, as we rode over to see the new wooden houses which were building. Each was to accommodate a hundred men, sleeping like sardines in a tin; but each had a stove, a real stove. If all prisoners were sheltered like this, there could be no complaint; but those who have to remain in the tents on straw ticks might envy any snowbound party of explorers on short rations.

WHY PRISONERS ARE NOT EXCHANGED

Why, I wondered, should not the nations interchange prisoners? Why should not that stalwart Scot return to fight in the British ranks and some stalwart Prussian return to fight in the German? Why should not that blinded little Frenchman be sent to his home and some equally unfortunate German know the love and care of his family? The answer is that no government except the British tells the number it has lost in prisoners; and some of the Continental governments, at least, fear the effect on its public too much to confess the number it has lost. The business of national morale in a war does not consider heartbreaks.

"Do you think that America will be drawn in, too?" one of the officers of the camp asked.

"No," said my chaperon, who had been in America and thought he knew all about us. "Only the dollar talks in America."

If a talking dollar keeps us out of such a mess as Europe is in, I hope that our silver prima donna may never suffer a vocal breakdown.

At intervals while we were at camp we heard the rattle of rapid-firers and the rifle-shots on the drill-ground near by; and in returning to Berlin I passed marching batalions of new volunteers, whose old service blue uniforms—there is not enough green for all—you see in every town and on every road. Some were sturdy—those who had been excused from military service when their time for conscription came because they were an only son or the support of a family. Others wore glasses and looked weakly. They had not passed the physical examination when they were "called up," but were good enough now.

Men, more men! Germany, France, Russia, all the nations have put in more than they had ever expected to need. Some of these volunteers, trained only two or three months, have already been sent to the firing-line. Before the war people wondered how long the world could stand the strain of it financially. Now the question is, how long before no one will be left alive?

THE HATE OF A NATION

The Germans were not wanting to fight France and Russia, but England. The hate of the Red Cross woman in the station at Hanover is the hate of a nation. Crystallized, the attitude toward England is that of disappointed hope. England holds the sea; she joined in the war when Germany wanted her to keep out. In the inner world of rumor you heard it said quite positively that soon Germany would conclude a treaty of peace with Russia, followed by one with France, thus leaving her free to attack England. The wish which was father to the thought spread in waves downward in the social scale of that responsive public. The humorous journals ceased to cartoon the French and the Russians. The French became a chivalrous, brave race—fighting for their country. Germany pitied them. She had no ill-will against Russia. As for the Belgian, German feeling amounts to contempt. He played the fool. He did not recognize power and give it room. Let him take the consequences. Let the British who got him into trouble take care of him. No neutral has yet visited a camp of Belgian prisoners in Germany.

There was no longer any sale for the sheafs of picture post-cards poured forth from the presses at the beginning of the war, delineating the Russian as a barbarian and the Frenchman as a degenerate runt, to whom the German peasant was giving a spanking. Indeed, a glut in the post-card market was plainly discernible. Satirical and humorous post-cards, making the war a mighty winning game for Germany, no longer suited the temper of the people.

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More victories were needed to bull the post-card market.

The people had started with victory. They had been drilled to the aggressive and to expect victory. Many weeks had passed without good news, while the wounded kept pouring back from the front. The German troops ought to be in Paris and were not; they ought to be in Warsaw and were not—though far out in the peasant cottages, so skilfully written were the official bulletins that the old men and the women thought Germany was still advancing. These simple souls did not know that the days without news had meant retreat from Paris and Warsaw.

The Berliners, being more worldly wise, hearing day after day the shibboleth of "On to Calais," were feeling the strain of the hammering blows at Dixmude and Ypres which were said to be gaining ground, but without ever getting beyond Dixmude and Ypres. There was something sullen in the public attitude, something of repressed and bitter resentment. Indeed, Berlin was finding war no less sad and grim than Paris found it.

NO THOUGHT OF YIELDING

But do not mistake this as an indication of any thought of yielding—not to the hated English. Germany must win. More guns were going up to the western front, where she would yet crush through. Hints of an invasion of England were in the air. And von Hindenberg, who had tricked the Russians in East Prussia, would trick them again in Poland. Von Hindenberg, recalled from the retired list, is the hero—not von Moltke, the chief of staff. Von Hindenberg shares honors with the forty-two-centimeter howitzer of the Krupps, who may have other tricks up their sleeves.

The surprise of this monster leads Germans to expect more surprises: guns that will carry across the Straits of Dover; a hundred Zeppelins which can drop bombs that will level a square. Perhaps the staff has all these wonders in store, but it is certainly not taking even neutral correspondents into its confidence. We must wait and see; rather, wait and hear, for waiting and hearing is the business of the press in this war. Germany may win. She may even take London. She is ready to risk much to gain all.

IN HAMBURG

"Communication perfectly normal," I was told when I asked about going to Hamburg, which is like going from New York to Philadelphia. There were three trains a day against a dozen in ordinary times. Hamburg, Germany's doorway to the world, could not keep the goose-step of pretense that everything was perfectly normal. It is a dead city on a harbor which is forested with sailless masts and smokeless funnels. In place of the day's shipping news appears a page of death notices of citizens who have died in battle. Here many English had lived—all who are not under seventeen or over fifty-five, though they were making fifty thousand dollars a year, being interned as prisoners of war.

Here German hatred of England, if not of Englishmen, is bitterest. England and England alone has robbed Hamburg of her trade. England is the cause of the silent streets and forces employers to pay the wages of idle employees, according to law in time of war. Germany has boasted that she had no moratorium, the spirit of patriotism in her business men and bankers taking its place by not calling loans or demanding the payment of debts. Splendid, this; yet what if individual necessity should assert itself and creditor should press debtor in sheer desperation? Then the bricks might begin to fall.

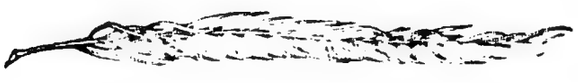
When for the last time, near the Dutch frontier, an officer brought me under arrest to his office in the station, demanding if I were an "Englischer," and found my passport all right, I was rather relieved. The restaurant keeper in the station where I had a meal before taking a train to Holland beamed German optimism.

"Paris by Christmas, then England, then Russia!" he said.

"And after that, America?" I suggested.

"No, that is too much," he replied, laughing.

I suspect him of being a diplomatist.



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PENELOPE.

STILL JIM

by

HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THE FIRST INSTALMENT: When James Manning was fourteen, his father was killed in a stone quarry by a falling derrick. His mother accepted a position as housekeeper for an Irish lawyer, Michael Dennis, in New York, and Jim went along. Eager to make his own way, he took a job in the foundation of a skyscraper, fighting down his horror of the derricks. One night, on the high structure of the unfinished building, he got the vision of his life work—he was to be an engineer in the West, building where men had never built before. Jim was a pioneer at heart—with the instincts of the trail-maker. His mother married "Uncle Denny" so that Jim might have his chance at college. During his first year, Dennis's niece, Penelope, came to live with them, and Jim grew very fond of her. So did Jim's chum, a young Greek, Saradokis; and a rivalry began between them. Their friendship was destroyed when the Greek won the Marathon by giving Jim an underhand blow that stopped him. Pen refused to believe in Saradokis' treachery, and despite her response to Jim's boyish love-making, she was powerfully attracted to the Greek. When Jim started for the West, she half-seriously begged to go with him, afraid to trust herself under the spell of Saradokis' influence.

CHAPTER VI—THE CUB ENGINEER

Humans constantly shift sand and rock from place to place. They call this work. I have seen Time return their every work to the form in which it was created.
Musings of the Elephant.

AT NOON of a bright day, Jim landed at a little way-station far up in the mountains of Washington. A narrow-gage track ran off into apparent nothingness. Puffing on the narrow gage was a "dinky" engine, coupled to a flat-car. Wooden benches were fastened along one end of the car. The engineer and fireman were loading sheet-iron on the other end. They looked Jim over as he approached them.

"Do you go up to the dam?" he asked.

"If we ever get this stuff loaded," replied the engineer.

"I'd like to go up with you," said Jim. "I've got a job up there."

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The engineer grunted. "Another cub engineer! All right, sonny! Load your trousseau on to the Pullman."

Jim grinned sheepishly and heaved his trunk and suitcase up on the flat-car. Then he lent a hand with the sheet-iron and climbed aboard.

"Let her rip, Bill," said the fireman. And she proceeded to rip! Jim held his hat between his knees and clung to the bench with both hands. The dinky whipped around curves and across viaducts, the grade rising steadily until just as Jim had made up his mind that his moments were numbered, they reached the first steep grade into the mountain. From this point the ride was a slow and steady climb up a pine-covered ridge. Just before sunset the engine stopped at a freight shed.

"Go on up the trail," said the fireman. "We'll send your stuff up to the officers' camp."

Jim saw a wide macadam road leading up through the pines. The unmistakable sounds of great construction work dropped faintly down to him. His pulse quickened and he started up the road which wound for a quarter of a mile through trees whose trunks were silhouetted against the setting sun. Then it swept into the open. Jim stopped.

First he saw ranges, stretching away and away to the evening glory of the sky. Then, nearer, he saw solitary peaks, etched black against the heavens, and groups of peaks whose mighty flanks merged as if in a final struggle for supremacy.

The boy saw a country of mighty distances, of indescribable cruelty and hostility, a country of unthinkable heights and impassable depths, a country that existed in unremitting warfare against the refining touch of verdure. And standing so, struggling to resist the sense of the region's terrifying bigness, he saw that all the valleys and cañons and mountain slopes seemed to focus toward one point. It was as if they had concentrated at one spot against a common enemy.

This point, he saw, was a huge black cañon that carried the waters from all the hundred hills around. It was the point where the war of waters must be keenest, where the stand of the wilderness was most savage, and where lay the one touch of man in all that area of contending mountains.

A vast wall of masonry had been built to block the outlet of the ranges: a curving wall of gray stone, so huge, so naked of conscious adornment that the hills might well have disbelieved it to be an enemy and have accepted it as part and parcel of their own silent grandeur.

Jim lifted his hat slowly and moistened his lips. This, then, was the Labor to which he had so patronizingly offered his weak hands!

After a while details obtruded themselves. Jim saw black dots of men moving about the top of the dam. He heard the clatter of concrete-mixers, the raucous grind of the crusher, the scream of donkey-engines, and the shouts of foremen. Back to the right, among the trees, was a long military line of tents. Above the noise of construction the boy caught the silent brooding of the forest, and poured round all was the liquid glory of the sunset. Suddenly he saw the whole great picture as his own Work, and it was a picture as elusive, as tantalizing as a boy's first dreams of pirate adventure.

Jim had come to his first great dam!

When he had shaken himself together and had swallowed the lump in his throat, he asked a passing workman for Mr. Freet, the Project engineer. He was directed to a tent with a sheet-iron roof. Jim stooped bashfully in the door. A tall man was standing before a map. Jim had a good look at him before he turned around.

Mr. Freet wore corduroy riding-breeches and leather puttees, a blue flannel shirt and soft tie. He was thin and tall and had a shock of bright red hair. When he turned, Jim saw that his face was bronzed and deeply lined. His eyes were black and small and piercing.

"Mr. Freet," said Jim, "my name is Manning."

The project engineer came forward with a pleasant smile. "Why, Mr. Manning, we didn't look for you until to-morrow, though your tent is ready for you. Come in and sit down."

Jim took the proffered camp-chair and after a few inquiries about his trip Mr. Freet said: "It's supper-time and I'll take you over to the mess and introduce you. Only a few of the engineers have their wives here, and all the others, with the so-called 'office force,' eat at 'Officers' Mess.' I'm not going to load you up with advice, Mr. Manning. You are a tenderfoot, and fresh from college. You occupy the position of cub

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engineer here, so you will be fair bait for hazing. Don't take it too seriously. About your work. I shall put you into the hands of the chief draftsman for a time. I want you to thoroughly familiarize yourself with that end of the work. Then, although most of that part is done, you will go into the concrete works, then out on the dam with the superintendent. Remember that you have no record except some good college work. Forget that you ever were a senior. Look at yourself as a freshman in a difficult course where too many cons means a life failure."

Jim listened respectfully. At that moment Arthur Freet was the biggest man on earth to him. "Yes, sir," he said. "Thank you."

Freet pulled on a corduroy coat. "Come over to supper, Manning. Too much advice on an empty stomach is bad for the digestion."

Jim followed meekly after the Big Boss.

Jim reported to Charlie Tuck, the head draftsman, the next morning. Tuck was a plump, middle-aged man, bald headed and clean shaven, with mild blue eyes. Jim put him down in his own mind as a sissy, and chafed a little at being put into Tuck's hands. But his discontent was short lived.

Tuck proved to be a hard task-master. Before the end of the week Jim realized that he would not get out of Tuck's hands until he knew every inch of the design of the great dam from the sluice-gates and the drainage holes to the complete vertical section. He had no patience with mistakes, and Jim took his grilling in silence, for the fat little man showed a deep knowledge of the technical side of dam-building that reduced the cub engineer to a humble pulp.

Also, Jim discovered that Tuck was an old Yale man and that his avocation in life seemed to be tennis. The engineers had a good court in the woods, and after Tuck found that Jim liked the game he took the boy over to the court every afternoon before supper and beat him with monotonous regularity. And Jim was a good player.

The dam was far from civilization and the engineers welcomed Jim, although they treated him with the jocularity that his youth and inexperience demanded. The novelty of his environment, the romance of the great gray dam, built with such frightful risk and difficulty, absorbed Jim for the first week or so. He had no thought of homesickness until the excitement of his new work began to recede. And then, quite unexpectedly, it descended on him like a leaden cloud.

It seemed to Jim now that he hated the Big Country. At night, in his tent, he was conscious of the giant dam lying so silent in the darkness, and it made him feel helpless and alone. By day he hid his unhappiness, he thought. He worked doggedly and did not guess that Charlie understood that many times Jim saw the designs for the wonderful bronze gates of the sluicing tunnel through tear-dimmed eyes.

The camp was lighted by electricity which the dam already furnished. Jim would sit watching the lights flare up after supper, watching the night shift on the broad top of the dam which was as wide as a street, and try to pretend that the noise and the light and the figures belonged to Twenty-third Street. He was sitting so in the door of his tent one night after nearly a month in camp. He held his pipe, but could not smoke because of the ache in his throat. He had not been there long when Charlie Tuck came up the trail and with a nod sat down beside Jim.

"Let me have a light," he said. "The fellows are having a 'rough-house' over in the office to-night. Why don't you go over?"

"I don't feel like it, somehow," replied Jim.

Tuck nodded. "You may have hated New York while you lived there, but it looks good now, eh?"

"Yes," answered Jim.

"You'll feel better when the boss begins to give you some responsibility. Were you ever up in the Makon country, Manning?"

"No," said Jim.

"Don't strain yourself talking," said Tuck, sarcastically. "You are rather given to blathering, I see. Well, the Makon country wants a dam. It wants it bad, but the Service doesn't see how to get in there. There is a big valley that has been partially farmed for years. It is enormously fertile, but there is only enough water in it to irrigate a limited number of farms.

"Now ten miles to the north is the Makon River, that never fails of water. But as near as any one can find out, the only feasible place for damming it is somewhere in a beastly cañon that no man has ever gone through alive. The river is treacherous and the country would make this look as well manicured as the Swiss Alps."

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LONG BEFORE THE HAVEN WAS REACHED THE MATTRESSES WERE TORN TO SHREDS AND JIM AND CHARL

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WERE GLAD TO REACH THE LEDGE WITH THEIR SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AND BAGS OF "GRUB."

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Jim listened intently. Charlie Tuck pulled at his pipe for a time, then he said: "My end of this job is about finished. I like the exploring end of the work best, anyhow. I was with the Geological Survey for ten years before the Reclamation Service was created. I made the preliminary surveys for this project and for the Whitson. I tell you, Manning, that's the greatest work in the world: getting out into the wilderness and finding the right spot for civilization to come and thrive. There's where you get a sense of power that makes you feel like a Pilgrim father. The Reclamation Service is a great pipe-dream. Some of the finest men in the country are in it to-day and nobody knows it."

"Like Freet," said Jim.

Jim thought that Tuck hesitated for a moment before he said: "Yes, and a dozen others. I consider it a privilege to work with them. Say, Manning, if some way they could find the right level in that cañon and drive a tunnel through its solid granite walls, they could send the Makon over into the valley."

"Why doesn't the Service send a man to explore the crevice?" asked Jim.

"That's what I say!" cried Tuck. "Just because a lot of cold-feet claim it can't be done, just because no man has come through that crevice alive, is no reason we won't! Say, Manning, if I can get the Service to send me up there, will you go with me?"

"Me!" gasped Jim.

Tuck nodded in his gentle way. "Yes. You see I like you. You are more congenial than most of the fellows here, to me. On a trip like that, you want to be mighty sure you like the fellow you are going to be with. Then I think you would learn more on a trip like that than in a year of the sort of work Freet plans for you. And last, I think you've got the same kind of feeling for the Service that I have, though you've been here so short a time. It's something that's born in you. What do you say, Manning?"

Jim had never felt so flattered in his life. And Adventure called to him as a ship to a land-locked mariner.

"Gee," he cried, "but you're good to ask me, Mr. Tuck! Bet your life I'll go."

Tuck emptied his pipe and rose. "I'll go see Freet now and persuade him to get busy with the chief at Washington. One thing, Manning: it will be a dangerous undertaking. We may not come through alive. You must get used to the idea, though, that every project demands its tolls of deaths. People don't realize that. Are you willing to go, knowing the risk?"

With all the valor of youth and ignorance, Jim answered, "I'm ready to start now."

Mr. Freet was not adverse to the undertaking and the Washington office shrugged its shoulders. In a few weeks, Tuck undertook the preparations for the expedition with the utmost care. Only the two of them were to go. The outfit must be such as they could handle themselves, yet as complete as possible. Two folding canvas boats, two air-mattresses, life-preservers, oilskin bags, first-aid appliances, brandy, sweet-oil, surveying implements, food in as compact form as possible, guns and fishing-tackle made a formidable pile for two men to manage. But at Jim's comment Charlie answered grimly that they would not be heavily laden when they came out of the cañon.

It was mid-August when the two men reached the Makon country. They arranged with a rancher to take them and their outfit up to the river. There was no road, scarcely even a trail to the cañon. The green of the ranches was encircled by a greasewood-covered plain that toward the river became rock-covered and rough, so that a wagon was out of the question and the sturdy little pack-horses themselves could move but slowly.

Jim's first view of the Makon cañon was of a black rift in a rough brown sea of sand, with a blue-gray sky above. As the little pack-train drew nearer, he saw that the walls of the rift were weathered and broken into fissures and points of seemingly impassable roughness. So deep and so craggy were these walls that the river a half-mile below could be seen only at frequent intervals. The labor of getting into the crevice would be quite as difficult, Jim thought, as going through it.

They made camp that night close beside the cañon edge. Early the next morning the rancher left them, and Charlie and Jim prepared to get themselves and their outfit down over the mighty, bristling walls. Lowering each other and the packs by ropes, sliding, rolling, jumping, crawling, it was night before they reached the river's edge, where they made camp. There was a narrow, sandy beach with a cottonwood

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tree growing close to the granite wall. Under this they put their air-mattresses and built their fire.

Jim did not like the feeling of nervousness he had in realizing how deep they were below the desert and how narrow and oppressive were the cañon walls. He was glad that the strenuous day sent them off to bed and to sleep as soon as they had finished supper.

They were up at dawn. Charlie's purpose was to work down the river, surveying as he went, until he found a level where the river would flow through a tunnel out into the valley. And this level too must be at a point where construction work was possible. The river was incredibly rough and treacherous. From the first they packed everything in waterproof bags. The canvas canoes were impracticable. The river was full of hidden rock, and the third day the second canoe was torn to pieces and they were depending on rafts made from the air-mattresses.

After the canoes were gone, they spent practically all the daylight in the water, swimming or wading and towing or pushing the mattresses. The water was very cold, but they were obliged to work so hard that they scarcely felt the chill until they made camp at night. Jim discovered that a transit could be used in a caldron of water or on a pack of rock where a slip meant instant death, or clinging to steep walls that threatened rock-slide at the misplacing of a pebble. The ten days that he spent in the Makon cañon always seemed unreal to Jim.

One arduous task was the locating of a camp at night. The second night in the cañon they were lucky. They found a broad ledge in a spot that at first looked hopeless, for the blank walls seemed here almost to meet above the deep well of water. There was a little driftwood on the ledge and they had a fire. The following two nights they were less fortunate. The best they could find was chaotic heaps of fallen rock on which to lay their mattresses, and they slept in extreme discomfort.

The fifth day was a black day. They were swimming slowly behind their laden mattresses through deep, smooth black water, when without warning the river curved and swept over a small fall into heavy rapids. Instantly the mattresses were whirling like chips. The two men fought like mad to tow them to a rock ledge, the only visible landing-place the crevice had to offer. But long before this haven was reached the mattresses were torn to shreds, and Jim and Charlie were glad to reach the ledge with their surveying instruments and bags of "grub." Here they sat, dripping and exhausted. It was nearly dark. Night set in early in the cañon. They dared not set out looking for a better camping-ground that night. The ledge was just large enough for the two of them with what remained of their dunnage.

Charlie grinned. "Welcome to our city! Well, it's as good as a Pullman berth at that."

"And no harder to dress on," said Jim, standing up carefully and beginning to peel off his wet clothes. "I guess if we wring these duds out and rub with alcohol, they won't feel so cold."

Charlie rose and began to undress gingerly. "You can stand up to make your toilet," he added, "which is more than a Pullman offers you."

They ate a "canned" supper and afterward, as they sat shivering, Jim said: "If we fail to locate the dam-site, no one will have any sympathy with our troubles."

"We will find it," said Charlie, with the calm certainty he never had lost. "Jupiter looks as big as a dinner-plate down here. Sometimes when I look at the stars, I wonder what is the use of this kind of work."

Jim looked up at the stars, which seemed almost within hand-touch. Their nearness was an unspeakable comfort to the two in the crevice. He spoke slowly but with unusual ease. Charlie Tuck had grown very near to him in the past few days.

"I've had a feeling," he said, "ever since we actually got down here and on the job, that I'm doing the thing I've always been intended to do. I don't know how I get that feeling, because I've always lived in towns."

"I feel that way every time I go out exploring," answered Tuck. "I can stand the drafting-board just so long and then I break loose. I suppose some one has got to do these jobs, and there is always some one willing to take the responsibility. Kipling calls it being a son of Martha. Do you know those verses?"

"No," said Jim. "I'd like to hear them."

Charlie chuckled. "Me reciting Kipling is like hearing a 'co-ed yell.' It's the only poem I know, though, and here goes. 'The Sons of Martha':

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"They say to the Mountains, 'Be ye removed!' They say to the lesser floods, 'Run dry!'
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—They are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit, then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose,
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and the lighten ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

"Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,—
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given, to his own kind, in their common need."

The two men sat in silence after Charlie had finished, until he said, "If I were you, I'd read Kipling a good deal. He's good food for a man of your type— People don't realize what their comforts cost. I hope that when I die it will be a son of Martha job. I'm built that way. My people were New Englanders, then Middle-West pioneers, and now here I am, still breaking the wilderness."

Jim sat with his young heart swelling with he knew not what great dream. But it was the divine fire of young sacrifice; the subtle sense of devotion that has made men since the world began lay down their lives for the thing not seen with the eye.

"I wish you'd teach me those verses," said Jim. "We've got to keep awake or roll off the ledge."

And so the night passed.

The next day was unspeakably difficult. They made their way slowly and heavily, clambering from rock to rock, clinging to the walls, fighting through rapids. It was past mid-afternoon when they ran a level in a spot of surpassing grandeur. A rock-slide had sent a great heap of stone into the river. Close beside this they set the transit. Forward, the river swept smoothly round a curve. Back, the two looked on a magnificent series of flying buttresses of serrated granite, their bases guarding the river, their tops remotely supporting the heavens. The buttress nearest the rock-heap and that on the opposite side of the river were not two rods apart.

They ran the levels carefully and then looked at each other in silence. Then they made another reading and again looked at each other. Then they packed the transit into its rubber bag, sat down on the rock-heap, and gazed at the marching, impregnable line of buttresses.

"It will be even higher than the Green Mountain and a hundred times more difficult to build," Charlie said softly.

"She'll be a wonder, won't she!" exclaimed Jim. "The Makon Dam! It will be the highest in the world!"

"Granite and concrete! Some beauty, that! Eternal as the hills!" said Charlie. "We will make camp and finish the map here."

They lay long, looking at the stars, that night. "Some day," said Jim, "there will be a two-hundred-foot width of masonry all right where we are lying. Doesn't it make you feel a little hollow in your stomach to think that you and I have decreed where it shall be?"

"Yes," said Charlie. "It's a good spot, Manning. I hope I get a chance to lay out the road down here. They will have to blast it out of the solid granite. It will eat money up to make it."

"Let me in on it, won't you?" pleaded Jim.

"Well, slightly!" exclaimed Charlie. "Now for a good night's sleep. We ought to be out in three days. That will make ten days in all; just what I planned."

Jim hardly knew Charlie the next day. No college freshman on his first holiday ever acted more outrageously. He sang ancient college songs that reverberated in the cañon like yells on a football field. He stood solemnly on his head on the top of rock pinnacles. He crowned himself and Jim with wreaths made of watercress that he found on a tiny sand-beach. When they were obliged to take to the water, he pretended that he was an alligator and made uncouth sounds and lashed the water with the grub-bag in lieu of a tail.

Late in the afternoon, while they were swimming through a whirlpool, he insisted on giving Jim a lecture on the gentle art of bee-hunting as he had seen it practised in Maine.

"Now, we will pretend that I am the bee," he shouted at Jim. "You will admit that I look like one. I am drunk with honey and I hang to the comb thus!" He caught a

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point of rock with one hand and lazily waved the other. "This is my proboscis," he explained.

"For Heaven's sake, be careful!" yelled Jim. "This is no blooming ten-cent show! Keep both hands on the rock and climb up for a rest."

Charlie suddenly went white. "God! I've got a cramp!" he screamed. "Both legs. Help me, Manning!"

He struggled to get his free hand on the rock, but the water tore at him like a ravening beast and he lost his hold. Jim swam furiously after him. The white head showed for a moment, then disappeared around a turn of the wall. Jim fought his way through the water like a madman. He shouted until he was hoarse.

CHAPTER VII

THE BROKEN SEAL

When I was young I thought the world was made for love. Now I know that love made the world.
Musings of the Elephant.

How he passed the night that followed, Jim never was sure. He knew that he fought his way down-stream until long after darkness set in—until, utterly exhausted, bleeding and bruised, he crawled up on to a rock under the wall and lay dripping and shivering until dawn.

He watched the light touch the far top of the crevice, saw the azure strip of the sky appear, and then he forced himself to eat from his grub-bag and started hurriedly on down the river. The stream was much deeper below the point of the accident, with several large falls. Jim worked his way along carefully, swimming or floating for the most part, for the walls for many miles offered not even a handhold, nor did they once give back in beach or eddy.

The loneliness was appalling. The hardship of the work was astonishingly increased without Tuck's unfailing cheerfulness and faith. There was one moment when, toward sunset, Jim's strength almost failed him. The walls were rougher now. He had found a hand-hold, but no place for the night.

He clung here until his exhausted arms were able to endure no more.

"I can't do any more!" panted Jim. "I'll have to go down." And then he gave a little childish sob. "'Hang on to what you undertake like a hound to a warm scent, Jimmy!" he said brokenly. And new strength flowed into his arms, and he swam on for a few moments, finding then a bit of shore on which to spend the night.

He and Charlie had each carried a map and a set of instruments. Jim felt that he bore now not only his own but Charlie's responsibility to deliver the maps to Freet. As he lay looking up at the stars, that second night alone in the crevice, Jim realized that ever since he and Charlie had started on the expedition he had ceased to be homesick. He realized this when on this second night he tried to keep his nerves in order by thinking very hard of home, and he found that he dwelt most on Exham and his father and the Sign and Seal he had given Penelope, and that, while he longed vaguely for the old brownstone front, he felt with a sudden, invigorating thrill that he belonged where he was, and that he was nearer to Exham than he had been since he left there.

It was nearing evening of the fourth day after Charlie's disappearance that Jim suddenly saw the cañon walls widen. He struggled at last up on to a sandy beach and looked about him. The walls here, though very rough, gave promise of access to the top. Jim examined the beach carefully for trace of Charlie and, finding none, he prepared to spend the night in resting before the stiff climb of the next day. He built a fire and ate his last bit of grub, a small can of beans, and fell asleep immediately.

At dawn the next morning he was beginning to climb up the bristling walls of the cañon. Eleven days before, he would have said that to scale these sickening heights was impossible. But Jim would never be a tenderfoot again. He had been on short rations for three days and was weak from overwork; but he had a canteen of water and rested frequently, and he went about the climb with the care and skill of an old mountaineer. He had learned in a cruel school.

Late in the afternoon he crawled wearily over one last knife-edged ledge and hoisted himself up on to the cañon's top. He was greeted by a faint shout.

Three men on horseback were picking their way carefully toward him. Jim waved his hand and dropped, panting, to await their arrival. When they were within speaking distance, he rose weakly and called:

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"Where's Charlie Tuck?"

The three men did not answer until they had swung from their horses beside Jim. Then the rancher who had packed the expedition to the crevice said:

"They picked his body up near Chaseville this morning. We come up as quick as we could for trace of you. You look all in. Here, Dick, get busy. We brought some underclothes—didn't know what shape you'd be in—and the suit you left at my place. God, I thought you'd never need it! Billy, start a fire and cook the coffee and bacon. You've had an awful experience, Mr. Manning, I guess."

"We found the dam site," said Jim hoarsely.

"Don't try to talk till you get some grub," said the man called Billy.

Clothed and fed, Jim told his story a little brokenly. The men shook hands with him when he had finished, silently for the most part, though the rancher said:

"You're the only man ever came through there alive. They had to bury Tuck right off. They'd ought to build a monument for him. Where is his folks?"

"He had none," said Jim. "I want to put up his headstone for him, and I know just what is going to be put on the stone."

"It ought to be blamed good," said Dick.

"What is it?" asked the ranchman.

Jim sat for a moment looking off into the fearful depths where Charlie and he had lived a lifetime. Then he said:

"Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,—
Lo! it is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given, to his own kind, in their common need."

And so Charlie Tuck crossed the Great Divide.

Jim remained at Green Mountain during the winter, serving his apprenticeship to the concrete works and the superintendent as Mr. Freet had planned. But in the spring he had his wish, and was sent to lay out the road on the Makon project.

All this time letters came regularly from the brownstone front, but they were from Jim's mother and his Uncle Denny for the most part, and they were very silent about Penelope. Jim wrote Pen from time to time, but he was not an easy writer, and Pen wrote him only gay little notes that were very unsatisfactory. But Jim was absorbed in his work and did not worry over this.

Mr. Freet explained to Jim that he needed an old-timer in laying out the Makon road. a man whose practical experience would supplement Jim's theories. When Jim reached the survey camp in the valley he found waiting for him a small man of about fifty, with a Roman nose, bright blue eyes, and a shock of gray hair. This was Iron Skull Williams, whom Freet had described in detail to Jim and who was to be his right hand. He was an old Indian-fighter. The Apaches, Freet said, had given him his nickname because they claimed he could not be killed. Bullets glanced off his head like rain. Williams was an expert road-maker and had worked much for Freet in various parts of the West.

The two men looked each other over carefully and liked each other at once. The friendship had not been a week old before Iron Skull had heard of Exham and the brownstone front and of Penelope; while Jim learned, what no other man knew, that Williams's lifelong, futile passion had been for a college education, and that he was a bachelor because a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl had been buried in the Arizona ranges twenty-five years before.

One evening in April, Jim came in from a hard day on horseback. The spring rains were on and he was mud-splashed and tired, but full of a great content. He had found a short cut on the crevice end of the road that would save thousands of dollars in time and material.

He lighted the lamp in his tent and saw a letter from Uncle Denny on the table. There was nothing unusual about a letter from Uncle Denny, and ordinarily Jim waited for his bath and clean clothes before reading it. But this time, with an inexplicable sense of fear, he picked it up and read it at once.

STILL JIM, ME BOY:

We've had a blow. All the year Penelope has been seeing Saradokis. She has made no bones of it, and he would not let her alone. I could do nothing, though I talked till I was no better than a common scold. But it never occurred to your mother and me that Pen could do what she did.

Day before yesterday, just at noon, she called me up at the office and told me she and Sara had just been married at the Little Church Around the

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LATE IN THE AFTERNOON HE HOISTED HIMSELF WEARILY UP ON TO THE CAÑON'S TOP.

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Corner, and were leaving for Montauk Point in Sara's new high-power car. She rang off before I could answer.

I sat at my desk, paralyzed. I couldn't even call your mother up. I sat there for half an hour seeing and hearing nothing when your mother called me up. There had been an accident: Sara had disobeyed a traffic policeman—they had run into a truck at full speed. His car was wrecked. Pen escaped with a broken arm. Sara had been apparently paralyzed. Pen had him brought to our house.

Well, I got home. It has been a fearful two days. Sara is hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down. He may live forever, or die any time. He is like a raving devil.

Pen—Still Jim, me boy—Little Pen is paying a fearful price for her foolishness. She is like a person wakened from a dream. She says she can not see what made her give in to Sara.

I've made a bad job of telling you this, Jimmy. Your mother says to tell you she understands. She will write later. Love, dear boy, from

UNCLE DENNY.

Jim crushed the letter into his pocket and dashed out into the night. For hours he walked, heedless of rock or cactus, of rain or direction. He took a fiendish satisfaction in the thought of Sara's tragedy. Other than this he did not think at all. He felt as he had at his father's death, rudderless, derelict.

It was dawn when Iron Skull found Jim sitting on a pile of rock five miles from camp. He put his hand on Jim's shoulder.

"Boss Still," he said, "what's broke loose? I've trailed you all over the state."

Jim looked up into the kindly face and his throat worked. "Iron Skull," he got out at last, "my—my girl has thrown me down!"

Williams sat down beside him. "Not Penelope?"

Jim nodded and suddenly thrust the crumpled letter into his friend's hands. In the dawn light Williams read it, cleared his throat and said:

"God! Poor kids! . . . I take it your folks don't like this Sara, though you never said so."

Jim put his hand on Iron Skull's knee. "Iron Skull," he said hoarsely, "I'd rather see Pen laid away there in the Arizona ranges beside your Mary than married to him. He's got a yellow streak."

The two sat silent for a time, then Williams said: "This love business is a queer thing. Some men can care for a dozen different women. But you're like me. Once, and never again. . . . I ain't going to try to comfort you, partner. I know you've got a sore inside you that'll never heal! It's hell or heaven when a woman gets a hold on your vitals like that. My Mary—she had blue eyes and a little brown freckle on her nose—I was just your age when she died. And I never was a kid again. You gotta face forward, partner. Work eighteen hours a day. Marry your job. You still owe a big debt for your big brain. Go ahead and pay it."

Jim did not answer, but he did not remove his hand from Williams's knee, and finally Williams laid a hard palm on it.

The rain had ceased. Far to the east, where the little camp lay, crimson spokes shot to the zenith. Suddenly the sun rolled above the desert's brim, and leading straight and level to its scarlet center lay the road that Jim was building.

"It's a good road," said Jim unevenly. "It's my first one. I'd planned to show it to her this summer. And now she'll never see it—nor any of my work. Iron Skull, she had a bully mind. Just the little notes she's sent me show she got the idea of the Projects. I guess I'm a quitter. If I can't keep my girl, what's the use of living?"

The old Indian-fighter nodded. "Life is that way, partner. You mostly do what you can and not what you dream. Some day you'll have to marry. That's where *I* fell down. These days all of us old-stock Americans ought to marry. First you marry your job, Boss Still, then you marry a mother for your children."

Jim shook his head. "Pen's thrown me down," he said drearily.

Iron Skull waited patiently.

At last Jim rose stiffly and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Williams," he said.

"Don't mention it," said Iron Skull. "Glad to do it any time—that is, I ain't, but—hell, you know how I feel! Come home for some breakfast."

Before he went to work that day, Jim wrote a note to Pen:

DEAR PENELOPE:

If there is anything I can do, send for me. I can't bear to think of that occasional look of tragedy in your eyes standing for fact. I shall not get over this. Good-by, little Pen! JIM.

Pen's answer to this reached him the following week:

DEAR STILL:

There's nothing you or any one else can do. Sara and I must pay the price for our foolishness. I have

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learned more in the past two weeks than in all my life before. And I shall keep on learning. I can't believe that I'm only eighteen. Write to me once in a while. PENELOPE.

This was Jim's answer:

DEAR PEN:

Uncle Denny wrote that you are to stay with him and mother and that Sara's father has arranged matters so that money pinch will not add to your burdens. We three are still mere kids in years, so I suppose we shall get over our griefs to some extent. Let me keep at least a part of my old faith in you, Pen. In spite of the Hades you are destined to live through, keep that fine, sweet spirit of yours and keep that unwarped clarity of vision that belonged to the side of you you showed me. It will help you to bear your trouble, and I need this thought of you as much as Sara needs your nursing. I can't write you, Pen, but wire me if you need me.

JIM.

And then, as Iron Skull had bade him, Jim married his job.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAKON ROAD

Always the strongest coyote makes the new trail. The pack is content to follow in the old.

Musings of the Elephant.

The building of the road from the valley to the crevice edge was not a difficult task, although the country was rough. By the end of the summer there was a broad oiled macadam road, grade carefully proportioned to grade, leading to the cañon's brim. It was a road built to withstand the wear of thousands of tons of freight that must be hauled over it.

But throwing the road three thousand feet down into the cañon was a more difficult matter. Here must be built through solid granite a road down which mule teams could haul all the machinery for the making of the dam and the tunnel and all the necessities for building the working men's camp in the cañon bottom.

It must be wide enough to safeguard life. It must be as steep as the mules could manage in order to save distance and cost. It must be strong enough to carry enormous weights. Its curves must accommodate teams of twenty mules, hauling the great length of beam and pipe needed in the work below. And it must be a road that would endure with little expense of up-keep as long as the dam below would endure.

It was not a complicated engineering feat. But it was Jim's first responsible job. It was his first experience in handling men and a camp, and he was very proud of it.

The crevice road was blasted from solid granite. It was widened to hang like a shelf over sickening depths or built up with concrete to withstand the wash from some menacing gorge, or tilted to cling desperately to a blank wall that offered not even claw-hold for the eagles. And always it must drop with a grade that took no account of return freightage.

"We'll wear the machinery out and leave it at the bottom," Freet had said. "Even a twenty-five per cent. grade will do when necessary. Hustle it along, Manning. I'll be ready to leave the Green Mountain by the time you are ready for me at the Makon."

And Jim hustled. But labor was hard to get. The country was inaccessible and extraordinarily lonely. There was no place for women or children until the camp in the cañon should be built, so it was a crowd of wandering "rough-necks" who built the road. A few were friends of Iron Skull who followed him from job to job. The rest were tramp workmen, men who had toiled all over the world. They were not hoboes. They were journeyman laborers! They were workers who had lent willing and calloused hands to a thousand great labors in a thousand places.

They came and went like shifting sands. Jim never knew whether he would wake to find ten or a hundred men in the camp. He tried for a long time to solve the problem. Iron Skull considered it unsolvable. He had a low opinion of the rough-neck. At last he disappeared for a couple of weeks and returned with twenty-five Indians. They were Apaches and Mohaves under the leadership of a fine, austere old Indian whom Iron Skull introduced to Jim as "Suma-theek."

"That means 'I don't know,'" explained Williams. "It's the extent of his conversation with the average white, who considers an Injun sort of a cross between a cigar-sign and a nigger. Him and I did scout service together for ten years in Geronimo's time. He's my 'blood brother,' which means we've saved each other's lives. He knows more than any two whites. Color don't make no difference in wisdom, Boss Still, and I guess the Big Boss up above must have some quiet laughs at the airs the whites give themselves."

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This was Jim's introduction to another friendship, though it was slow in growth. But before the Makon was finished, Jim in the long evening pipes he smoked under the stars with Suma-theek learned the truth of Iron Skull's statements as to the Indian's wisdom.

The evening of the day the Indians arrived, a short, heavy man came to Jim's tent.

"Hello, Henderson," said Jim, "what can I do for you?"

"Us boys is going out to-morrow. We ain't going to live like Injuns."

Jim's heart sank—he already was behind on the work. "What's the matter with the way we live?" he asked.

"Young fella," said the man pityingly, "I've worked all over the world, including New York. And I'm telling you that when you try to mix colors in camp, you've got to grade their ways of living. Now I went to Mr. Williams, but he's one of these queer nuts who think what's good enough for an Injun is good enough for any one."

Jim knew that this was in truth Iron Skull's attitude. He had had no idea, however, that it might breed trouble. He thought rapidly, then spoke slowly:

"Look here, Henderson, what would you do in my place? The Director of the Service sends out word he'll be here to look the dam site over next month. I want to get the road ready for him to go down there. For six months I've tried to keep a hundred white men on the job and I can't do it. I'll give the Indians a camp of their own. But will that keep you men here?"

Henderson looked at Jim keenly to see whether or not he was sincerely asking his advice. Jim suddenly smiled at his evident perplexity, and that flashing, wistful look got under Henderson's skin.

"Well," he said, "if I was trying to keep men on a job I'd make things pleasant for 'em."

"You have everything I have," said Jim. "I eat with you."

"No, we ain't got all you have. We ain't got your job and your chance. You get homesick yourself even on your pay and your chance. What do you think of us boys, with nothing but wages and a kick out? Let me tell you, boss, it's the man that takes care of his men's idle hours that gets the work out of 'em."

Jim looked at the camp. It was a straggling line of tents set along the crevice edge. The day's work was ended and the men lounged listlessly about the tents or hung over the corral fence where the mules munched and brayed. Right then Jim made an important stride in his education in handling men. He saw the job for the first time through the workmen's eyes. Why should they care for the job?

"Look here," said Jim. "If I send to Seattle and get a good phonograph and a couple of billiard tables and some reading matter and set them up in a good big club-tent, will you agree to keep a hundred men on the job until I finish the road?"

"Government won't pay for them," said Henderson.

"I'll pay for them myself," returned Jim. "I tell you, Henderson, this road means a lot to me. It's my—my first important job, and the rest of my work on the Makon depends on it. And—and a friend of mine lost his life finding the dam site and he wanted to build this road. I feel as if I'm kind of doing his work for him. If doing something to give you boys amusement will keep you here I'll do it gladly. I haven't anything to save my money for."

Henderson cleared his throat and looked down into the awful depths of the Makon Cañon. "I heard about that trip," he said. "If—if you feel that way about it, Mr. Manning; I guess us boys'll stand by you. And much obliged to you."

"I'm grateful to you," exclaimed Jim. "Tell the boys the stuff will be here in less than a month."

There was a noticeable change in the atmosphere of the camp after this episode. The Indians, in their own camp, were perfectly contented with their quarters and their hoop game and "kin-kan" for recreation. The phonograph and billiard tables arrived on time and were set up in the club-tent, and Jim and his camp began to do teamwork. The trouble with shifting labor disappeared except for the liquor trafficking that always hounds every camp. From dawn until dark the cañon rang periodically with the thunder of blasts. Scoops shrieked. Mules brayed. Drivers yelled. Pick and shovel rang on granite.

Jim grew to know every inch of that granite wall. He lived on the road with the men. No detail of the job was too trivial for his attention. A more experienced man would have left more to his foreman. But Jim was

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new to responsibility and his nervousness drove him into an intimate contact with his workmen that was to stand him in good stead all his life. It was in building this road on the Makon that Jim learned the hearts of those who work with their hands.

When a fearful slide cost him the lives of two men and half a dozen mules, it was Jim who, in his boyish contrition and fear that the catastrophe might have been due to his lack of foresight, insisted on first testing the wall for further danger and risked his life in so doing. When a cloudburst sent to the bottom in a half-hour a concrete viaduct that had taken a month to build, it was Jim who led the way and held the head of the line of men to pile up sacks of sand lest the water take out a full half-mile of the road. He dreamed of the road at night, waking again and again at the thought of some weak spot he had left unprotected.

The rough-necks felt Jim's anxiety and it proved contagious. It may have been due to many things—to Jim's youth and his simple sincerity, to his example of indefatigable energy and his willingness to work with his hands; it may have been that the men never lost that note of domination in his character and that it forced some of the cohesion. But whatever the causes, by the time the road lay a coiling thread from the top of the crevice to the spot where poor Charlie Tuck had gone down, Jim had built up a working-machine of which many an older engineer would have been proud.

The Makon Project was a six years' job. Freet gave Jim a chance at every angle of the work. Jim admired his chief ardently, and yet the two never grew confidential. Freet, in fact, had no confidants among the Government employees, but he seemed to know a great many of the politicians of the valley and of the state. And when he was not too deeply immersed in the work at hand Jim felt vaguely troubled by this.

For the first mile the tunnel had to be driven through solid granite. Then the way led through adobe hills so soft that the sagging walls were a constant menace and setback to the work until, after workmen had died at the job, the adobe was sealed back with concrete. After the adobe came sand, spring-riddled. More rough-necks gave up their lives fighting the gushing floods and falling walls, until at last the tunnel emerged into the open foothills of the valley.

During all this time the men for whom Jim had spent his first savings stayed solidly by him, save those whom death called out. After the camp in the cañon was built, many of them developed unsuspected families, and Jim became godfather to several namesakes. After the road was finished, however, old Suma-theek had to take his braves back to the Apache country. They did not like the work in the tunnel.

Uncle Denny and Jim's mother came out to visit him his second summer on the dam, and they enjoyed their visit so much that it became a yearly custom.

Jim's mother, with a mother's wisdom, never spoke of Pen to Jim except casually, of her health or of Sara's effort to carry on real-estate business through Pen and his father. On the first visit, Uncle Denny undertook to tell Jim of how the accident had developed all the latent ugliness of Sara's character, and of his heavy demands on Penelope's strength and time. And he told Jim how Pen's girlishness had disappeared, leaving behind a woman so sweet, so patient, so sadly wise that Uncle Denny could not speak of her without his voice breaking.

But Uncle Denny never repeated this recital, for before he had finished, Jim, white-lipped, had said hoarsely: "Uncle Denny, I can't stand it! I can't!" and had rushed off into the desert night.

Even Uncle Denny could not know as Iron Skull, who had lived with him for the past years, knew, of Jim's silent anguish in the loss of Penelope. There was a little picture of Pen in tennis clothes, at sixteen, that always was pinned to Jim's tent-wall. Once in a while, when Iron Skull found him looking at it, Jim would tell him of Pen's beauty. But other than this he never mentioned her name to any one.

Under the excitement of what Uncle Denny told him, Jim wrote a note to Pen:

DEAR LITTLE PEN:

This desert country claims one's soul as well as one's body. It is as big as the hand of God. If life gets too much for you in New York, come to me here, and I will show you and the desert to each other.

JIM.

And though Pen did not answer the note she carried it next her heart for many a day.

After the tunnel was delivering water to the valley Jim moved into the valley with his henchmen and took charge of the canal-building. Not until he undertook this work did he realize that there were economic

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features to the work of the Projects that were baffling and irritating. His first attempt was to ignore them as out of the province of an engineer.

Yet for all his deaf ear, there percolated to Jim's inner mind facts and insinuations that disturbed him. Day after day there poured into his office not only complaints about the actual work, but accusations of graft. The Service was working for the rich men of the valley. The Service had its hand behind its back. The Service was extravagant and wasteful of the people's money. Every cent that the Projects cost must be paid back by the farmers. What right had the Service to make mistakes?

In all the cloud of complaints Jim maintained a persistent silence, and placed his canals without fear or favor.

But later, in his fifth year at the Makon, Freet told Jim that he was wrong to give so little heed to the political side of dam-building.

"You must learn to play the game," said the other man. "Learn to jolly the ones that can help you, and forget those that won't!"

Jim gave his superior a quick look. "Mr. Freet, I'd rather resign than mix politics with engineering."

Freet looked Jim over carefully. "I've been thinking for some time," he said, "that you've been doing such splendid work that you need a promotion. That's all for to-day, Manning."

Puzzled and hurt, Jim turned away.

It was a little over two months later that he received an order from Washington to proceed to the Elephant Project on the Great River. The engineer in charge there was in poor health and Jim was to act as his assistant.

It was evident that Freet wanted to get rid of Jim. Yet the order was an important promotion, and Jim was torn between pleasure at his advancement and disappointment in Freet. But pleasure finally triumphed, and Jim left the Makon for the Southwest, with Iron Skull and, trailing after them, the Pack, which to a man developed a sudden desire of wintering in the desert.

Six months after Jim's arrival in the desert the engineer died and Jim succeeded to his job, which day by day grew more complicated. The old simple life of the Makon, when, heading his faithful rough-necks, Jim ate up the work, with no thought save for the work, was gone. Jim's new job was not merely that of engineer; he had not only to build the dam but to control an organization of two thousand souls. He was sole ruler of an isolated desert community, and he was the buffer between the office at Washington and all the contending and jealous forces that were rapidly developing in the Great River Valley.

The United States Reclamation Service is in the Department of the Interior. Jim had been at Elephant Project two years when the new Secretary of the Interior summoned him to Washington.

This was Jim's first trip East since he had entered the Service. The new secretary had found his office flooded with complaints about the Reclamation Service. He had found, too, a report from the Congressional Committee which had the year before investigated several of the Projects. Being of a patient and inquiring turn of mind, the Secretary had decided to go to the heart of the matter. Therefore he invited the complainants to come to Washington to see him. He summoned the Director and Jim, with several other of the Project engineers, Arthur Freet among them, to appear before him with the complainants.

May in Washington is likely to be very warm, although very lovely to look upon. Jim, so long accustomed to the naked height and sweep of the desert country, felt half suffocated by the low, hot streets. He went directly from the train to the hearing, which was held in one of the Secretary's offices. The room was large and square, with a desk at one end where the Secretary was sitting. When Jim entered, the place already was filled to overflowing with irrigation farmers or their lawyers, with land speculators, with congressmen and reporters.

The Secretary was a large man with a smooth-shaven, inscrutable face and blue eyes that were set far apart under overhanging brows. He looked at Jim keenly as the young engineer made his way to his seat in the front of the room.

Jim was tanned to bronze, of course. He had sun wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. His mouth was thinner and the corners not so deep. The old scowl between his eyes had traced two permanent lines there. The mass of brown hair still swept his dreamer's forehead. His jaws had become the jaws of a man of action.

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Jim sat down, folded his arms, and crossed his knees, fixing his gaze on the patch of blue sky above the building opposite the open window. For five days he sat so, without answering a charge that was brought against him.

For five days the Secretary sat with entire patience, urging every man to speak his mind fully and freely. And if bitterness toward the Service betokened free speaking, the complainants held back nothing!

A heavy-set man, tanned and cheaply dressed, said: "Mr. Secretary, I was born in Hungary. I am a tinner by trade. I lived in Sioux City. I have a wife and six children. I got consumption, and a real-estate man fixed it up with a friend of his on the Makon Project that I go out there, see? It took all I saved, but they told me crops the first year would pay all my living expenses. I bought forty acres.

"Mr. Secretary, I got no crops for five years. I hauled every drop of water we used seven miles from a spring for five years. Some days we got nothing to eat. Me and my oldest boy we work for Mellin when we can, and stay alive till the water come. I get cured of my consumption. But my money is gone. I can buy no tools, no nothing. And Mr. Secretary, when the canal do come, they run it through Mellin's place. My money is gone and I can't afford to dig the long ditch to Mellin's. Mellin's place is green and mine is desert."

"Are there no small farmers or settlers who are succeeding on the Makon Project?" asked the Secretary.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "many, but also many like me."

"Then is your complaint against the real-estate sharks or the Government?" persisted the Secretary.

"Against both!" cried the man. "Why did that Freet give Mellin and the other big fellows first choice in everything?"

There were several farmers, from different Projects, who had stories that matched the ex-tinner's. When they had finished the Secretary called on a real-estate man who had come with a project about the running of the canals on the Makon.

"What was the net value of the crops on the Makon Project last year?" asked the Secretary.

"About $500,000, I think."

"What was it, say, the year before the Reclamation Service went in there?"

"Perhaps $100,000."

"We are to believe, then, that some people have found the service useful?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Secretary, there are a whole lot of contented farmers up there who are too busy with their bumper crops to come to Washington, even if they wanted to."

The real-estate man sat down and the Secretary called on the chairman of the congressional investigating committee to make a brief summary of his charges.

The chairman said, succinctly: "I charge the Service with graft, gross extravagance, and inefficiency. I call on you to remove the Director and four of his engineers, including Arthur Freet and James Manning, who are present."

"Of what specific things do you accuse Mr. Manning?" asked the Secretary with a glance at Jim's impassive face.

"His Project is full of mistakes, some of them small, that nevertheless aggregate big and show the trend of the service. Up on the Makon he made a road at the cost of a hundred thousand dollars that only the Service used. He's put a thousand dollars into telephone booths where two hundred would have been ample. Some of the canal concrete work has had to be dynamited out and done over and over again. The farmer pays for all this. Manning refused to take any advice from the farmers on the Project —men who were irrigating before he was born. His every idea seems hostile to the farmer whose land the farmer is paying him to irrigate. Manning was trained by Freet, Mr. Secretary."

The Secretary tapped his desk softly for several moments, as if turning over in his mind the opposing evidence brought out during the several days of the hearing. Jim had not been called on, but Arthur Freet and two other Project engineers had spent an entire day on the stand, quizzed unmercifully by every one in the room. They had disclaimed every accusation. The Director of the Service had made a bitter return attack on the congressional committee, the farmers, and the real-estate men and the lawyers, accusing them of being the conscious or unconscious tools of the Water Power Trust, whose object was to destroy the Service.

An elderly senator had risen and had addressed the hearing. "I was one of the fathers of the Reclamation Act. One of the

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fundamental ideas of the Act was that it was not Governmental charity, but that every farmer whose arid acres were watered would be willing to pay for it. I see but one thing in all these protests against the Service, and that is the attempt to repudiate the debt incurred by the farmers to the Service. If it is a fact that this tainted idea of Repudiation is creeping among the land-owners on the Projects, I warn you all that I shall use all my influence to have the Reclamation Act repealed."

As the old senator had finished, half the men in the room had risen to their feet, angrily denying any thought of repudiation.

Now after tapping his desk thoughtfully, the Secretary looked at Jim.

"Mr. Manning, please take the stand."

Jim unfolded his long legs and strode up beside the Secretary's desk. He stood there struggling for words that would not come. For five days he had sat thinking of the three Projects that he knew. He recalled Charlie Tuck and the two other engineers who had laid down their lives for the dams. He pictured again the drowned and mangled workmen at the cost of whose lives the Makon tunnel had been driven. A slow, bitter anger had risen in him against Freet. It seemed to Jim a fearful thing that one crooked man could taint such faithfulness and sacrifice as he had known. But when Jim's words came, they were futile.

"I don't know," he said in his father's casual drawl, "that I have anything to say to the specific charges against me. The Director has covered the ground better than I can. I have the feeling that if the actual work we have done out West, the actual acreage we have brought to profitable bearing, won't speak to you people who have seen it, nothing else will. The flood season is coming on, Mr. Secretary. I would suggest that you send either me or my successor out to my dam."

The Secretary's face was quite as inscrutable as Jim's. "How about the accusations of mismanagement?" he asked.

"I have made mistakes," replied Jim, "and some of them have been expensive ones in lives and money. Many of our engineering problems are entirely new, and we have to solve them without precedent. The punishment for a bad guess in engineering is always sure and hard."

"How about the accusation of graft?" continued the Secretary.

Jim whitened a little. He looked over the Secretary's head out at the patch of blue sky and then back at the room full of hostile faces. "If any man in the Service," he said slowly, "can be shown to be dishonest, no punishment can be too severe for him."

The Secretary's eyes deepened, but he repeated, quietly, "And as to *your* graft, Mr. Manning?"

Jim hesitated and whitened again under his bronze.

There was at this point a sudden scraping of a chair, and a stout, elderly man at the rear of the room jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Secretary," he cried, "may I say a word?"

"Who are you?" asked the Secretary.

"I'm a New York lawyer, but I know the Projects like the back of me hand. And I know Jim Manning as I know me own soul. You've let every one have free speech here. Manning didn't know till this minute that I was in town. My name is Michael Dennis, your Honor."

The Secretary smiled ever so slightly as he glanced from Jim's face to that of the speaker. Jim's jaw was dropped. He was shaking his head furiously at Uncle Denny while the latter nodded as furiously at Jim.

"Mr. Manning seems unwilling to speak for himself. Since you know him so well, we'll hear what you have to say. You may be seated, Mr. Manning."

Jim moved back to his place reluctantly, and Uncle Denny made his way to the front, talking as he went.

"Of course he won't speak for himself, Mr. Secretary. He never could. 'Still' Jim we call him. Still Jim they name him on all the Projects, and Still Jim he is here, before this crowd mixed of jackals and jackasses. He never could waste his energy in speech, as I'm doing now. I've often thought he had some fine inner sense that taught him, even as a child, that if it's hard to speak truth, it's next to impossible to hear it. So he just keeps still.

"You've heard him accused of graft, Mr. Secretary, and of inefficiency and of any other black phrase that came handy to these people. Your Honor, it's impossible! It's not in his breed of mind! If you could have seen him as I have! A child of fifteen working in the pit of a skyscraper and crying himself to sleep nights for memory of

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his father he'd seen killed at like work, yet refusing money from me till I married his mother and made him take it. If you had seen him out on your Projects, cutting himself off from civilization in the flower of his youth and giving his young life-blood to his work! I know he's received offers of five times his salary from a corporation, and stayed by his dam. I've seen him hang by a frayed cable with the flood round his armpits, arguing, heartening the rough-necks for twenty-four hours at a stretch, the last man to give in, for his dam! I've seen him take chances that meant life or death for him and a hundred workmen and ten thousand dollars' worth of material, and win for his dam—for a pile of stones that was to bring money to the very men here who are howling him down. For his dam, that's wife and child to him, and they accuse him of prostituting it! Bah! You fools! Don't you know no money-getter works that way? He's a trail-builder, Mr. Secretary. He's the breed that opens the way for idiots like these, and they follow in and trample him underfoot on the very trail he has made for them."

Uncle Denny stopped. There was a moment's hush in the room. Jim watched the patch of blue with unseeing eyes. As Uncle Denny started back to his seat there rose an angry buzz, but the Secretary raised his hand.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Turn about is fair play. Remember that you have called the Reclamation engineers some very foul names. Mr. Manning, I can not see why you should not return to the flood at your dam, and you other engineers to your prospective posts, there to await word from your Director as to the results of this hearing. You yourselves must realize, after hearing all sides, that I can take action only after careful deliberation. I thank you all for your frankness and patience with me."

As the room cleared, Uncle Denny puffed down on Jim. "Still Jim, me boy, don't be sore at me. I should have spoken if I'd been a deaf-mute!"

Jim took Uncle Denny's hands. "Uncle Denny! You shouldn't have done it, yet how can I be sore at you!"

"That's right," said Uncle Denny. "You can't be. When are you going back?"

"To-night," replied Jim. "Come up to the hotel and talk while I pack. I can't wait an hour on the flood. How are mother and Pen?"

"Fine! You got my letter about Sara and Pen before you left the dam, didn't you?" "No" said Jim. The two were walking up to the hotel now. Uncle Denny threw up both his hands. "Soul of me soul! They are out there by now. It all happened very unexpectedly, and I did my best to head him off. I must admit Pen was no help to me there."

"But what—" exclaimed Jim.

Uncle Denny interrupted. "I don't know myself. You gave Sara's name to Freet some time ago, two years ago, when he wanted to do some real-estate business in New York. Well, ever since then Sara has had the Western land-speculation bug, and lately nothing would do but he must get out to your Project. They are waiting there now for you if Sara killed no one en route. There is so much peace in the old brownstone front now, Still Jim, that your mother and I fear we will have to keep a coyote in the parlor to howl us to sleep!"

Jim turned a curiously stirred face on Dennis. "Do you mean that Pen—*Pen*—is out at the dam? That she will be there when I get back?"

Uncle Denny nodded. "Pen and *Sara!* Don't forget Sara. Me heart misgives me as to his purpose in going."

"Penelope at my dam!" repeated Jim.

Uncle Denny looked at Jim's tanned face. Then he looked away and his Irish eyes were tear-dimmed. He said no more until they were in Jim's room at the hotel. Jim began to pack rapidly and Uncle Denny remarked casually:

"Penelope is Saradokis' wife, you know."

Jim's drawl was razor-edged. "Uncle Denny, she never was and never will be Saradokis' wife."

"Oh, I know! Only in name! But—I may as well tell you that I think she was unwise in going to you."

Jim walked over to the window, then slowly back again. His clear gray eyes searched the kindly blue ones. "Uncle Denny, why do you suppose this thing happened to Pen?"

The Irishman's voice was a little husky as he answered: "To make a grand woman of her. She's developed qualities that nothing else on earth could have developed in her. It's because of her having grown to

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be what she is that I didn't want her to go to you. I—oh, Still Jim, me boy! Me boy!"

For just a moment Jim's lips quivered, then he said: "We shall see what the desert does for us," and he closed his suit-case with a snap.

CHAPTER IX

OLD JEZEBEL ON THE RAMPAGE

Old Jezebel is a woman. For years she keeps her appointed trail until the accumulation of her strength breaks all bounds and she sweeps sand and men before her. *Musings of the Elephant.*

There is a butte in the desert country that they call the Elephant.

Picture a country of lavenders and yellows and blues; an open, barren land, with now a wide sweep of desert, now a chaos of mesa and mountain, dead volcano and eroded plain. The desert, a buff-yellow where blue distance and black shadow and the purple of volcano spill have not stained it. The mountains, bronze and lavender, lifting scarred peaks to a quiet sky—a sky of turquoise blue. The Great River, a brown streak, forcing a difficult and roundabout course through ranges and desert.

In a rough desert plain, which is surrounded by ranges, stands a broad-backed butte that was once a volcano. The Great River sweeps in a curve about its base. Time and volcanic crumblings and desert wind have carved the great beast into the semblance of an elephant at rest. The giant head is slightly bowed. The curved trunk droops, but the eyes are wide open and the ears are slightly lifted. By day it is a rich, red bronze. By night, a purple that deepens to black. Watching, brooding, listening, day or night the butte dominates here the desert and the river and the ranges.

This is the butte they call the Elephant.

Below this butte the Service was building a dam. It was a huge undertaking. When finished, the dam would be as high as a twenty-story building and as long as two city blocks. It would turn the Great River into a lake forty miles long, that would give a perpetual water-supply to over a hundred thousand acres of land in the Great River Valley.

The dam-site lay in a valley, a quarter of a mile wide, between two mountains. Above the dam lay the Elephant. A great coffer-dam built near the Elephant's base diverted the river into a concrete flume that ran along the foot of one of the mountains. The river-bed, bared by the diverting of the stream, was filled with machinery. An excavation sixty feet below the river bottom, and two hundred feet wide, was almost completed. Indeed, on the side next the flume there already rose above the river-bed a mighty square of concrete, a third the width of the river. Jim already had begun the actual erection of the dam.

The two mountains were topped by huge towers, supporting cables that swung above the excavation. The cables carried anything from a man to a locomotive.

Work was going on as usual when Jim arrived. The cable-ways sang and shrieked. The concrete-mixer roared. Donkey-engines puffed and dinkies squealed. Jim jumped from his automobile in which he had ridden the twenty miles from the railroad and stood for a moment looking down at the brown rush of water in the concrete flume.

"She's up, the old Jezebel!" he said to himself. "I've never seen her so high. She may be down on us like a tidal wave any moment. What's Iron Skull thinking about!" He dashed into a telephone-booth, and called up the office.

"This is Mr. Manning. Where is Williams?"

The telephone-girl answered quickly: "Oh, how are you, Mr. Manning? We're glad you are back. Why, Mr. Williams was called down to El Paso to make a deposition for the Washington hearing, several days ago. And they made Mr. Barton and Mr. Arles go too. I'm trying to get them on long distance now. You came by the way of Albuquerque, didn't you? We tried to reach you in Washington, but couldn't."

Jim groaned. His three best men were gone.

"We didn't expect high water for a week," the girl went on. "The water only began to rise an hour ago——"

"Miss Agnes," Jim interrupted, "call up every engineer on the job and tell them to report at once to me at Booth A. We're in for a big fight."

*The next instalment of "**Still Jim**" will appear in the February number.*

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A TIN-PLATED MILLIONAIRE

The Career and Personality of Daniel Gray Reid

by

GARET GARRETT

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DANIEL G. REID

AS HAS been the precipitate way of knights always, to come suddenly out of a strange country, unknown and unafraid, lusting to fight whosoever will dispute their boasts, so came the Western Crowd to the tilting place called Wall Street, some fifteen years ago, on a howling wind of financial adventure.

One wore collars with vertical red stripes. One loved living almost as much as making money, and was attended everywhere by a private orchestra, even to his morning bath. One was large and serious; he gave the law to the others and took shares in their corporations. Two were Tin-Plate Kings. Others were Steel and Wire Kings or Sheet-Steel Kings, and so they fell into little groups of their own; but they were all one Crowd to Wall Street, unlike any preceding human phenomena, and they made a great disturbance.

They were already very rich, and as lief to grow richer as to go bankrupt. They were men to take chances, but to take them shrewdly and then to abide a profit in proportion to the risk, which is what weak men never learn. Otherwise they owed their wealth to the McKinley tariff and the accident of cheap fuel on the Appalachian plateau. It was volatile wealth, in the form of new and fantastically capitalized trusts, whose shares went up and down so fast that what a man was worth could never be determined until after the close of the daily stock market. Then they all sold out to the trust of trusts, named the United States Steel Corporation.

Afterward for some time it was not safe for Wall Street to leave control of a railroad out overnight. John W. Gates

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adopted conventional collars and bought the Louisville & Nashville, the finest old railroad in the South. The Tin-Plate Kings bought control of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, and when it was discovered that they had done this and the newspaper reporters went one evening to their house in Fifth Avenue to ask about it, they came down-stairs with their arms around each other's necks, saying:

"Nothing to say on Rock Island. Nobody's business about that. People down there in Wall Street were going to get our money, 'n' we got theirs. That's all. Put that in the papers, eh?"

But Wall Street is an institution, whereas no man endureth forever. This was less than fifteen years ago, and the Western Crowd is gone. Some were in haste to die, even to the second generation. One lives under the morbid delusion that he is without money or friends. The large, serious man who gave the law to the others has gradually retired upon the prestige of his achievements. Only one grew steadily richer, more important and more powerful, and became at length a financier, with the undisputed right to sit with the elect on the boards of the great banks and the trust companies and share in the receipts of the toll-gates.

The name of him is Daniel Gray Reid, a stout upstanding name, as it should be. The stock was Irish Presbyterian on both sides, and his father was a minister.

He was sixteen when he got his first job as clerk in the Second National Bank at Richmond, Indiana. The night watchman quit his job, and Reid took that on extra, sleeping in the bank and walking four miles home and back for his breakfast, dinner and supper. In time he filled every position there was in a country National bank, began to be a person of consequence in Richmond, and met William B. Leeds, who was to become the other Tin-Plate King.

Leeds was with the Pennsylvania Railroad, superintendent of a Western division, and the Pennsylvania people conceived a notion to boom Elwood, Indiana, in the way of railroads, at that time to create sources of business. One of the things proposed for Elwood was a tin-plate plant. Leeds was sent out to raise the money for it.

Everybody was just then filled with the patriotic obsession that with a high tariff for its protection the tin-plate industry could be transplanted bodily from Wales to the Gas Belt. In the campaign of 1888 tin cups were political emblems. Tin mines, which never existed, were going to be discovered and opened up in this country, and the economic scandal of importing tin plate from Europe was going to be ended for all time. The high tariff was certain, and all that remained was for the industry to start; and yet Leeds couldn't get people to subscribe the capital for the plant proposed to be built at Elwood, possibly because so many regarded it as an adjunct to a town-lot boom.

Leeds came to Reid about it, and Reid went out and in one afternoon procured subscriptions for all the capital that was needed. The plant was built and did very badly. The trouble was that nobody in this country knew the business. It was something that had to be learned. The shares of the Elwood Company declined to a nominal value. The investment seemed in a fair way to be a total loss. Profits as calculated never were realized, and costs were extremely uncertain. The newspapers used to send reporters to look through the cracks of the fence, hoping to verify the rumors that there was nothing inside.

Then Reid put his whole mind on the problem. When he had solved it, and felt sure of what he could do provided he controlled the Elwood company to make it worth his while, he went out and began to buy up the depreciated shares. When he started there were nearly two hundred shareholders; when he was through there were seven, whose obstinacy was irreducible. Also, when he was through he owed everybody he knew, and his notes were scattered over half of Indiana.

"If anything had slipped then," he says, recalling it, "I'd be plowing corn in Indiana."

One of the first things Reid did was to import a lot of Welshmen who knew how to make tin-plate. Then he began to get control of costs. Other people talk of business in terms of profit. He talks of it in terms of cost. When you have talked to him for an hour on a business proposition in terms of millions of dollars of gross and net, he says: "That is four and seven-

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THE BANKERS' TRUST BUILDING, ON THE 23D FLOOR OF WHICH MR. REID HAS OFFICES. HE IS A DIRECTOR OF THE TRUST COMPANY.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

eighths cents a pound it costs you, and five and three-eighths you sell it for." He does it in his head.

Well, the tinplate industry at Elwood took a sudden turn for the better. It was the first big, successful plant in the country, and every dollar of profit was reinvested in the business to make it bigger. Once there was a great strike at Elwood. The men wanted more money. Reid imported a train-load of strike-breakers from Pittsburgh, and personally conducted them to the plant. On arriving there he found the strikers in a mood to be offensive. His own person was safe because all the men liked him, but they were determined that no strike-breaker should get inside the gate. A riot started. Reid, seeing the collapse of his project, began to rage, and presently in his anger he seized a

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laborer around the middle, lifted him off the ground and forced his way by sheer brute momentum through the line of strikers. He is a huge man. Inside the gate he set his burden down, wiped his forehead, and said:

"I got one of you—in," as if that somehow altered the fact that the rest of the train-load was still outside and would never get in unless he carried them.

"But you don't want me," the man said, grinning. "I'm one of the strikers."

For a few years those who knew how to make tin-plate felt the ecstasy of great profits. Instances of 100 per cent. profit were known. That led to competition of a very fierce character. New plants were continually coming in, and the price of tin-plate declined from $7 to less than $3 a box. Everybody in the industry said something ought to be done. Price agreements were futile. When men had crossed their hearts and agreed to keep prices, they went out and sold tin-plate all the harder, the Elwood plant hardest of all. Then a combination was talked of. All were for it until it came to the terms, and then everybody wanted real money for his plant, instead of stock in a combine.

ENTER—THE AMERICAN TIN-PLATE TRUST

Judge Moore of Chicago, the leading trust architect, tried to get them together and failed, and then one day he said to Reid, who by this time was known in La Salle Street as a man of unusual ability:

"Reid, I can't do anything with those crazy tin-plate men. Suppose you try."

He tried immediately. The next train carried him to Pittsburgh, where he got the tin-plate men together to bully them.

"You've been talking around here long enough," he said. "Let's get down to business. What are you willing to do?"

When he is in earnest like that his voice growls. He snaps the end off his cigar and ferociously spits it out. His left eye squints and his ears move. But the tin-plate men of that day were a hardened, sinful lot, who disbelieved what they didn't know and were not easily discountenanced. The voice they respected was the voice of money. They would all sell out for cash, but if anybody was around there again offering them shares in a tin-plate trust—why, he had only wasted his car-fare. Whereupon Reid climbed up on the table for emphasis, and offered them 105 in cash for the stock of their worthless tin-plate mills. They yelled and threw it at him. Stock which he knew to be worth $30 or $40 a share he took options on at $105 for cash.

"I was doing it on wind," he said long afterward. "I didn't have any money. I could smoke good cigars and eat as much as I wanted but I had no money. Everything we had made had gone back into that Elwood plant."

Having taken options on several million dollars' worth of stock, representing a large proportion of the whole American tin-plate industry, he went back to Chicago to see if he could raise the money. It was easier than he thought. Bank funds at that time were very accessible to promoters. Funds were promised sufficient to exercise the options; then more options were obtained until 95 per cent. of all the tin-plate mills in the country were tied up. Then the $50,000,000 American Tin-Plate Trust was formed under the active guidance of Judge Moore. The stock was listed on the New York and Chicago exchanges, almost before the ink was dry on the papers, and went at once to a big premium. More money could be borrowed on American Tin-Plate stock at the bank than the tin-plate plants had cost in cash.

Reid came out of it big and rich. Almost immediately the head of a steel company from whom the Elwood plant had been buying the sheet steel it used for tin-plate came to him offering to sell out. That night Reid went out in the country to see Judge Moore. There was a log fire.

Judge Moore said: "Oh, here you come with something else. I'm tired. Can't you let me rest? Give me two weeks' rest."

"It's a great bargain," said Reid, "and it may not be there two weeks from now. We certainly do need a lot of steel in our business, Judge."

"Well, go ahead," said Moore wearily, and Reid posted off for a train to Ohio. He was there the next day, bought the steel plant before night, and promised to have the money ready on Wednesday. Twenty-four hours later John W. Gates appeared in his wake and offered the man twice as much for his plant as Reid had just paid him. Reid was right; the bargain would not wait. That was the beginning of the $59,000,000 National Steel Company.

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Followed rapidly the $52,000,000 American Sheet Steel Company and the $33,000,000 American Steel Hoop Company, which, like American Tin Plate and National Steel, were Moore-Reid promotions, with Reid halving everything he made with William B. Leeds, the former Pennsylvania Railroad Superintendent. They now were called the Tin-Plate Kings.

Chicago at that time was a considerable town, and growing, but New York was the place for men who could roll up $200,000,000 of capitalization in a few weeks. In Wall Street the game was unlimited. So on a morning the Moore-Reid-Leeds group loaded their four trusts (American Tin Plate, National Steel, American Sheet Steel, and American Steel Hoop) on special trains and brought them bodily to New York, conducting business en route as if nothing unusual were taking place, and lodged them in the Battery Park Building, on the fringe of the financial district.

Wall Street pretended not to notice them, but when the late J. P. Morgan began to put the United States Steel Corporation together, a knowing person said to him: "There are some men down there in the Battery Park Building that ought to be looked into. They seem to have a lot of stuff." Mr. Morgan said impatiently, "Well, send them up." He expected some more people offering junk. They came, and Mr. Morgan was amazed, first, to find what they had, and then to hear what they wanted for it.

Judge Moore did the higgling, while Reid and Leeds, in the Battery Park offices, or more likely in a broker's shop, waited for tidings and were so anxious they could hardly sit still. Everything at that moment depended on the Judge. He made a

MR. REID'S BIRTHPLACE NEAR RICHMOND, INDIANA. HE IS NOW SUPPOSED TO BE WORTH MORE THAN $50,000,000.

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wonderful bargain at last, and it was a big, clean sweep. The shares of all their trusts were exchanged for United States Steel Corporation shares, and then, knowing with what material the doll was stuffed, they unloaded their United States Steel shares rapidly. When it was over the public had the shares of the new Steel Trust and the Moore-Reid-Leeds Group had the money.

They were through with industrials then and began to buy railroads. Their first adventure was with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, the shares of which they bought up in the open market and afterward recapitalized as if they were still dealing with tin-plate mills. To Rock Island they added the Chicago & Alton and the St. Louis & San Francisco. But Daniel G. Reid, shrewder than the others in seeing the way money was really to be made in Wall Street, although taking his share in the railroad acquisitions, began to put a lot of his own money into the shares of banks and trust companies. That was the way to get inside. Just to run amuck and buy up railroads was to make yourself a target. John W. Gates did that and he never got inside.

"From the day we formed the American Tin-Plate Company," said Reid, in a rare communicative mood, "everything seemed to break right for me. I made money so fast that I couldn't tell from day to day how much I had."

A MONEY-MAKING GENIUS

He is supposed now to be worth above $50,000,000. It may be more. He is one of the few men whose wealth is likely to be rather under- than over-estimated. He is canny about keeping it out of sight. It toils for him steadily and silently in the financial hoppers through which Wall Street promotions mill. You never hear of his getting caught in a tight place. When affairs are going badly and winds of distress are shrieking through the cañons of the money district, his name is never mentioned among those who take losses. In the panic of 1907 he was said to have $20,000,000 in cash on deposit in banks.

He earns his right to share in the toll-gate receipts. He knows how to increase them. Seldom has there appeared in Wall Street a more efficient money-making faculty. He is tremendous both in action and reaction. He works like caged steam. Work in Wall Street tires the brain and the body. It may be the reorganization of a railroad property in which private interests diverge, and everybody falls a-quarreling. One group has certain bonds, another group other bonds, and a third group stock, and each insists upon some advantage. Reid is the man to straighten them out. He handles them as he handled the tin-plate people. He makes six or eight calls "around the Street," growling gently, squinting the left eye, and saying: "Now, here is the way to do this thing."

His mind is analytical. He is a demon with arithmetic, and can see farther through figures at a glance than most men can see by taking pains. His memory is almost infallible. After a lapse of years he can recall the minutest details of a casual conversation, as many have learned to their sudden discomfiture. He does not read books, but he empties a newspaper by turning its pages.

One does not travel far in the ways that lead to the Stock Exchange without hearing that in a money-making affair he is abrupt and heartless beyond others; that he is always more to be feared than trusted, even by his intimates, and that he has been on several occasions a financial menace, as on the day after Christmas, 1909, when by reason of a miscarriage of orders his Rock Island stock went up 31 points and down again in fifteen minutes. You will hear that when Reid is running the stock market not only the public but even his banker friends lose money.

If that were put up to Reid he would say, first, that it wasn't true, because he never runs the stock market, which is what all those who take turns at running it invariably say; and, in the second place, that if it were true, what of it? A man has to look out for himself in Wall Street. He has to watch even the bankers he does business with. They know, too, how to buy and sell securities through that wonderfully anonymous institution called the Stock Exchange. The word they are bound to keep is the formal technical word, and beyond that they are free to play the game.

A man like Reid may discover that some of the bankers and brokers to whom he has been obliged to reveal his plans, not

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content to make their commissions and interest, have utilized their knowledge in private speculation, more or less at his expense, and yet, even knowing that they know he has found them out, he may go on doing business with them and they with him, watching each other more intently than before.

Why? Why, because they can't help themselves. They have to do business with somebody. The rules are strict and must be observed, but outside of them are latitudes limited only by human cunning.

In the original Rock Island promotion a lot of preferred stock was pooled under a gentlemen's agreement that none of it should be sold for a definite time. Even such an agreement among friends failed, and yet they all went on doing business together.

A TAILOR FROM RICHMOND WHO HAS AN ANNUAL DINNER AND OUTING AS MR. REID'S GUEST.

In Wall Street no man trusts another so far as ever to forget to watch him, and he learns to watch most of all his friends, for they take him off his guard.

The notorious Rock Island episode in December, 1909, was a failure in friendship. For the purpose of attracting attention to Rock Island securities Reid arranged that orders to buy 30,000 shares and orders to sell 30,000 shares of the common stock should be introduced on the Stock Exchange simultaneously at the opening of the market. The man to whom he entrusted the management of the manipulation owed his position and fortune to Reid, whose intimate and bosom friend he was.

Well, for a reason which he never afterward explained satisfactorily to Mr. Reid, that man put the buying orders into the market, but not the selling orders. He sent a lot of brokers all at once to buy the stock, but there was nobody to meet them with selling orders. That produced a panic. The price, instead of going up a few points as he had expected, rose 31 points and then fell 31 points all in a quarter of an hour, and there was a great scandal.

Not only did the incident cost Reid a great deal of money and expose him to violent personal criticism, but it happened at the psychological moment to disgrace and ruin the darlingest project of his career. That was an international railroad system, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and down into South America.

So much for friendship. For several months afterward Reid was in one of his terrible moods. He went about looking suspiciously at everybody, even at his office boys, as to say, of each of them, "I couldn't trust you," and thinking ill of all mankind. Then suddenly one day he exclaimed, "But, my God! you've got to trust somebody!" And it was thus he dismissed the Rock Island episode.

Cruel in the pursuit of success, futile in the pursuit of happiness, savagely suspicious, and hardened to every sordidness in human motives, yet here is a man who on another side is as sensitive as a child. A large Wall Street speculator who had been warned not to trust him on any account in the stock market nevertheless became suddenly fond of him in a personal way and did trust him in a speculation. It turned out badly, as the speculator had been warned would be the case, and he had just set down a mark against acquisitive human nature when Reid appeared in his office.

"I want to tell you what happened," he said. "It wasn't my fault."

"You needn't tell me anything," the speculator said. "I never ask for explanations. But since you're here I'll say to you what I was thinking. I am disappointed in you. You're not the kind of man I hoped you were."

To his astonishment, Reid burst into tears and walked rapidly away. He had

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come expressly to make an explanation; he had not insisted upon making it.

His private office is on the twenty-third floor of the Bankers' Trust Building, in Wall Street. The walls are paneled in gray-treated oak, carved in Gothic design. The furniture is of the same wood and carving. The chairs are upholstered in rose velvet. One is a rocking-chair. The carpet is green. It is a very long room. At one end is Reid's desk, where he sits with his back to the light, facing the visitor, who walks the length of the room toward him and sits down in a strong light. There is no stock-ticker. The windows command a wonderful view of the New York harbor. I waited there one day. It was by appointment. Reid was tardy. My errand was to ask him a blunt question about a wild speculation in American Can shares that he was thought to be responsible for. When he came in he apologized.

"But one doesn't mind waiting with a view like that," I said.

"There was a man in here a few days ago," he said, "who saw it for the first time. It *is* wonderful. He was a man I got acquainted with accidentally on a railroad trip west. Talked to him a little; gave him a few cigars; asked him to come see me if ever he got around this way. A brakeman."

REID'S HOME-TOWN FRIENDS

He had been removing his coat. Sitting down at his desk he took up a letter his stenographer had left there to be signed. "Here's a man I'm fond of," he said, putting the letter down to sign it and then holding it up again. "Poor old Tom. I've just written to him—'Dear Tom: Another year has rolled around and we are both older than we were. We have got to begin to look out for ourselves.' And so on. He was a boiler-maker."

"Where?"

"In Richmond. He's rich now. He had an account in the little bank where I started. I took care of it for him and knew all about his affairs and so on, and when Leeds and I began to buy up the stock of a tin-plate mill over at Elwood and had given our notes to everybody who would take them I went to Tom and said, 'Tom, I want all the money you've got.' I knew how much he had. He said, 'All right; go ahead.' I took him all through the tin-plate deal and some other things, and now he's richer than a boiler-maker needs to be. But before that, when I was looking out for his account in the bank, he used to send me a box of cigars every Christmas. And he has never stopped. A few years ago I wrote to him and said, 'Tom, I wish you wouldn't send me those cigars. I don't need them now.' But he keeps on sending them. He's just sent me another box."

Richmond, Indiana, is his special weakness. Its people are his own. It would hurt him to know that one of them ever came to New York without looking him up at the office. Most of them borrow money. But that is one thing money is good for. One morning he found a young couple waiting for him. They were there when the clerks arrived, and nobody knew how long before. They had got married and were out of money, and they were from Richmond. When they were gone he said to his clerk: "That's something new. What will they put over on us next?"

Once a year, regularly as a planet, the Richmond tailor who first made clothes for Reid at fifteen dollars a suit comes to New York for excitement. Reid takes him out to his place at Irvington-on-the-Hudson and gives him a dinner in state. One evening of that is all a tailor can stand. The next morning Reid takes him over the place, tries to give him the villainous goat which is offered in vain to all comers, and makes him pretend to be interested in a new litter of pigs; but if a tailor had millions of dollars he wouldn't get up early to see if a miserable sow's runt had survived the night or stop to pet a one-eyed sheep. His notions of how wealth should be employed are better satisfied by what follows: Reid gives his chauffeur a wad of money, with instructions to humor one tailor to death, and only to be sure to get him at last on the right train for Richmond.

The people of Richmond respond. When he visits the town, as he does not regularly but often, they call him Dan, down to the laborers in the street, and loosen all the fastenings. Before he goes they ask him for money for civic improvement, and he would be disappointed if they didn't. He built the Presbyterian Church and supports it; also the hospital and the Y. M. C. A. building. He owns the bank he started in.

"You were going to say something," he

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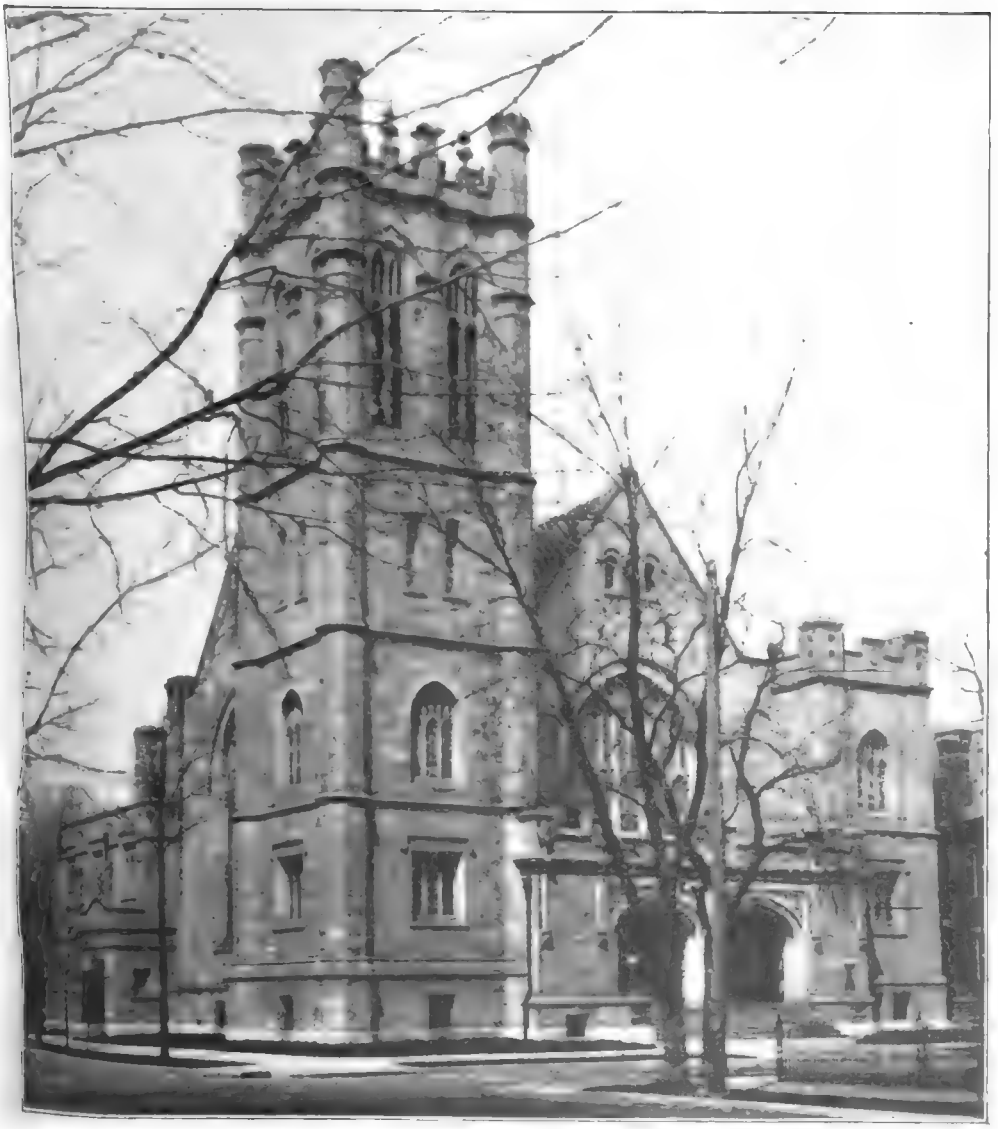

THE REID MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN RICHMOND, WHICH MR. REID BUILT AND NOW SUPPORTS.

said, sealing Tom's letter and putting it aside.

"Yes. This American Can thing—the outside of it looks very bad. What does the inside of it look like? I have come to ask you that."

"Now I'll tell you about Can," he said, openly, and without a moment's hesitation. He left his desk and balanced his huge form on the edge of a small rose-velvet chair.

When the Spanish Armada was destroyed by the English in the sixteenth century individual survivors escaped to the coast of Ireland and left their eyes and complexion there. Reid's eyes are very dark, his hair is black, and his skin is a little swarthy. The rest of him, especially his intense plausibility, is pure Irish.

"Can," he began—and it was a long story. When they formed the $80,000,000 American Can Trust in 1901 it was a lot of

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junk. There were one hundred or more widely scattered plants, in lofts and cellars and places. Many of them had to be abandoned. The others were rebuilt. Modern machinery had to be invented and adopted. It took years. The stock in the meantime was kicked about on the Stock Exchange at a few dollars a share. The common shares sold for $8 and $9 apiece. Then the company began to make money, and some were for paying off the back dividends on the preferred stock, especially certain bankers who were in it. Reid opposed it, and earnings continued to be reinvested in the business. Then one day he said to himself, "This looks pretty good to me," and he went into the market and bought a great quantity of the common stock.

"I never stopped," he said, "until I had all I wanted. When I had it I was through, and haven't done anything in Can since. A lot of speculators took hold of it then and whooped it up and made a lot of noise and so on, and that's all there is to it. All my transactions in Can shares I have written down on a piece of paper in my desk, no bigger than a half-dollar."

He meant the half-dollar shinplaster piece which circulated in his boy-time. That was his story of the speculation in American Can shares that everybody was denouncing him for. He had never any more questioned his right, at the psychological moment, on his inside knowledge, to go into the market and buy up the stock for a huge rise, than he had debated the propriety of assisting to capitalize a lot of junk for $80,000,000 in the first place, or the ethics, back in Indiana, of buying up the shares of the Elwood tin-plate plant for a few cents on the dollar, from the first investors, as soon as he saw how it could be made to pay.

The next time I saw him in the same place he was again a target for hostile criticism, owing to the dismal collapse at last of the inverted Rock Island pyramid.

"I'm going to do an article about you," I said. "You can't help that. I'll put in a lot of things you won't like, and perhaps some other things that you won't mind. But there is something you can put in for yourself. Down here in Wall Street you stand for a kind of work which the public is beginning to disapprove of. You must have some theory about it. Every man justifies his work to himself, or goes and jumps off the dock. Your theory—your point of view—what is it?"

He moved uneasily and answered slowly: "Like most people down here I have been misunderstood. You'd think from what you read in the newspapers that all I do is to come down here every day and manipulate stocks."

The meaning of the question had missed him. The man is the natural product of his time and its events. Existence to him is all objective. His sensibilities are intensely personal. He no more needs an abstract theory of conduct than some far-removed ancestor in the joy of individual conquest needed Bergson's philosophy.

"I don't manipulate stocks," he continued. "If I could buy a thousand shares right now, with the absolute certainty of making money, I wouldn't bother with it." He spurned it with a petulant movement of his hand from the wrist, and his voice had begun to growl. He paused to puff his cigar.

"Now take this Rock Island," he went on to say. "They say it's a broken-down railroad, and so on and so forth. They say we've wrecked it and all that. It's a good road. We've rebuilt it. Altogether we've spent on it a hundred million of dollars. The only trouble is that we haven't been able to issue bonds fast enough for improvements. That was because, when we were drawing up the mortgages, Leeds here or a banker there wanted everything made air-tight. The result was that we couldn't properly finance all the road's requirements. What the Rock Island needs is to be properly financed."

"That is not what people say about Rock Island," I reminded him. "They say that after you had capitalized it big you unloaded, and that now, when it smashes up, you are out from under. You have the money and the public has the stuff."

After a pause he said, "Well, but is that true?"

"Is it?" I asked.

Definitely, it was not true. The narrative of Rock Island from the beginning was extremely simple. He and his group had bought a lot of the original Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway stock in the open market. Never had they owned as much as a quarter of it. In the recapitalization the owners of the rest got the same terms as themselves, so how could anybody have

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been injured? I had to abandon Rock Island as a thing hopelessly plausible and innocent. I changed the subject suddenly.

"Besides having made a great deal of money, what have you accomplished?" I asked him. "What does a career like yours represent?"

"Oh, I have done some things I'm not ashamed of," he answered shortly.

"I don't mean the things you are thinking of," I said. "They go without saying. I mean, what have you contributed to the world in an economic sense?"

"We put the tin-plate industry on its feet," he said, reflecting, and going slowly, as if the economic side of his career had presented itself to him for the first time. "That was something."

"That was after the McKinley tariff," I said. "How rapidly things happened then!"

"Like that," he said, moving his hand zigzag in the air. "One, two, three!"

"You can't imagine it again."

"Never."

He said it wistfully.

"People are not in a mood to let it happen again," I said. "There is a different state of feeling today."

"Yes, and it will get them into trouble," he said savagely.

"How?"

"It will make them hungry, if they are not careful," he said, in high temper. "There is nothing to it but a lot of cheap political agitation. They bang us on the head and then they come down on us for money. I feel like going out in the street and pulling my pockets inside out and saying, 'If it's as bad as that, take everything I've got.'"

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ON HIS YACHT

He had begun to walk about, and we went and stood in a window, looking down on the roof of the Stock Exchange.

"Isn't a lot of agitation owing to the fact that some of you down here have been a little bit too hoggish?"

"That's an easy thing to say," he sneered. "No, I don't believe it. Why, there isn't one of us but is poorer than he was five years ago."

"And you have to support all that," I said, pointing to the sky-scrapers full of brokers, with their clerks and their private wires to every large city on the northern hemisphere, and no customers. "They have to live."

"Yes," he said.

"And there's nothing in it."

"In what?"

"In speculation," I said. "Nobody in the end gains by speculation, save the brokers who live upon it and those who manage it. Wouldn't it be better all around if Wall Street were a place where people could come and buy

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securities for cash, like other commodities, and take them away, without the excitement of speculation?"

He looked at me in an odd, distant manner and nodded his head. His huge form had posed itself in one acute and two right angles—one foot in the window and the other on the floor, one elbow resting on the upraised knee, rigid forearm vertical, supporting chin in hand. The other arm lay along the curve of his back and its hand played with keys and coins in the side pocket. There he stood, swaying rhythmically, a man whose wealth is a row of figures, gazing abstractedly at smoke rising from the steel stack of the Mint building, at ships moving in the harbor away, away below, and at a man washing windows on the seventeenth story opposite. A private telephone on his desk rang itself still; a door opened and closed unheeded. I knew what had happened to him. He had gone wandering alone and got lost in that haunted blue mist of the life unaware.

"I'd hate to be rich," I said, to call him back.

"Why?" he asked, not very curiously, and without turning his head.

"I'd be bound to get a very unfavorable opinion of human nature. I'd seldom see any but its sordid side. Everybody would be trying to get something away from me, and I'd become suspicious even of friends."

"It is so," he said softly, in an altered voice.

He once said that he never could be so rich in happiness as when he strained himself to buy a green carpet for his first little home in Richmond. He remembered it vividly, how proud he was to own it, exactly what it cost, and what there was that night for supper. Why does a man like that go on heaping up money?

"What holds you up to it?" I asked him. "Is it the game for its own sake?"

"I'd quit to-morrow," he said, "except that my friends are in some things they expect me to take care of."

But would he? That same day an intimate Wall Street friend, who had been in some of those very things, despaired of him to me. "I'm terribly fond of him," he said. "I can't help it. But he gives me so many sour tips on the stock market that I wonder if he thinks I copper them." To copper a tip in Wall Street is to take it backward—to play it the other way.

Though his emotional needs are very human, he is poor in their satisfactions. He is a volcano of stories. When he has finished one no auditor ever says, "That had hair when—" etc. The laugh is always a little overdone. So merciless an analyst of men's psychology knows too well the reason why. Then he goes and talks of gardening to the old hallman on his floor of the Bankers' Trust Building and tells him how to make the cabbages grow. Bankers who have already waited three-quarters of an hour will not be any the less amiable for having to wait twenty minutes more. A hallman is above suspicion of predatory designs upon great personal wealth.

The habit of suspicion, long exercised for self-protection, becomes at last as uncontrollable as a reflex muscular action, and there are left only the rags of those saving delusions with which we cover the ugliness of companionable human nature. That is poverty abject. Fancy having to examine every overture in friendliness for the degree and quality of its disguised cupidity, and especially to distrust those who pretend to want nothing! Though such a man has a theatre in his house and the power to command a light-opera company for private midnight performances and supper afterward, he will be lonely and hungry.

The tragedy of that millionaire is poverty.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

tells EVERYBODY'S *readers*

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE TO STRENGTHEN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

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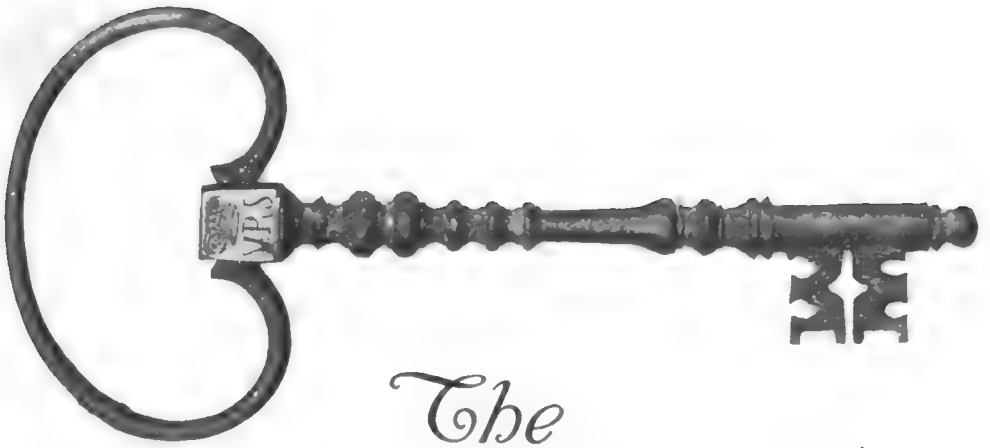

The KEY *to* NOWHERE

by

BENJAMIN WARD

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HIS conscience smote him as he paid for the key. The late afternoon boat had brought him to the Island of Capri the evening before, and the interval between landing and bedtime had been spent in the custody of his loving wife. There had been no opportunity for indiscretion; but here, before breakfast the next morning, he had escaped from his legal guardian on the pretext of an early morning constitutional. Left to his own sinful devices, his first lawless act had been the purchase of an old, disreputable, rusty iron key.

It was dapper, and elegant, and long—with shank exquisitely turned from slender steel and ingeniously intricate bits—while on the square boss at the top, from which sprang an airy, inverted heart-shaped bow, his quick eye had discovered—half-hidden by the rust — a ducal coronet, surmounting the delicately incised Roman initials "V. R. S."

His conscience troubled him. He knew himself for the fat sentimentalist he was, an easy prey to every beggar and bandit in all sunny Italy; and yet, despite his forebodings, something within him sang, for it was a beautiful key, looked at from any of its fascinating angles—always supposing, of course, that you happened to have a fancy for antique keys.

But when he had closed his own door and, in response to a slightly injured query from his wife as to why he had kept her waiting for breakfast, held up the key with shining eyes, his misgivings crowded back upon him.

Even in mentioning the price of the bargain, his exultation faded at the lack of response in her eye; and when she made an honest attempt to find out why he—a presumably good business man—had deemed a rusty bit of second-hand metal to be worth any such sum, he was at a loss for adequate words.

"But it is so old," he faltered.

"Yes," she broke in crisply, "old, worthless, and presumably a fake."

"I don't think it is a fake, my dear," he interposed mildly. "I have studied old metal work, and I don't think they fake it that way."

"It was probably made in Connecticut," his wife rejoined. "They send them over here and bury them, and when they think

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they are rusty enough, dig them up and sell them to people like you."

"But I like such things," he pleaded. "I just like them. I like to study them and handle them. They seem to tell me stories."

His defense was pitiably weak. He felt it himself as he uttered it. No power had been vouchsafed him to explain in lucid language the glow the key had brought to his heart. When his wife referred to it slightingly as "the key to nowhere," and invited him to explain to her how they were ever going to get back home if he insisted on wasting their money on trash like that, he found no words with which to extenuate his offense, but stood there—hesitating and inadequate—a convicted sinner.

You are not to understand from this that the tourist and the alert and able lady who controlled his destinies did not get on well together. On the contrary, they got on excellently well. As much so, perhaps, as most couples have any right to expect. The trouble lay not in the least in their affection, but rather in their mode of expression.

To her he was a good provider—an excellent man of business—a little overweight, and a little slow of expression on matters other than business. How could she be expected to see that beneath that impassive exterior there lay a warm and troubled heart, for which romance had an instant lure? He hardly dared confess it to himself, much less to her.

To him she was the girl of his dreams, now grown into a lady, greatly to be admired—graceful and effective — sometimes too trenchantly so for his own comfort. He felt often like a boy before her, facing her crisp speech when, as now, giving way to a vagrant whim, he committed what in her eyes appeared an act of folly.

His wife forgave him grudgingly the purchase of the key. She sometimes ignored it. There were days when it was not mentioned. But to her the key was a moral issue—a standard by which other shortcomings were to be judged.

So, as they journeyed through the pleasant Italian countryside, the key was brought forward as a family topic, or laid by for the day, according to her moods. If he had given an excessive gratuity, or picked too expensive an hotel, she referred to the key; if he had behaved as well as he knew how, and observed her wishes with reasonable success, she filed the key for future reference. But as subject-matter of improving conversation it was never where she could not reach it at a moment's notice.

Times without number he made unavailing attempts to confide to her the actual feelings aroused by the sights about them, but always with dismal failure. She impressed him as being too literal. He could neither analyze her mood nor convey his own. He felt the space that parted them, but could not bridge it. He had had too many years of training in that school whose correspondence all begins:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 11th received and contents noted.

It hampered him.

Idling along, their conversation for the most part inspired by Baedeker, they came finally to a little hilltop town, where she, acting under the suggestion of the red-covered book, had officially decreed that he should stop for the space of three days.

They were shown to their pleasant room in the Swiss hotel. He had opened the baggage and otherwise seen to her comfort; but glimpses of the old town beneath their window stirred something within him and prompted him to go a-roving. He broached the matter timidly, but met with no encouragement. She had already elected to sort and count the wash, and met his overtures by offering him work. So, mumbling excuses, he fled.

Once out of the hotel he found himself facing a steep old street, of so perilous an ascent that in places it was cross-barred with projecting tiers of stone to make it possible for horses. The houses were unbelievably ancient, pieced and patched out of all reason. It looked a town that might have been destroyed by catapult and battering-ram long years before the advent of cannon, and, being thus knocked to pieces, put together again like a picture puzzle, with pieces upside down and out of place, but always picturesque. Here and there an arch sprang slenderly across the street, connecting the houses on either side; and as he climbed the steep footway he caught a glimpse of a single Greek column standing in a court, aloof in its matchless purity, and upholding nothing but a beautiful fragment of broken frieze. His heart went out to the people who had built that house and left the column from an older

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time standing in its court simply because it was too fine to be destroyed.

The hill was topped by a fighting villa, and as he halted for a moment admiring its high, carved entrance, an old gardener came to the open door and in broken English asked if he might be permitted to show the Signore the wonders of the palace of which he was the humble servitor. He was a miracle of rags, this old man, and yet in spite of the poverty of his clothes, earth-stained and worn, his face was clean-cut and attractive. An artist would have liked to paint him. So, after a kindly word or two, the tourist followed his guide across the flags of the deserted, sunlit court.

The villa was very, very old—almost a ruin; and yet time had touched it gently. It was more beautiful than any dwelling he had ever seen. When they had finished its inspection it was with unaffected sentiment that he thanked his guide. His pleasure showed so plainly through his words that the old gardener was moved to make return in kind.

There was, it seemed, a family chapel, older by far than the rest of the building. He would take pleasure in opening it. Would the Signore care to follow? The Signore would, and did.

The way led out-of-doors. The garden lay before him, ruined, desolate, but superb. At the far end were two figures—a young man and a girl. They made a charming and dainty silhouette against the back drop of limitless blue sky and bluer sea which shut in the alley of tall cypresses. The girl was seated on an old marble bench, a handkerchief to her eyes, her head bent, her shoulders convulsed with sobs. The young man stood just before her.

In spite of a certain gallant erectness of figure and supple, slender grace, which, combined with his breadth of shoulder, suggested the fighting man, there was something touching and profoundly sad about his attitude and demeanor. The servant caught sight of them at the same moment, and his sensitive old face quivered in sympathy.

"Who is the young lady?" asked the tourist.

"It is her Excellency," explained the old gardener, "Valentina Raffaela, by the grace of God Duchess della Scara, heiress of the villa. Yes, but most truly a barren heritage. For generations the family fortunes have been less and less, until now—nothing—not a lira in the bank; the hands of the trustee quite empty. Mortgages? Yes, everywhere." He made a gesture to show how deep. "But the money-lenders, they whom the family had enriched for generations"—and the gardener spat to show his disesteem — "not another centesimo from them! And as if it were not enough that she, *poverissima!* should be kinless and friendless, now, Mother of Heaven, she is to be homeless. Her trustee—" the gardener scowled—"has a heart like the flints in the roadway."

"Yes. What does he do?"

"He makes marriage for her with the son of the wine-merchant." You should have heard the delicate scorn with which the old gardener imparted this. You should have seen the little, indescribable gestures with which he accompanied it. Quite sufficient to place before the imagination of the tourist a perfect visualization of the wine-merchant and the wine-merchant's son.

He saw the father, boastful and pompous; the son vacuous, pop-eyed, and insolent. He loathed them without having known them. He winced as he thought how they would seize on the palace and degrade it to their uses. As his eyes turned to that alluring little figure at the far end of the garden they were bright with unshed tears.

Her poor Excellency—the gardener went on—from childhood she had loved the lad who stood before her. But he—poor—yes; of a house most assuredly as proud and as destitute as her own. He was of the navy—a lieutenant—but the few poor lire which were all that his family could give, barely kept him. His marriage, of a truthfulness, was impossible, except with a lady of wealth. And so, to-day, as the Signore saw, they parted. In an hour he would go back to his ship. It was most sad. . And her Excellency? Nothing remained for her save to bestir herself about her distressful bridal.

"Why don't they run away, defy the guardian, outface the conventions, snap their fingers at the money?" There was a glint in the tourist's eyes, as he asked this, which suggested that he would gladly supervise the handling of the wine-merchant and the wine-merchant's son in this eventuality.

"Ah, Signore," protested the old gardener, "things are arranged otherwise in Italy."

Such lawlessness might indeed do in America, where, he was told, people could

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act as they pleased; but here, a daughter of a noble house was in honor bound to obey her superiors, and the son of such a house must marry where his father willed, not where his fancy took him. It was not of a propriety. It was most truly impossible. Barring the direct intervention of Heaven, the banns would be proclaimed on Sunday, and as soon thereafter as might be the Duchess would become the wife of the wine-merchant's son.

A delicate sense of intrusion, a feeling that he might be prying on a grief he could not comfort, caused the tourist to move on a few steps, until the couple were shut out from view. The old gardener sighed and shrugged his shoulders with a little, hopeless gesture. When he spoke again, it was to refer to the chapel.

It was most truly old, and beautiful to a marvel. There was no such other in all Italy. Tourists came indeed and went again and never knew of its existence. But the Signore was a lover of beauty. The Signore had appreciation and heart. He himself had seen the tears in the Signore's eyes. True, it was not part of his business to show the chapel; but they were so bitterly poor. There was so little he could offer. He would like to give this as a present to the Signore to take away with him—a sight of the chapel.

He threw open the heavily metaled door. The tourist paused on the threshold and drew a long breath of sheer delight. He had never in his life seen anything to match the interior. Such lace-work of carved marble! Such wealth of wonderful inlay! After an hour's absorption in its charms, they came to a halt beside the altar. The old gardener had been an ideal cicerone. His delight in the beauties shown had fully equaled that of his visitor in seeing them. The tourist moved to go. The gardener put out a detaining hand which trembled with eagerness. There was still another wonder. Behind the altar, and completely hidden by its carving, lay a secret panel. At a touch on some mysterious spring, it slid back, disclosing a recess in which lay a small but bulky casket, solidly built of olive-wood and heavily bound with metal. Across its front sprawled a massive lock, florid, decorated, enfoliated—a marvel of wrought and graven steel.

In answer to the tourist's mute inquiry the gardener explained. The chest was said to contain the luck of the house. It was incredibly old, the personal gift of a long-dead Pope. Many centuries before, there had been war. The papal supremacy was in danger. The then head of the house, Valentino Raffaelo, had thrown his entire fortune into the fray, and had followed it in person, backed by every horse and man he could raise. The struggle had been long and bitter, truly a war of years. When it had finally ended in triumph for the Pope, nothing was left the duke but a ruined duchy and his wounds. Here, though, the Pope had proved both just and generous. He had given largely, restoring land and money and men, and then, to crown all, had with his own hands presented this casket. It was to provide against some time of future need, if misfortune ever again overtook the house.

"Why, then," asked the tourist, "don't you open it? From what you have said, things are just as bad as they can be. I don't see how you can ever expect any harder luck than you are having now."

"But, alas!" said the old gardener, "that is impossible."

The word of the Pope was explicit. The casket must only be opened when the house was at its last gasp. It must only be opened by the head of the Della Scara, and only with the proper key. If done at any other time, by any other hand, or in any other manner, a most exhaustive and comprehensive curse would follow. So the Pope had said.

And the key, most unfortunately, had been lost these three hundred years. There had been a time of civil war, and the Villa della Scara had been besieged. The foe had breached the walls. The young duke had died under them. His girl-wife and her baby boy were carried off as prisoners. Years afterward, when they could return to their home, all trace of the key was lost.

The tourist leaned forward and absent-mindedly rubbed the dust from the escutcheon on the lock. His eye lit up.

"Wait here," he gasped, "wait. Don't move. I'll be back in five minutes."

Down the steep hill he pelted, at imminent risk of life and limb, up to his room in the hotel, threw open the lid of the trunk, and stood on his head among its contents, creating a wild cyclone of embroidered and intimate articles of apparel. Ignoring the affronted protests of his wife, he secured

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THE GARDEN LAY BEFORE HIM, RUINED, DESOLATE, BUT SUPERB. AT THE FAR END WERE TWO FIGURES—A YOUNG MAN AND A GIRL.

the key from the very bottom of the trunk. Out of the house, deaf to remonstrance, and up the hill again, panting with exertion, he ran, and burst into the chapel like an unruly whirlwind.

"Look," he exploded, completely out of breath, "I've got the key!" And there, when they compared them, there on escutcheon and key alike were the ducal coronet and the Roman initials, "V. R. S."

"Of a truthfulness, it is so," shouted the old gardener, now more grandly excited even than the tourist.

"Go, get the lady," panted the tourist; "she's the head of the house, isn't she? Let her open it."

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The gardener flew. The duchess came, accompanied by the sad young man.

Seen nearer to, she was in truth a very lovely young person, roundly slender, with firm, shapely shoulders of a gracious width. Her erect carriage, in no way masculine, seemed somehow, subtly, to hint of her generations of warrior sires.

Her hair, too softly fine to stay quite in place, had escaped in the haste of her coming; one vagrant lock, wind-blown, clung in a line of beauty to the madonna-contour of her cheek. And when she spoke, in spite of her recent absorption in the grief of parting, her whole face lit up with an eager light, which made her a bewitching thing to look upon.

"What is it?" she breathed, leaning eagerly to them, one hand upon her heart. "What does it mean? What have you found?"

The old gardener snatched the key from the tourist's hands with haste that was almost rude. "See," he quavered, holding it up to the duchess, "this good Signore has brought back the long-lost key. The luck of the house most truly has returned."

Leaving the duchess standing there regarding the key with lustrous eyes, the gardener went away again and hurried back with a tiny flask of olive-oil. He drew the chest reverently from its recess, and carefully oiled the rusty lock and key. When all was made ready he placed the key again in the hands of his mistress. With trembling fingers she inserted it in the lock. It required almost more than her strength to make it move at all. But after an instant's hesitation the key found the rusty wards, the bolt slid back. The duchess threw up the lid of the chest.

It was empty.

Empty; and so solidly built was the little coffer that there was within not even a trace of the dust of ages. It was just nice, clean empty.

The duchess, crouched on the marble pavement before the casket, sank back with a little moan, stupefied with disappointment. The lieutenant bent over her and attempted words of ineffectual comfort. The gardener slowly relaxed into a sitting posture on the floor—a haggard spectacle of incomprehension. His world, for the moment, had ceased to move.

The tourist—on his business side a fairly practical person—continued to gaze into the empty chest. He wanted to know more about it. The bottom was lined with paper, clean, but yellowed by time. As his eye took in this detail it seemed the most irrational thing connected with the whole occurrence.

Why should a medieval Pope play such a crazy prank on one who had served him long and well? Why should a chest so elaborately built and carved be lined with paper? What was a Pope doing with paper, anyhow, back in those days? It should have been parchment—and at this thought the tourist opened his pocket-knife and inserted the blade under a corner. The lining had not been fastened down. It *was* parchment. He caught the edge with his fingers and drew up the sheet. Blank on the top, the side which lay undermost presented a most impressive inscription in antique Roman text, with rubricated initials, a gorgeous seal, and a picturesque, though to him totally unintelligible, signature.

The tourist's accomplishments did not include a knowledge of early Roman manuscripts; the gardener had not been taught to read; but the young lady had grown up in a house filled with ancient books. So, while it sorely taxed her to translate, bit by bit she spelled out the meaning of the ancient parchment.

It was the Pope's own letter, done under his blessed hand, in which, after a flowery prelude, he had set forth his gratitude for benefits received and recognition of the boundless loyalty of a worthy son of the Church.

It was, he affirmed, not only his will to make suitable and ample acknowledgment for the past and abundant provision for the present, but also he purposed so to order affairs that the services rendered by the Della Scara, in his hour of need, should never be forgotten. Always about them the Church would throw her protecting arm; and while he prayed Heaven that naught should go amiss with their affairs, still if, at some future time, stripped of their power, misfortune should close in about them, then they should find that he had provided even for that.

If, therefore, the duke or duchess, as the case might be, had preserved the tradition of the faith and come to the opening of the casket with clean hands, let him or her read on with heart assured; but if the casket should be opened through fear or greed

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or any other unworthy motive, the curse would fall.

The duchess paused for a moment, drew a long breath, and looked deep into the eyes of her lover. Something she saw there must have reassured her—she read on: Followed definite instructions, many of them meaningless to the tourist, who was too unfamiliar with the place to follow them in detail; but to the three they seemed alive with hope. It was shown in the sparkling glances exchanged, and the little eager exclamations with which each phrase was greeted. The duchess in her excitement lapsed frequently into her native tongue in answer to the questions of the others, and while the tourist gathered, it is true, that they were on the quest of something which promised to restore their fallen fortune—as to what it was, or where it was, he had no clue.

As the duchess finished with the parchment, the old gardener turned to the tourist and grasped his hand. He made an attempt to speak, but his feelings were too much for him. His gratitude was evident but inaudible. The duchess threw one arm around the tourist's neck and brushed his cheek with a shy, swift kiss; then fell into her lover's arms. The sad young lieutenant—sad no longer—over her bent head murmured something that sounded like an invitation to stay over for the wedding.

The tourist felt it the part of delicacy to withdraw and leave them to their treasure quest, unharried by a stranger's eye. So after repeated well-wishes to the young couple he made his hesitating way back to the hotel.

It was still with his head in somewhat of a daze that he faced his wife; but so uplifted was he by the spell of his recent association that for the first time since they had been married he made an effectual effort to satisfy her inquiries. As his tale progressed his wife's interest deepened. He felt in some unaccountable way that her mood was softening—whether it was the appeal of the past that had at last found its way to her heart, or whether for the first time since their honeymoon she saw him through new eyes, as the man he really was—at any rate, as he talked he was warmly conscious that her eye was softer and brighter than he had seen it for many a day, and that her little breathless questions carried with them a hint of tender pride.

As he finished, she crossed the room with swift steps, and leaned so close to him that his arms involuntarily went out around her. "What nice eyes you've got," she said, with charming irrelevance. "If everybody had eyes like yours, dear, what a lovely old world this world would be!"

When he stepped out on their balcony the next morning the early sun was flooding the landscape with a golden glamour. Below, the roofs of faded tile took on an almost incandescent splendor. The far blue hills threw back an opalescent glow. They seemed to him the waves of a great sea, by some enchantment fixed in perpetual azure stillness.

As he stood there drinking in the matchless vision his mind reverted to the key. It seemed somehow to typify the age and beauty of the land. Still it was by no means a pensive face that he turned to his wife as she joined him on the balcony.

"Look," she said, resting a lightly caressing hand on his shoulder, "see what I have brought you, dearest. It was left, the clerk tells me, by an old man. What do you suppose it is?"

Together they undid the little parcel, and as the wrappings fell, first of all came the key, a sight of which brought exclamations of pleasure from them both. Then a tiny folded note of a single sentence:

"Ten thousand thanks. V. R. S."

And then, most wonderful of all, a little battered jewel-box in which, when the lid was raised, there blazed in the morning sunlight a great, green stone.

"Oh!" breathed the wife, rapturously clinging to him for actual support. "An emerald! What a wonderful, wonderful thing. To think of its being *ours*."

"Not ours, sweetheart," said he; "*yours;* your present from the duchess. The price of *my* key."

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Decorations by M. L. Blumenthal

America — on Guard!

by

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MILITARY preparedness meets two needs. In the first place, it is a partial insurance against war. In the next place, it is a partial guarantee that if war comes the country will certainly escape dishonor and will probably escape material loss.

The question of preparedness can not be considered at all until we get certain things clearly in our minds. Right thinking, wholesome thinking, is essential as a preliminary to sound national action. Until our people understand the folly of certain of the arguments advanced against the action this nation needs, it is of course impossible to expect them to take such action.

The first thing to understand is the fact that preparedness for war does not always insure peace, but that it very greatly increases the chances of securing peace. Foolish people point out nations which in spite of preparation for war have seen war come upon them, and then exclaim that preparedness against war is of no use. Such an argument is precisely like saying that the existence of destructive fires in great cities shows that there is no use in having a fire department. A fire department, which means preparedness against

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fire, does not prevent occasional destructive fires, but it does greatly diminish and may completely minimize the chances for wholesale destruction by fire. Nations that are prepared for war occasionally suffer from it; but if they are unprepared for it they suffer far more often and far more radically.

Fifty years ago China, Korea, and Japan were in substantially the same stage of culture and civilization. Japan, whose statesmen had vision, and whose people had the fighting edge, began a course of military preparedness, and the other two nations (one of them in natural resources immeasurably superior to Japan) remained unprepared. In consequence, Japan has immensely increased her power and standing and is wholly free from all danger of military invasion. Korea, on the contrary, having first been dominated by Russia, has now been conquered by Japan. China has been partially dismembered; one-half of her territories are now subject to the dominion of foreign nations, which have time and again waged war between themselves on these territories, and her remaining territory is kept by her purely because these foreign nations are jealous of one another.

WAR-READINESS IN EUROPE

In 1870 France was overthrown and suffered by far the most damaging and disastrous defeat she had suffered since the days of Joan of Arc—because she was not prepared. In the present war she has suffered terribly, but she is beyond all comparison better off than she was in 1870, because she has been prepared. Poor Belgium, in spite of being prepared, was almost destroyed, because great neutral nations—the United States being the chief offender—have not yet reached the standard of international morality and of willingness to fight for righteousness which must be attained before they can guarantee small, well-behaved, civilized nations against cruel disaster. England, because she was prepared as far as her navy is concerned, has been able to avoid Belgium's fate; and, on the other hand, if she had been as prepared with her army as France, she would probably have been able to avert the war, and if this could not have been done, would at any rate have been able to save both France and Belgium from invasion.

Switzerland, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, was wholly unprepared for war. In spite of her mountains, her neighbors overran her at will. Great battles were fought on her soil, including one great battle between the French and the Russians; but the Swiss took no part in these battles, their territory was practically annexed to the French Republic, and they were domineered over first by the Emperor Napoleon and then by his enemies. It was a bitter lesson, but the Swiss learned it. Since then they have gradually prepared for war as no other small state of Europe has done, and it is in consequence of this preparedness that none of the combatants has violated Swiss territory in the present struggle.

The briefest examination of the facts, therefore, shows that unpreparedness for war tends to lead to immeasurable disaster, and that preparedness, while it does not certainly avert war, any more than the fire department of a city certainly averts fire, yet tends very strongly to guarantee the nation against war and to secure success in war if it should unhappily arise.

Another argument advanced against preparedness for war is that such preparedness incites war. This again is not in accordance with the facts. Unquestionably certain nations have at times prepared for war with a view to foreign conquest. But the rule has been that unpreparedness for war does not have any real effect in securing peace, although it is always apt to make war disastrous, and that preparedness for war generally goes hand in hand with an increased caution in going to war.

PEACE THROUGH ARMAMENT

Striking examples of these facts are furnished by the history of the Spanish-American states. For nearly three-quarters of a century after these states won their independence their history was little else than a succession of bloody revolutions and of wars among themselves as with outsiders, while during the same period there was little or nothing done in the way of effective military preparedness by one of them. During the last twenty or thirty years, however, certain of them, notably Argentina and Chile, have prospered and become stable. Their stability has been partly caused by, and partly

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accompanied by, a great increase in military preparedness. During this period Argentina and Chile have known peace as they never knew it before, and as the other Spanish-American countries have not known it either before or since; and at the same time their military efficiency has enormously increased.

Proportionately, Argentina and Chile are in military strength beyond all comparison more efficient than the United States; and if our navy is permitted to deteriorate as it has been deteriorating for nearly two years, the same statement can soon be made, although with more qualification, of their naval strength. Preparedness for war has made them far less liable to have war. It has made them less, and not more, aggressive.

The bloodiest and most destructive war in Spanish-American history, that waged by Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay against Paraguay, was waged when all the nations were entirely unprepared for war, especially the three victorious nations. During the last two or three decades Mexico, the Central American States, Colombia, and Venezuela have been entirely unprepared for war, as compared with Chile and Argentina. Yet, whereas Chile and Argentina have been at peace, the other states mentioned have been engaged in war after war of the most bloody and destructive character. Entire lack of preparedness for war has gone hand in hand with war of the worst type and with all the worst sufferings that war can bring.

IF UNPREPARED, FIGHT

The lessons taught by Spanish-America are paralleled elsewhere. In 1898 there was hardly an important nation less prepared for war than we were, with the exception of Spain. But this unpreparedness had not the least effect in preventing war between Spain and ourselves. When Greece was entirely unprepared for war, she nevertheless went to war with Turkey, exactly as she did when she was prepared; the only difference was that in the one case she suffered disaster and in the other she did not. The war between Italy and Turkey was due wholly to the fact that Turkey was not prepared, that she had no navy. The fact that in 1848 Prussia was entirely unprepared, and moreover had just been engaged in a revolution heartily approved by all the ultra-pacificists and professional humanitarians, did not prevent her from entering on a war with Denmark. It merely prevented the war from being successful.

Utter and complete lack of preparation on our part did not prevent our entering into war with Great Britain in 1812 and with Mexico in 1848. It merely exposed us to humiliation and disaster in the former war; in the latter, Mexico was even worse off than we were. As for civil war, of course military unpreparedness has not only never prevented it, but on the contrary seems usually to have been one of the inciting causes.

THE SWISS MILITANTS

Preparedness for war occasionally has a slight effect in creating or increasing an aggressive and militaristic spirit. Far more often it distinctly diminishes it. In Switzerland, for instance, which we can well afford to take as a model for ourselves, effectiveness in preparation, and the retention and development of all the personal qualities which give the individual man the fighting edge, have in no shape or way increased the militarist or aggressive spirit. On the contrary, they have doubtless been among the factors that have made the Swiss so much more law-abiding and less homicidal than we are.

The ultra-pacificists have been fond of prophesying the immediate approach of a universally peaceful condition throughout the world which will render it unnecessary to prepare against war because there will be no more war. This represents in some cases well-meaning and pathetic folly. In other cases it represents mischievous and inexcusable folly. But it always represents folly. At least, it represents the queer inability of some well-meaning men of weak mind, and of some men of strong but twisted mind, either to face or to understand facts.

These prophets of the inane are not peculiar to our own day. A little over a century and a quarter ago a noted Italian pacificist and philosopher, Aurelio Bertela, summed up the future of civilized mankind as follows: "The political system of Europe has arrived at perfection. An equilibrium has been attained which henceforth will preserve peoples from subjugation. Few reforms are now needed and these will be accomplished peaceably. Europe has no need to fear revolution."

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These sapient statements (which have been paralleled by hundreds of utterances in the many Peace Congresses of the last couple of decades) were delivered in 1787, the year in which the French Assembly of Notables ushered in the greatest era of revolution, domestic turmoil, and international war in all history—an era which still continues and which shows not the smallest sign of coming to an end. Never before have there been wars on so great a scale as during this century and a quarter; and the greatest of all these wars is now being waged. Never before, except for the ephemeral conquests of certain Asiatic barbarians, have there been subjugations of civilized peoples on so great a scale.

The effective workers for the peace of righteousness were men like Stein, Cavour, and Lincoln; that is, men who dreamed great dreams but who were also and preeminently men of action, who stood for the right, and who knew that the right would fail unless might was put behind it. The prophets of pacificism have had nothing whatever in common with these great men; and whenever they have preached mere pacificism, whenever they have failed to put righteousness first and to advocate peace as the handmaiden of righteousness, they have done evil and not good.

After the exhaustion of the Napoleonic struggles there came thirty-five years during which there was no great war, while what was called "the long peace" was broken only by minor international wars or short-lived revolutionary contests. Good, but not farsighted, men in various countries, but especially in England, Germany, and our own country, forthwith began to dream dreams—not of a universal peace that should be founded on justice and righteousness backed by strength, but of a universal peace to be obtained by the prattle of weaklings and the outpourings of amiable enthusiasts who lacked the fighting edge.

There followed twenty years during which a number of great and bloody wars took place—wars far surpassing in extent, in duration, in loss of life and property, and in importance anything that had been seen since the close of the Napoleonic contest.

Then there came another period of nearly thirty years during which there were relatively only a few wars, and these not of the highest importance. Again upright and intelligent but uninformed men began to be misled by foolish men into the belief that world-peace was about to be secured, on a basis of amiable fatuity all around and under the lead of the preachers of the diluted mush of make-believe morality. A number of Peace Congresses, none of which accomplished anything, were held, and also certain Hague Conferences, which did accomplish a certain small amount of real good but of a strictly limited kind. It was well worth going into these Hague Conferences, but only on condition of clearly understanding how strictly limited was the good that they accomplished. The hysterical people who treated them as furnishing a patent peace panacea did nothing but harm, and partially offset the real but limited good the Conferences actually accomplished. These persons really believed that it was possible to achieve the millennium by means that would not have been very effective in preserving peace among the active boys of a large Sunday-school—let alone grown-up men in the world as it actually is. A pathetic commentary on their attitude is furnished by the fact that the fifteen years that have elapsed since the first Hague Conference have seen an immense increase of war, culminating in the present war, waged by armies, and with bloodshed, on a scale far vaster than ever before in the history of mankind.

All these facts furnish no excuse whatever for our failing to work zealously for peace, but they absolutely require us to understand that it is noxious to work for a peace not based on righteousness, and useless to work for a peace based on righteousness unless we put force back of righteousness. At present this means that adequate preparedness against war offers to our nation its sole guarantee against wrong and aggression.

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Emerson has said that in the long run the most uncomfortable truth is a safer traveling companion than the most agreeable falsehood. The advocates of peace will accomplish nothing except mischief until they are willing to look facts squarely in the face. One of these facts is that universal military service, wherever tried, has on the whole been a benefit and not a harm to the people of the nation, so long as the demand upon the average man's life has not been for too long a time. The Swiss people have beyond all question benefited by their system of limited but universal preparation for military service. The same thing is true of Australia, Chile, and Argentina. It would be well for the United States from every standpoint immediately to provide such universal military training.

It is indispensable to remember that in the cases of both Germany and Japan their extraordinary success has been due directly to that kind of efficiency in war which springs only from the highest efficiency in preparedness for war. Until educated people who sincerely desire peace face this fact with all of its implications, unpleasant and pleasant, they will not be able to better present international conditions. In order to secure this betterment, conditions must be created which will enable civilized nations to achieve such efficiency without being thereby rendered dangerous to their neighbors and to civilization as a whole. Americans particularly, and, to a degree only slightly less, Englishmen and Frenchmen, need to remember this fact, for while the ultra-pacificists, the peace-at-any-price men, have appeared sporadically everywhere, they have of recent years been most numerous and noxious in the United States, in Great Britain, and in France.

PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE—A MENACE

Inasmuch as in our country, where Heaven knows we have evils enough with which to grapple, none of these evils is in even the smallest degree due to militarism—inasmuch as to inveigh against militarism in the United States is about as useful as to inveigh against eating horse flesh in honor of Odin—this seems curious. But it is true. American college presidents, professors, and publicists with much pretension—some of it founded on fact—to intelligence, have praised works like those of Mr. Bloch, who "proved" that war was impossible, and like those of Mr. Norman Angell, who "proved" that it was an illusion to believe that it was profitable.

The greatest and most terrible wars in history have taken place since Mr. Bloch wrote. When Mr. Angell wrote, no unprejudiced man of wisdom could have failed to understand that the two most successful nations of recent times, Germany and Japan, owed their great national success to successful war. The United States owes not only its greatness but its very existence to the fact that in the Civil War the men who controlled its destinies were the fighting men. The counsels of the ultra-pacificists, the peace-at-any-price men of that day, if adopted, would have meant not only the death of the nation but an incalculable disaster to humanity. A righteous war may at any moment be essential to national welfare; and it is a lamentable fact that nations have sometimes profited greatly by war that was not righteous. Such evil profit will never be done away with until armed force is put behind righteousness.

FORCE AT ANY COST—AN EVIL

We must also remember, however, that the mischievous folly of the men whose counsels tend to inefficiency and impotence is not worse than the baseness of the men who in a spirit of mean and cringing admiration of brute force gloss over, or justify, or even deify, the exhibition of unscrupulous strength. Writings like those of Homer Lea, or Nietzsche, or even Professor Treitschke — not to speak of much of Carlyle—are as objectionable as those of Messrs. Bloch and Angell. Our people need to pay homage to the great efficiency and the intense patriotism of Germany. But they need no less fully to realize that this patriotism has at times been accompanied by callous indifference to the rights of weaker nations, and that this efficiency has at times been exercised in a way that represents a genuine setback to humanity and civilization. Germany's conduct toward Belgium can be justified only in accordance with a theory which will also justify Napoleon's conduct toward Spain and his treatment of Prussia and of all Germany during the six years succeeding Jena. I do not see how any man can fail to sympathize with Stein and Schornhorst; with Andreas

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Hofer, with Koerner and the Tugenbund; and if he does so sympathize, he must extend the same sympathy and admiration to King Albert and the Belgians.

Moreover, it is well for Americans to remember that what has been done to Belgium would of course be done to us just as unhesitatingly if the conditions required it.

Of course the lowest depth is reached by the professional pacificists who continue to scream for peace without daring to protest against any concrete wrong committed against peace. These include all of our fellow countrymen who at the present time clamor for peace without explicitly and clearly declaring that the first condition of peace should be the righting of the wrongs of Belgium, reparation to her, and guarantee against the possible repetition of such wrongs at the expense of any well-behaved small civilized power in the future. It may be that peace will come without such reparation and guarantee, but if so, it will be as emphatically the peace of unrighteousness as was the peace made at Tilsit a hundred and seven years ago.

THE WAY TO INTERNATIONAL PEACE

When the President appoints a Day of Prayer for Peace, without emphatically making it evident that the prayer should be for the redress of the wrongs without which peace would be harmful, he forfeits all right to be treated as serving righteousness. When Mr. Bryan concludes absurd all-inclusive arbitration treaties and is loquacious to Peace Societies about the abolition of war, without daring to protest against the hideous wrongs done Belgium, he feebly serves unrighteousness. More comic manifestations, of course entirely useless but probably too fatuous to be really mischievous, are those which find expression in the circulation of peace postage-stamps with doves on them, or in taking part in peace parades—they might as well be anti-vaccination parades—or in the circulation of peace petitions to be signed by school-children, which for all their possible effect might just as well relate to the planet Mars.

International peace will only come when the nations of the world form some kind of league which provides for an international tribunal to decide on international matters, which decrees that treaties and international agreements are never to be entered into recklessly and foolishly, and when once entered into are to be observed with entire good faith, and which puts the collective force of civilization behind such treaties and agreements and court decisions and against any wrong-doing or recalcitrant nation. The all-inclusive arbitration treaties negotiated by the present administration amount to almost nothing, but are slightly mischievous because—

1. There is no provision for their enforcement, and,

2. They would be in some cases not only impossible but improper to enforce.

A treaty is a promise. It is like a promise to pay in the commercial world. Its value lies in the means provided for redeeming the promise. To make it, and not redeem it, is vicious. A United States gold certificate is valuable because gold is back of it. If there were nothing back of it, the certificate would sink to the position of fiat money, which is irredeemable, and therefore valueless; as in the case of our Revolutionary currency. The Wilson-Bryan all-inclusive arbitration treaties represent nothing whatever but international fiat money. To make them is no more honest than it is to issue fiat money. Mr. Bryan would not make a good Secretary of the Treasury; but he would do better in that position than as Secretary of State. For his type of fiat obligations is a little worse in international than in internal affairs. The all-inclusive arbitration treaties

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in whose free and unlimited negotiation Mr. Bryan takes such pleasure are of less value than the thirty-cent dollars whose free and unlimited coinage he formerly advocated.

Such an international league is as yet in the future; and it may be, although I sincerely hope not, in the far future. The indispensable thing for every free people to do in the present day is with efficiency to prepare against war by making itself able physically to defend its rights and by cultivating that stern and manly spirit without which no material preparation will avail.

The first and most important thing for us as a people to do in order to prepare ourselves for self-defense is to get clearly in our minds just what our policy is to be, and to insist that our public servants shall make their words and their deeds correspond. For example, the present administration was elected on the explicit promise that the Philippines should be given their independence, and it has taken action in the Philippines which can only be justified on the theory that this independence is to come in the immediate future. I believe that we have rendered incalculable service to the Philippines, and that what we have there done has shown in the most striking manner the extreme mischief that would have followed if in 1898 and the subsequent years we had failed to do our duty in consequence of following the advice of Mr. Bryan and the pacificists or anti-imperialists of that day.

But this good has been to the Philippines themselves. The only good that has come to us as a nation has been the good that springs from knowledge that a great deed has been worthily performed. Personally, I think it is a fine and high thing for a nation to have done such a deed with such a purpose. But we can not taint it with bad faith. If we act so that the natives understand us to have made a definite promise, then we should live up to that promise. The Philippines from a military standpoint are a source of weakness to us. The present administration has promised explicitly to let them go, and by its actions has rendered it difficult to hold them against any serious foreign foe. These being the circumstances, the islands should at an early moment be given their independence without any guarantee whatever by us and without our retaining any foothold in them.

There remains to defend—the United States proper, the Panama Canal and its approaches, Alaska, and Hawaii. To defend all these is vital to our honor and interest. For such defense preparedness is essential.

The first and most essential form of preparedness should be making the navy efficient. Absolutely and relatively, our navy has never been at such a pitch of efficiency as in February, 1909, when the battle fleet returned from its voyage around the world. Unit for unit there was no other navy in the world which was at that time its equal. During the next four years we had an admirable Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Meyer—we were fortunate in having then and since good Secretaries of War in Mr. Stimson and Mr. Garrison. Owing to causes for which Mr. Meyer was in no way responsible, there was a slight relative falling off in the efficiency of the navy, and probably a slight absolute falling off during the following four years. But it remained very efficient.

Since Mr. Daniels came in, and because of the action taken by Mr. Daniels under the direction of President Wilson, there has been a most lamentable reduction in efficiency. If at this moment we went to war with a first-class navy of equal strength to our own, there would be a chance not only of defeat but of disgrace.

We have brought back from Mexico the army which could be of some use and have kept there the war-ships which can not be of any use, and which suffer terribly in efficiency from being so kept. The fleet has had no maneuvering for twenty-one months. It has had almost no gun-practise by division during that time. There is not enough powder; there are not enough torpedoes; the bottoms of the ships are foul; the under-enlistments indicate a deficiency of from ten thousand to twenty thousand men; the whole service is being handled in such manner as to impair its fitness and morale.

Congress should do its duty. It should summon before its committees the best naval experts, and provide the battle-ships, cruisers, submarines, floating mines, and aircraft that these experts declare to be necessary for the full protection of the United States.

Above all, it should bear in mind that while many of these machines of war are

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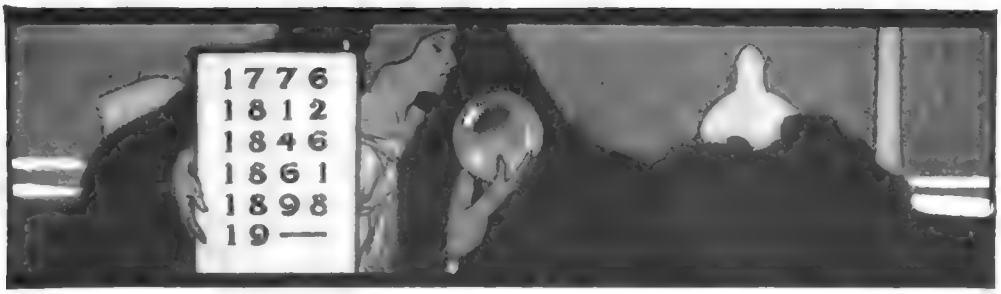

essentially to be used in striking from the coasts themselves, yet others must be designed to keep the enemy afar from these coasts. Mere defensive by itself can not permanently avail. The only permanently efficient defensive arm is one which can act offensively. Our navy must be fitted for attack, for delivering smashing blows, in order effectively to defend our own shores.

But the navy alone will not suffice in time of great crisis.

Congress should at once act favorably on the admirable plan outlined in the last report of the Chief of Staff of the Army, General Wotherspoon: a report with which his predecessor as Chief of Staff, General Wood, appears to be in complete sympathy. Our army should be doubled in size. An effective reserve should be created. Every year there should be field-maneuvers on a large scale, a hundred thousand being engaged for several weeks. The artillery should be given the most scientific training. The equipment should be made perfect at every point. Rigid economy should be demanded.

Every officer and man should be kept to the highest standard of physical and moral fitness. The unfit should be ruthlessly weeded out. At least one-third of the officers in each grade should be promoted on merit without regard to seniority, and the least fit for promotion should be retired. Every unit of the regular army and reserve should be trained to the highest efficiency under war conditions.

But this is not enough. There should be at least ten times the number of rifles and the quantity of ammunition in the country that there are now. In our high schools and colleges a system of military training like that which obtains in Switzerland and Australia should be given. Furthermore, all our young men should be trained in actual field service under war conditions; preferably on the Swiss, but if not on the Swiss then on the Argentinian or Chilean model.

The Swiss model would probably be better for our people. It would necessitate only four to six months' service shortly after graduation from high school or college, and thereafter only about eight days a year. No man could buy or substitute; no man would be excepted because of his wealth; all would serve in the ranks on precisely the same terms, side by side.

Under this system the young men would be trained to shoot, to march, to take care of themselves in the open, and to learn those habits of self-reliance and law-abiding obedience which are not only essential to the efficiency of a citizen soldiery, but are no less essential to the efficient performance of civic duties in a free democracy. My own firm belief is that this system would help us in civil quite as much as in military matters. It would increase our social and industrial efficiency. It would help us to habits of order and respect for law.

This proposal does not represent anything more than carrying out the purpose of the Second Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which declares that a well-regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free nation. The Swiss army is a well-regulated militia; and therefore it is utterly different from any militia we have ever had. The system of compulsory training and universal service has worked admirably in Switzerland. It has saved the Swiss from war. It has developed their efficiency in peace.

It is idle for this nation to trust to arbitration and neutrality treaties unbacked by force. It is idle to trust to the tepid goodwill of other nations. It is idle to trust to alliances. Alliances change. Russia and Japan are now fighting side by side, although nine years ago they were fighting against one another. Twenty years ago Russia and Germany stood side by side.

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Fifteen years ago England was more hostile to Russia, and even to France, than she was to Germany. It is perfectly possible that after the close of this war the present allies will fall out, or that Germany and Japan will turn up in close alliance.

It is our duty to try to work for a great World League for righteous peace enforced by power; but no such League is yet in sight. At present the prime duty of the American people is to abandon the inane and mischievous principle of watchful waiting—that is, of slothful and timid refusal either to face facts or to perform duty. Let us act justly toward others; and let us also be prepared with stout heart and strong hand to defend our rights against injustice from others.

***Editor's Note*:—For the assistance of our readers in weighing Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations, we present herewith a brief summary of the Swiss system of military training to which he refers.**

Switzerland maintains a standing army in times of peace of 1,200 men, nearly all of whom are assigned as military instructors in schools. Within three days she can mobilize 250,000 trained and thoroughly equipped soldiers. Within ten days she can raise her first line to 300,000 and still have in reserve 150,000 soldiers past the first service age and 200,000 cadets in training. This means that in time of war Switzerland can put into the field within the first two weeks an effective, well-trained and well-equipped army of nearly half a million soldiers. Switzerland spends on this military organization between six and eight millions of dollars a year.

The United States has a standing army of 90,000 men, and it cost us last year ninety-four millions of dollars. Our national defense bill in the aggregate, including the navy, our military academies, and our fortifications, totals about five hundred millions of dollars annually.

Every man in Switzerland, barring cripples and imbeciles, is trained to defend his country. He begins when he is ten years old. For the first two years, as a part of his school work, he is put through a rigid physical training, which includes setting-up exercises and scientific corrective drills. In his thirteenth year he becomes a cadet, and when he is fourteen he receives his rifle and instruction how to use it. During the next four years he has an hour of military drill every day, and two hours of rifle practise a week. At the age of eighteen he joins a military unit in his town or canton and receives training under the direction of active and reserve officers of his community. This means about five hours a week given to military drill.

After a careful physical examination he is assigned, when he is nineteen, to a recruit school, where he serves from sixty-five to eighty-three days, depending on the arm of the service to which he is assigned. His regular army service begins when he is twenty. He then spends from six to eight weeks in intensive camp training, and is put on the élite list, or first line. For the next twelve years he is compelled to serve with the colors eleven days each year, and then he is rated in the Landsturm and is subject to only four days' annual service and inspection until he is forty years old.

When a man is put on the reserve list, a complete equipment for his branch of the service is given to him. He keeps this in his home, subject to inspection. Soldiers who in any year are not called to the colors for their days of service are required to fire a prescribed number of rounds in one of the nineteen hundred shooting clubs. The Government provides the ranges, ammunition, and judges for the contest, and to stimulate interest small prizes are offered.

There is no self-consciousness in Swiss military strength, and no boastfulness. It is accepted as a natural order of things. Every man in Switzerland knows that if war comes he and his sons must go on the firing-line.

And Switzerland has had peace for a hundred years.

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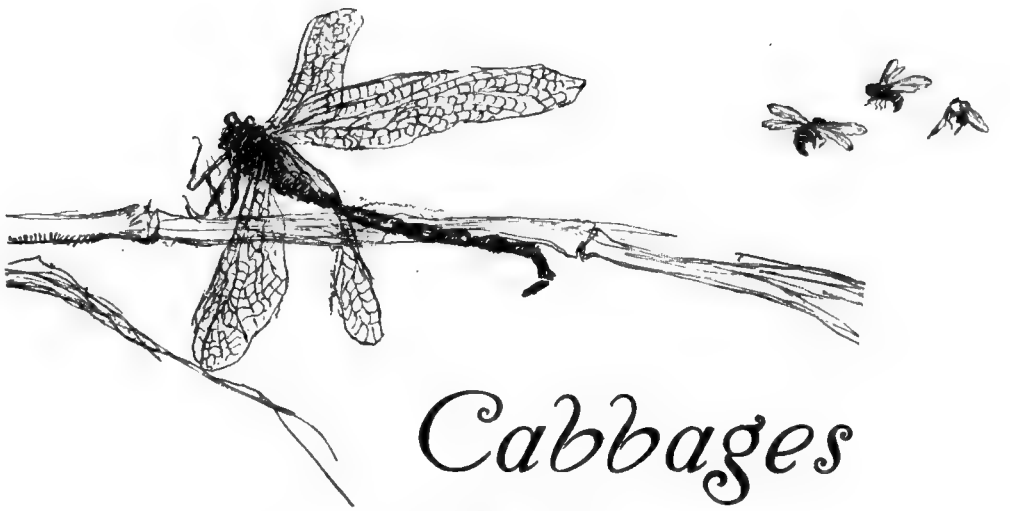

Cabbages and Kids

by Carlyle Ellis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

WHEN the New Lady first came into Fourth Grade and was introduced by "Teacher" as Mrs. Comstock, she asked it this funny question:

"How many of you have ever been to Central Park?"

Six small hands waved in air among the fifty-four pupils.

The New Lady was silent for a long moment, as if, perhaps, she could not think of anything more to ask.

"What did you see there?" She nodded to a very small and very bright-eyed boy near the front.

"Squir'ls," answered Isidore promptly.

"How many of you have ever seen a squirrel?" asked the New Lady.

Ten hands went up.

She sought a description of a squirrel from a small girl whose eager brown face was framed in a background of soiled pink hair-ribbon.

"They're little dogs that sit up to eat," she said, and the class when it saw the lady's smiling nod solemnly marveled at Martha's unprecedented display of learning.

"To eat what?" asked Mrs. Comstock.

"Peanuts," exploded Isidore in triumphant rivalry.

"What else?" asked the Lady. But even Isidore was silent.

There was more of this strange sort of lesson, and Fourth Grade bubbled with most engaging information about the squirrels and their kin. All now knew what they looked like, too, for the New Lady displayed absorbing photographs of the creatures, caught in the very act of dining. They were very sorry when it was over, for never had there been anything so captivating in all their school days.

At the end of the lesson the New Lady and "Teacher" talked to each other for a few minutes.

"It will be an interesting experiment, and I am delighted that my class has been chosen," said the teacher. "It is virgin soil for Nature Study," she added rather sadly, and the New Lady seemed to agree.

"That keen-eyed boy in the second row," she remarked, "is especially responsive. I think the work will mean a good deal to him."

"Isidore is a bundle of intensity," said

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the teacher. "You will find him very apt, and he will adore you."

The next day Mrs. Comstock came to Fourth Grade again as the School Board had agreed and she had promised. This time the subject was flowers, and when Fourth Grade heard this it felt very sure that it would be able to give a good account of itself.

"Where do the flowers come from?" asked the New Lady, who now, however, did not seem to them at all new, but was merely called so to avoid any possible confusion. No satisfactory answer was forthcoming.

"Isidore," she said, addressing that small boy by name and look, much to his amazement, "when you were in Central Park didn't you see any flowers growing?"

"No, ma'm," answered Isidore; "only trees without any leaves on them."

"Please, ma'm," came a high, eager voice from the rear, "my mama has a rubber-plant in a pot and it has three leaves and once it had four."

"What happened to the other leaf, Martha?" Miss Benjamin was telling the names of the pupils in a low voice.

"It got dead," said Martha, who was on intimate terms with tragedy.

The New Lady told them wonderful stories that day, and they were all about flowers. There was a lively argument after school as to whether she had got them out of a story-book or had made them up herself. Scorn was heaped upon Isidore's head because he stoutly maintained that they were literally true. In the end he had three fights on his puny but skilled fists for the honor of the New Lady.

There was that fairy-tale about flowers that caught flies and ate them. "Aw chee! Anybody could see she was on'y kiddin'," said the antagonists.

But Isidore had been to Central Park. To him all things were possible.

On the third day of the New Lady's visits she brought a lot of vegetables and spread them out before the wondering eyes of Fourth Grade. It was very mystifying but vastly entertaining.

The vegetables were identified with ease. It had occurred to some of the class, it appeared, that cabbages and turnips and carrots had not been manufactured in a shop, but had grown or been grown. When Mrs. Comstock asked, however, how many had seen any of them growing, there was embarrassed silence.

It was at this point that the New Lady suggested the engagingly puzzling idea of having a farm in the school—an egg-shell farm, she called it.

"How many would like to have a farm to take care of?"

A forest of quivering, upraised arms proved anew childhood's universal love of the unknown adventure.

She showed them tiny seeds in little packages and had them observe the differences in form, size, and color. She explained in simple words the mystery of their unawakened life and suggested that each should bring an egg-shell to school the next day, adding instructions as to their preparation.

Fourth Grade did not linger after school that day, but raced home with instant demands for an egg, to the utter perplexity of various provident and unimaginative mothers. What indeed was this crazy new notion of those meddlesome school-teachers that poor women should spend good money for an egg? Even the filial assurances that Teacher wanted only shells did not clear the mystery or lessen the indignity, till maternal complainings had worn themselves out.

Down in the streets there was a hurried exploration of garbage-cans and the capture of a few real prizes. In most cases the mothers, capitulating in the end to childish importunities, made a separate appropriation of three cents for the purchase, and the rush of high-class trade that resulted was a shock to the local tradesmen.

Naturally there were several heart-breaking accidents between the time of purchase and the hour of school next morning, and several of the Fourth Grades arrived with nothing but a few little white fragments. But Isidore was triumphant. He came in pomp with a paper bag full of more or less battered shells, and he watched over them with ceaseless vigilance till the New Lady came.

She brought a large bag of earth and some shallow wooden boxes. It was a most exciting day. Isidore presented his bag proudly to the Lady, who congratulated him warmly, while she unobtrusively held it at arm's length.

There were soon enough clean, sound shells to go round. Each pupil wrote his name laboriously on the outside of his shell and received a little heap of the good black loam that smelled so strange and pleasant.

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ISIDORE PRESENTED HIS BAG PROUDLY TO THE LADY.

Then there was a little pebble for the bottom, to go over the small hole there.

"Please, ma'm," asked a boy, "do seeds eat rocks?"

The Lady explained. "Seeds, like boys and girls, often need a drink of water. But if they have too much to drink they get ill. So when they are given their daily drink a way is provided to let the extra water out without letting the earth escape. This is called drainage."

When the fine earth had been slowly sifted through small fingers into the shells until they were about half full, the distribution of seeds began, one to each pupil.

"Seeds, like boys and girls, are fond of a comfortable bed without hard lumps in it," explained the Lady. "Plant comfort is

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the secret of having a successful farm."

So the seeds were dropped into a soft spot in the center of the small loam-beds and were covered little by little with a thick blanket of the rich earth that was tucked in and patted down tenderly. It was a new experience for Fourth Grade, and a delectable one. Then the individual gardens were arranged in the shallow boxes, and the farm was placed in the windows and watered in the presence of the class.

The next morning, and whenever opportunity offered during the day, the farm was minutely inspected to see what had happened to it. True, the Lady had said nothing would happen that they could see for at least a week, but she had also explained the strange things that were going on down there in the dark, and the mystery of it was a potent charm. Excitement rose daily, and if it sometimes interfered a little with duller studies, it was a revelation to the academic teacher of what a newer method might do toward making teaching and learning a pleasure. She was amazed at the avidity with which the children absorbed the new subject. But could other subjects be treated like this?

In the succeeding days Mrs. Comstock opened more of the fascinating new world to Fourth Grade, and the class grew more and more responsive. One of the stories that thrilled it especially was that of the weed-robbers.

"These plants," the Lady explained, "like to find a comfortable bed that the farmer has made for his vegetables. There they settle down and begin to grow as fast as they can, eating up all the good soil-food, so that the poor vegetable is half starved and can not grow big and strong. But the weed-robbers are tough fellows, and they keep right on growing bigger and stronger, although they do not produce any good fruit or vegetables and are not of use to any one."

The question arose as to what should be done to the weed-robbers if they appeared in the farm.

"Fight them," suggested one boy.

"That is what the farmer has to do. But how would you do it?"

"Cut their heads off," said Isidore vindictively.

"Step on them," suggested a little girl. Whereat the class laughed uproariously, thinking shrewdly of egg-shells.

The futility of these methods was explained, and more effective measures were advocated, with much illuminating comment and illustration. Isidore's fervid imagination was deeply stirred by the vision of this battle of the weeds. He saw himself the militant champion of the helpless vegetables and fought uncounted wars with the wicked and stealthy weed-robbers, in which he won invariable victories. He also developed it into a street game, in which red-haired Maggie Flynn always had the part of the carrot, and such smaller boys as could be persuaded to face the penalty of being pulled up by the roots were drafted as weed-robbers to capture the helpless vegetables. Isidore, as the farmer chieftain, gloried in deeds of valor as the defender of the defenseless.

The last day of the "experiment" came, and Mrs. Comstock brought two new specimens that completely mystified her small friends. They were little brownish bags fastened to twigs and pointed at each end. When you shook them close to your ear there was a soft little "thud! thud!" inside.

The Lady said they were silk nests woven by a green caterpillar (illustrations of a caterpillar) who had stayed inside and changed his skin. Isidore's old antagonists laughed aloud at this, whereat Isidore's white little face grew pink and he shook a grimy fist at them under cover of the desk.

But the Lady understood, and with scissors she carefully slit one of the cocoons and displayed the pupa, with its tiny wings and numerous legs hugging its stomach under the skin in low relief, and the discarded caterpillar-skin at the bottom. She took the pupa out, whereat it wiggled its tail ridiculously.

Isidore was triumphant, but filled with a wonder that increased tenfold when the Lady, after putting the pupa back in its silken shell and tying it in with thread, said that out of the silk nest would soon come a beautiful moth (illustrations of a moth) called a Cecropia. She was going to leave it so that they might see for themselves.

When it was time for the Lady to go she said to them:

"Now, boys and girls, I must say goodby to you, for it is time for me to go to my home in Ithaca. I am sorry that I could not stay till the seeds came up so that we

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WHENEVER OPPORTUNITY OFFERED, THE FARM WAS MINUTELY INSPECTED.

could study them together. But you must take care of the farm yourselves and write to me about it very often.

"We have had good times together, haven't we? But there are ever so many things to find out, and they are just as interesting as the things we have learned. You must try to find out some of these things yourselves. I hope that all of you will be able to make a trip to Central Park this summer and that you will learn to love it. Then, when you are a little older, perhaps you can get out to the country, where there are great big farms that grow all the vegetables and fruit and produce, all the milk and butter that there are in all the shops. It is a splendid place for boys and girls to work in and to play in, and you will find there most of the most wonderful things in the world."

It was the hour of the noon recess, and as the class was dismissed Isidore made his way through the throng to the Lady.

"Please, ma'm," he said excitedly, "may I have a seed? My mother says I can have a farm on the fire-escape."

"Of course you may, Isidore." The treasures were unpacked and a rich assortment of the precious seeds turned over in an envelope to the enraptured small boy.

"Be sure to write me a letter," said the Lady. And then she went away.

A few mornings later the arriving Fourth Grade was thrown into vast excitement by an astonishing thing. One of the tiny seedlings had broken through the soil in the night. There it was, a slender looped thread of pale green, with two curled oval leaves at the end.

"It's Isidore's," said some one.

"To be sure it is," said the boys scornfully.

But why should it be Isidore's even if he was "the Lady's pet"? He came pushing his way through the group of absorbed children to gaze in silent adoration at the thing that he had done. It was miraculous that

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the first should be his—unless one knew that this was the only radish-seed the lady had given out—favoritism, no doubt, but in a pleasant cause.

The entire class wanted to write immediately to Mrs. Comstock reporting this startling development, but Miss Benjamin, seeing in fifty-four simultaneous letters a possible burden, managed a delay.

By the time the letter-writing began—in squads—the farm had progressed considerably. Each morning the eager watchers found new seedlings above the ground or sometimes little mounds of earth that broke open from the pressure beneath during the day.

It was endlessly thrilling.

So one spring morning Mrs. Comstock's mail was considerably augmented and the addresses were in laborious copy-book. Martha's letter was among the first and here it is, just as she wrote it:

IN HER HAND WAS A LETTER IN PURPLE PRINT.

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DEAR MRS. COMSTOCK:

I am very sorry that you went home, because you could not see how beautiful the seeds have come up. The onion is growing very nicely. I have something wonderful to say about the radish and the beet leaves. The beet leaves are red and the radish leaves are green.

I will now draw to a close.

Your dear friend,

MARTHA FINKELSTEIN.

Isidore had, of course, written, and the Lady, with a sigh of pity, sought his letter. It was characteristic:

DEAR MRS. COMSTOCK:

I am very glad that you have planted us a farm. And now the radish seed has come up and the onion is growing very nicely along.

I am very sorry because you can not see our farm, and I am very glad because you have teached us a such good lesson about insects and butterflies. I wish you to come again the next time.

Your loving friend,

ISIDORE SHALINSKY.

Mrs. Comstock had not been able to answer these letters when another batch came, and it included one from Isidore.

"Some of our egg-shells took weed-robbers," he wrote. "One of them was the radish. I tore them by the roots and now I can't find any more."

Thus was the valiant deed now done in literal fact. It had been a thrilling day in Fourth Grade. Impudent little strangers had invaded the farm overnight, to the mystification of the early arrivals. It was, of course, Isidore who first divined the truth. Had he not been dreaming for a week of this very contingency?

"Weed-robbers!" he thrilled, and the rest thrilled with him, gazing awe-stricken at the invaders.

"MY MAMA HAS A RUBBER-PLANT IN A POT."

Isidore was for taking entire charge of the work of destruction and appointing no assistants, but there were too many clamorous volunteers and Miss Benjamin's decision, as board of arbitration, was that each must hoe his own row. Martha had weed-robbers, too, and with a stroke of self-sacrifice amounting to genius, she won Isidore's lasting loyalty by turning them over to him.

But a tragedy was impending. In Martha's own written words to the Lady, "The onion had grown beautiful and now it died." The situation was further elucidated by Isidore, who wrote: "Martha's onion is dead. It wasn't strong enough. She cried, and now she has a turnip." He firmly suppressed the fact that the turnip was one from his own tenderly nurtured but struggling farm on the fire-escape.

In this same letter he reported: "The vegetables are about three inches high and are very beautiful. A lovely moth came out of its cocoon on the gas-pipe. It measured six inches apart when it stopped stretching."

One day as Isidore was leaving the classroom for the noon recess Miss Benjamin called him to the desk and handed him a letter.

"It's for you, Isidore," she said smilingly.

He gazed at the envelope dazedly, reading what it bore over and over again. There indeed was his name in plain, purple print. It must be for him—the first he had ever received in his life. Clasping it tightly, un-

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opened, he raced home, his heart thumping like mad.

Bursting in upon his startled mother, he waved the treasure, gasping: "A letter! A letter!" She grabbed it in instinctive panic, but he almost screamed, "It's mine!" and the woman, dumfounded, saw that it was so. She was afraid to open it, but Isidore was not. He knew that it was from the Lady.

It began:

MY DEAR ISIDORE:

Your letters about the farm have given me a very clear idea of what it has been doing, and I am very proud of your success, though I am very sorry about the onion. I thought, since you have taken so much interest in the egg-shell farm, that you would like to know about my big farm out here in the country. All the vegetables are big and strong this year, and although there have been thousands and thousands of weed-robbers, we have fought them till there are very few left. We have forty cows and several frisky little calves . . .

Isidore read the full typewritten page over and over again, utterly absorbed.

"Izzy, come eat your dinner," pleaded his mother. But the boy was deaf to either entreaty or scolding.

A few days later the answer to Mrs. Comstock was dispatched. It was in its way a masterpiece. Very simply and frankly he bared his most moving experience and his great hope. It read:

DEAR MRS. COMSTOCK:

I was very happy when teacher handed me your letter. That was when I went home for dinner. So when I came home and read it I was so overjoyed that I could not eat my dinner. I framed it.

When I am in your farm I will walk in your garden, smell roses, listen to the singing birds and hear the sparrows chirp.

Your loving friend,
ISIDORE SHALINSKY.

This unconscious appeal was too much for the great kind heart of the Lady.

"Bless that baby," she said aloud. "He shall do all those things and many more besides!"

The school term was nearly over. The farm had outgrown its bounds and given up the struggle. Isidore, rather pale and listless, came home very quietly to puzzle anew over the puny, yellowing leaves of his own plants, which even on the fire-escape would not grow big and strong, but always died too soon.

Of a sudden his mother was laughing and crying over him, and in her hand was a letter in purple print.

"My Isidore! My Isidore!" she said. "You are going to ride on a train to make a visit to the Lady, and you will play in her beautiful garden."

The boy thought it over for a long time, his thin cheeks flushing.

"Then she will show me how to make my farm grow big and strong," he said.

And for the second time Isidore could not eat his dinner.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

on

WHAT WE SHOULD DO FOR OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

A Constructive Article

Page 120

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A BEWILDERMENT *and* A BOOK

by
J B KERFOOT

EVERY night in the great hall of the Casino at Monte Carlo there is enacted, in an unending yet never monotonous repetition, an allegorical drama.

Take your choice of the oblong tables and let us watch the performance.

Every seat is filled. A crowd, three deep, stands behind the chairs. The latest whirl of the wheel has been completed and is already forgotten. The ordered spaces of red and black on the green table are beginning anew to be studded with little piles of gold and flecked with the gray of banknotes. The fat man with the bald head next to the woman in black is mopping his forehead with one hand while he does feverish sums in microscopic figures on a tiny pad with the other; and at the end of each computation he shoves a score of louis to their appointed square. The dreamy-eyed poet chap beyond holds a single coin balanced in his hand while he awaits an inspiration. Across the table a thin-lipped fellow with a face like predestination is relentlessly marshaling cohorts of coin. Anxious heads are craned forward from the rear ranks. Laden hands are reaching out from between bent backs. All around the board hopes are being heaped, dreams are being backed, convictions are being staked, systems are being brought to the test. The silence hums like a hive.

And now, almost unheeded, the nonchalant figure of the croupier leans more alertly forward. His slim white hand toys with the edge of the wheel. Softly the disk begins to turn. Noiselessly it gathers speed. Suddenly the staccato-rattle of the ivory ball rings out against the brazen frets; and the croupier's voice, cool, steely, ungainsayable—the last trump of that small, self-centered, seething world of dreams and desires—the croupier's voice proclaims, "*Le jeu est fait! Rien ne va plus!*"

"The play is made!" And the fat man still at his sums! "Nothing more goes!" And the poet-chap's coin unplaced! "The play is made! Nothing more goes!" And in the twinkling of an eye that humming silence has been stricken deathly still; that welter of mixed visions has been visibly devitalized; the fluidity of those hundred hopes has been frozen into the fixity of impending fate. . . .

Fat men and poets, financiers and philanthropists, front-seaters and rear-rankers, we, too, for a generation, have been doing

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fevered sums, balancing optimisms, marshaling credits, heaping up hopes, backing dreams, staking convictions. Civilization has hummed like a hive.

But we, too, have failed to keep an eye on the croupier.

And for us, too, has come the sudden staccato rattle and the ungainsayable voice; the devitalized visions and the frozen fluidity of a thousand hopes. For us, too, there has suddenly supervened an unbearable tension dashed with bewilderment. For us, too, "Nothing more goes!"—till the ivory ball drops into its unpredicable slot.

In short, there, around that green table; there, in spite of the grace of God, sits the beginning of the sixteenth year of the twentieth century.

Will not some wise man, donning if need be the cap and bells, lend us the loan of a perspective?

ENTER—A WAR-WARPED WISE MAN

The last few months can scarcely be said to have added to the dignity of the world's wise men. At best the spectacle of philosophers vociferously exchanging billingsgate across the back fences of nationalism may be said to have afforded a sort of ponderous "comic relief" in a tragic drama. And H. G. Wells appears to have been carried as completely off his philosophic feet as the rest of the scientists and socialists, the poets and preachers, the seers and symbolists. Yet it chances that he has just published a work that could scarcely have been better calculated to minister to our mood had foresight instead of fortuity decided the hour of its appearance. This is his novel of half-quizzical and wholly unembittered disillusionment, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman."

Wells, for many years, was a whole-hog-or-nothing upholder and projector of Utopian dreams of social readjustment. He not only believed that the world could be made over, better than new, at a single sitting; but he believed that he could point out the way. This was, at least, a magnificent enthusiasm. It was addressed to an audience as naively Quixotic as himself. And the young optimist's most bitter critics agreed that the only fault to be found with his plans and specifications was that he had left human nature out of account.

Now Wells's enthusiasm was, as it happened, a peculiarly resilient affair. It could, of course, like most emotional mechanisms of the kind, run at high speed on a clear track. But unlike the overwhelming majority of these, when it ran head on into a solid obstruction, instead of being wrecked it merely altered its direction.

The time came when Wells ran full tilt into the very substance that he had left out of his calculations. He collided with his own very-human nature. And thereupon, instead of turning actively reactionary or passively pessimistic, he started in to examine the composition and character of this disconcerting obstacle that he had found in his path; and he began his investigations with an acumen, an open-mindedness, and a disregard of accepted definitions which his critics have regarded as almost more deplorable than his earlier error.

"Tono Bungay"—that tumbling and tumultuous tale in which the utterly ordinary, humdrum, efficient, yet undistinguished figure of the nephew-narrator is posed for us against the kaleidoscopic and colorful background of his uncle's career; in which the material for a dozen romances and the wherewithal for furnishing a score of adventurous tales is flung out as a mere back-drop for displaying the overwhelming importance (to himself) of one ordinary human being's ordinary humanity—"Tono Bungay" marked, in fiction, the beginning of its author's readjustment.

But "The New Machiavelli" was the first thoroughly conscious and characteristic utterance of the new Wells. Here is a work which deploys (before an audience taught to measure all success by immediate concrete results) an almost Messianic vision of the subtle social services rendered by personal failure. And here—to the disgust of those critics who had called him to task for his neglect of human nature—is unflinchingly pointed out how not only economic progress, but the development of human nature itself, is warped and retarded by the concerted insistence of society upon judging its servants, not by human nature, but by arbitrary and unreal definitions of it.

Since then, in successive novels, and for the most part letting his personal constructive schemes of social reorganization fall into second place, Wells has acted the part of an infinitely patient, tolerant, and comprehending interpreter between the

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headlong optimists and that halt and lagging human nature which he was aforetime rightly accused of leaving out of account. This part—of the wise, unbiased, doubly sympathetic go-between—he played with earnest but uneven skill in "Marriage;" and again with a lofty and confident assurance in "The Passionate Friends." He plays it again, but this time with a quizzical and at moments an almost self-deriding humor, in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman."

A TALE WITHIN A TALE

On its face this latest novel of Wells's is, like its immediate predecessors, a story of contemporary London life—a story like any other piece of naturalistic fiction—to be taken as such if the reader so chooses, enjoyed as such, criticized as such, and dismissed. But—as also in its immediate predecessors—there is, subtly contained in the concrete form of the more obvious tale, an equally complete, equally well-organized, secondary drama; a sort of astral body of meaning, which, viewed from the proper angle, becomes visible as the essential soul of the performance.

The ancient Chinese porcelain-makers were masters of a decorative device the secret of which is lost. Examples of it survive, however, and are called by connoisseurs "*pâte sur pâte*," or paste on paste. The surface of an unfinished dish or bowl, itself so delicate in texture as to be translucent, has been overlaid with a decorative pattern of the same material, but so slight in thickness as to become, when glazed and fired, imperceptible. The other side of the dish has been similarly overlaid with another pattern, similarly undiscernible when looked at by the casual eye. Yet hold one of these ceramic gems up to the light, and the pattern nearest you springs out into instant and exquisite visibility. The other remains unseen. Reverse the vessel, and the other pattern, equally distinct, equally self-sufficient, springs into view.

In rougher hands, this tale of Wells's would have coarsened into allegory. As it stands, it is a piece of literary *pâte sur pâte*.

There are but three chief characters in the story. The first of these is Lady Harman—a gracious, thoroughly charming, highly potential, but, even to herself, a vaguely defined, wholly unexpanded personality. She is a young woman in the middle twenties, married (at eighteen and by a sort of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes" process) to an oldish, testy, jealous, and dictatorial husband. And as the story opens (the old rhyme, you remember, adds "—and I'll give you something to make you wise") she is the mildly astonished and not at all maternal mother of four little girls.

The second character is Sir Isaac—the creator of Staminal bread; the founder and director of the great chain of International Bread Shops; the unconcerned and self-satisfied slave-driver of the chain-gang of his employees; an irately uncompromising upholder—both in business and in life—of the good old middle-class doctrine that what's mine's my own and what's yours is mine if I can get it; a hard, shrewd, narrow-gage, dogmatically definite, highly successful, and lately knighted little big-man.

Finally, there is Mr. Brumley—an eminently proper, discreet, conscientious, and self-deceptive minor novelist; an imperfectly retrospective widower, approaching middle life; the author of the Euphemia books, and an earnest assurer of himself and of a large following of lady readers that everything that is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds is to be dematerialized by being ignored.

THE TWO PATTERNS

If we hold one side, the obvious side, of the story which Wells develops (very chattily, informally, and entertainingly) out of the triply cross-purposeful clashings of these three personalities up to the light of the library lamp, we shall see Lady Harman, thanks to a chance acquaintance with Mr. Brumley, brought into a semi-clandestine contact with a coterie of fad-hunting society women and reform-breathing females; see her, while maintaining unimpaired the native loveliness and unconsidered poise which she has hitherto unconsciously interposed between her sleeping self-awaredness and her husband's petty tyrannies, develop a sense of cramp and urging impulses toward—the phrase is Mr. Brumley's—a measure of attained autonomy. We shall see her haphazardly usurping innocent liberties; indulging in unrelated insubordinations; finally, by a drastic but unpremeditated *coup de théâtre*, forcing her exasperated but bewildered husband to the proffer of an ungracious and none too definite

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guarantee of personal freedom and marital partnership.

We shall see, thereafter, Mr. Brumley, deeply interested (to say enamored would do a gross injustice to Mr. Brumley's sensibilities and principles) in his protégée; and Lady Harman finding the promise of sympathetic guidance in the deferent and discriminating worldly wisdom of her confidant. We shall see her—and Mr. Brumley—evolve an idea for homelike hostels for the bakery girls; and Sir Isaac, seeing its business possibilities, pounce on the project, develop it, twist it out of shape, and saddle his wife with the distressful nightmare of her intangibly diverted hopes.

We shall see Sir Isaac, aging and ailing, gradually reerect and barb the traditional fences of his husbandly proprietorship. We shall see Lady Harman, suspected and spied upon, still dreaming of her hostels, but more and more helpless against encroaching circumstance, dragged hither and yon in the train de luxe of her moribund master's search for health. And we shall see Mr. Brumley, struggling at the endless task of his self-deceptions, oscillating between jealousy of the hostels and jealousy of Sir Isaac; between his ideals of modern chivalry and his instincts of medieval mastership.

We shall see Sir Isaac expire in a fit of rage, and Lady Harman, a little bewildered but vastly relieved, still lovely but still, even to her own consciousness, a half-developed personality, left mistress (if she does not marry) of her hostels and her hopes. We shall see Mr. Brumley, urging his suit in the same breath with which he proclaims his unshakable determination to stand aside, and bursting into self-pitying tears when he hears her friendly assurance that she has no thought of marriage. And finally, as the ironic curtain falls, we shall see Lady Harman, her hostels forgotten in the surge of an uncalculated instinct, pressing her comforting lips against the blubbering Brumley's own.

This is what we see by the light of the library lamp.

But, hold the story up to that more penetrative glow which Wells's art kindles in our own understanding, and we shall see a vaster drama; broader in significance, vaguer in outline, but even more deftly definitive in the smiling irony of its interpretative implications. For we shall see, instead of Lady Harman, the emerging self-consciousness of modern womanhood; instead of Sir Isaac, the entrenched and crystallized sanctions of man's possessive mastership; instead of Mr. Brumley, the self-delusive and, at a pinch, the self-betraying spirit of facile lip-service to vague ideals.

And as the final curtain falls on the sardonic anti-climax of that dream-forsaking kiss, we (in the midst of our own howitzer-shattered dreams and carnage-drenched ideals) shall see, for an instant, the figure of Wells, the personification of headlong optimism, gazing in ironic self-derision at the futility of his own impatience.

And, seeing, we shall be comforted.

If you want to find out just what *you* owe to England, France, Russia, Germany—if you want to have a wonderful time while you're doing it—read WILLIAM HARD, page 13.

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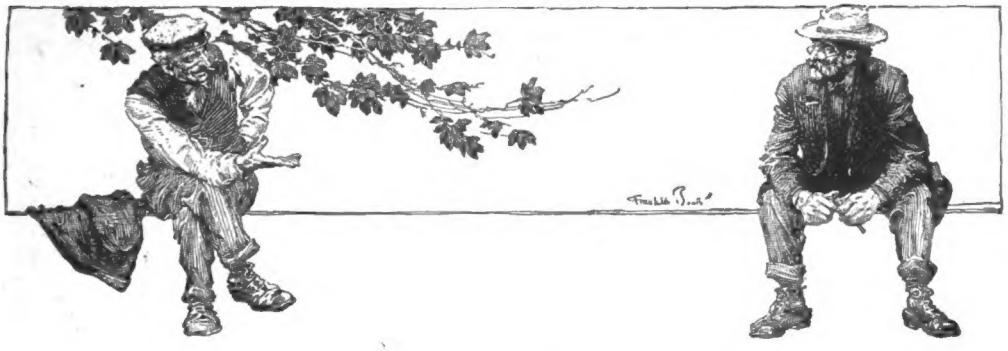

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

On his first vacation trip home after four years in the Philippines a young Army officer was much lionized. He speedily began to tire of it.

At a dance, after he had been jerked about this way and that, a young man rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Come on, I want to introduce you to a good-looking girl!"

"No, I don't want to meet her."

The young man insisted: "Oh, but you must. She's a queen." And he was so persistent that the officer finally in exasperation exclaimed: "All right, trot me up!"

They walked a short distance to where the lady was sitting, and the introduction was made, the Army man making the conventional remark that he was glad to meet her.

Very coolly she looked him over, and then replied: "All right; trot him back."

A New York engineer was surveying the route of a branch line for a railway system. An old farmer with whom he stopped for a time admitted one day, when he saw the engineer figuring in the field, that mathematics always seemed a wonderful thing to him.

Being young and enthusiastic, the engineer began to enlarge upon its wonders, telling the farmer how we could measure the distances to different planets, and even weigh the planets; how we could foretell the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the swiftest projectile, ascertain the heights of mountains without scaling them, and many other things meant to astonish the old man.

"Yes, them things does seem kinder curious," said the farmer, "but what always bothered me was to understand why you have to carry one for every ten. But if you don't," he continued, with conviction, "the darned thing won't come out right."

Two-thirds of Jones's make-up is curiosity; the other third wit. A short time ago he met his neighbor proudly displaying a valuable horse. "That is a fine horse you have there, Brown," he exclaimed cordially. "How much did you give for him?"

"I gave my note," was the crisp rejoinder.

"Well, you got him cheap," said Jones.

In a certain Arkansas logging-camp the company maintains a physician who attends the residents of the camp, and also the families of such employees as live back in the hills. One day he was summoned to the home of a newly hired native, with the assurance that he was "wanted powerful bad."

With all haste he started, winding up one rough hollow after another, where the road was a mere tradition, and came at last to a decrepit log house. As he opened the gate a hungry-looking woman came to the door and called:

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"Be yo' the comp'ny doctor?"

"Yes, I'm the doctor. Who is sick?"

"Don't reckon thar's nobody sick, doctor."

"Well, why in the world did you send for me if no one is sick?"

"Hit's this way, doctor: we-uns is on the puny order a right smart, an' mought need yo' most any time. My ole man said yo' sure would come whenever we sent for yo'; but he's sech a no-'count liar thet I dassen't trust his sayso, so I wanted to see fo' myse'f. An' yere yo' be!"

During the flood of 1913, Lima received her share of the overflowing waters of the Ohio. The streets turned into rivers.

A dripping man, who apparently was suffering from an oversupply of wet goods inside as well as out, staggered into a blacksmith shop. With a thick voice he asked for a monkey-wrench, and, getting one, waded back into the street.

As he did not return immediately, the blacksmith went to the door to look for him. He was standing in three feet of water, working over a hydrant.

"Say, what are you doing there?" called the owner of the wrench.

The drunk paused, braced himself against the current, and called back with true civic pride: "Somebody's got to shut this water off. We can't waste it like this."

A family which had only recently come into great wealth bought a huge country estate. One day at a reception the wife was telling of the new purchase. "It's all so interesting," she gushed. "We're to have our own cattle and horses and pigs and hens——"

"Oh, hens?" interrupted another guest. "And they'll lay fresh eggs for you!"

"I don't know," was the rather frigid response. "Of course our hens can work if they want to, but situated as we are, it really won't be necessary."

John Phillips, the magazine editor, has a suspicion that form letters are sometimes dangerous. Not long ago he wrote a letter of complaint to a Western railroad explaining in detail why he had preferred to sit up all night in a smoking compartment rather than share his berth with a fine line of bugs that are not called by their first name in polite society. The letter of apology that he received was so much of an apology and so reasonable an explanation, that Mr. Phillips felt perhaps he had been unreasonable in filing his complaint, when he happened to notice that his original letter, through error, had been returned with the letter of apology. Looking at it, he saw scrawled across the top this blue-pencil indorsement:

"Send this guy the bedbug letter."

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. March a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way——"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the irascible lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy, exactly; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

Professor John F. Genung of Amherst College is a man not easily mistaken for any one else. He has a very individual personality. He wears a full beard and a full complement of hair on the top of his head. His eyes have a peculiar twinkle behind his glasses.

Several years ago he went up to a Maine resort with his twin brother, whose eyes twinkled in the same way behind the same kind of glasses and whose beard matched that of the professor to a hair. Professor Genung had his hair cut by the hotel barber the next morning. Before he could realize what was happening, the barber drenched his head with a wonderful hair tonic of his own make. At five o'clock that afternoon the professor's twin brother stepped into the same chair for a much-needed hair-cut.

The barber looked at him in amazement, and then, grabbing his precious bottle of hair tonic, he leaned over and said confidentially:

"Say, Bo, was I deceiving you this morning? Not me. I'm honest, I am. I tell you what I'll do now. I'll cut you free, if you will give me a testimonial for this tonic."

A hypochondriac friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt water from the tide," said the invalid solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

CONVERSATIONS, lectures, sermons, newspaper editorials, magazine articles, all indicate how alert we are in this country to learn our lessons from the great war. Lessons for our business men. Lessons for our educators. Lessons for our statesmen. Lessons for our pacificists and for our militarists. We must admit, those of us who have been preaching peace, that we have had our eyes sadly opened to the fact that the millennium is not due next year. That, much as we cleave to peace, much as we despise war, we are not thereby automatically freed from the possibility of war. That while we "seek peace and pursue it," war may overtake us.

We have not been wholly blind to this possibility. In six years we have spent one billion four hundred million dollars on our army, navy, and coast defenses. Whether we have spent the money wisely is another question, but we are spending the money. We are spending it now at the rate of two hundred and fifty millions a year—a huge sum. Shall we go on spending as much, or more, or less, or nothing?

What would be the effect on other nations if we were frankly and bravely to adopt as a nation the policy of non-resistance? Would it be brave or foolhardy? Every man who reads these lines will recall the course of sprouts the boy is put through by his playmates when they discover that the boy's father has forbidden him to fight. He is fair game and easy.

Nations are managed by grown-up boys. What the boys in the other nations decide to do after this war will help to decide what we should do. But in the end we must decide it for ourselves. We have elected to be a world power. We would not be worth shucks if we had not so elected. We know now that we are going to play with neighbor boys. We know now that the rules of the game will be made by the stronger boys. We know now that if we are strong and fearless, our word will have more weight than if we are timid and defenseless.

FOR AMERICAN DEFENSE

The editors of EVERYBODY'S believe that this question of national defense is one of the most vital facing our country at this time, and that our solution concerns the rest of the world almost as much as it concerns us. We believe that our readers want, and should have, all the information they can get on this subject. For that purpose we have asked some of the big men of America to tell you what they think America should do.

On page 120 in this number you will find what Theodore Roosevelt thinks America should do. Whereas the section in which this WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS is printed goes to press to-morrow, the section in which Mr. Roosevelt's article is printed does not go to press for two weeks. We have not yet seen his article and we do not know what his suggestions

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are, but we believe that they will deserve and receive the most serious consideration of his countrymen.

In later numbers we will have articles by men in other walks of life—men who write interestingly and whose opinions count.

OUR ABUSED FOREBEARS

There is a good deal of comfort in assuring ourselves that the war in Europe is a slip-back into barbarism. We have all said it. The thought helps to restore our respect for our civilization, our self-respect. Self-respect is a very desirable thing to have, but honesty is better. The responsibility of this war lies immediately and unescapably upon the shoulders of men who are living to-day. Calling it barbaric and then by some subtle-minded trick shoving the responsibility back on less cultured forebears, is a clever duck, but it won't work. It isn't honest.

The nations will come out of the war poor in pocket, chastened in spirit, and sick of war, but there is almost bound to be left a lot of smoldering animosities, which may at a later day flame out in a greater war. Before we can stop war, we must discover some spiritual melting-pot in which the jealousies, animosities, and selfishness of the nations may be boiled to the surface and skimmed off harmlessly. There are many who believe that before wars will cease, it may be necessary to discover some substitute for those things which they claim men will miss when wars do cease.

Why do men go to war? Millions of men who have no real idea what it is all about. "Patriotism," you answer. When men love a thing so much that they will give their lives for it, that is some love.

And when a man risks his life, is he not made a bigger man?

When we shout for our governor, or our President, or our country, it is good for us—we stretch our souls. We climb up on to the peaks with the big fellows. We bring a larger vision into the humdrum. That thing in the soul of man which makes him hungry for the heights is the priceless urge that is carrying man toward the archangel.

To the man of humdrum life, war is his purple day, and he goes to it as instinctively and as irresistibly as the thirsty hart that panteth for the water brook.

Every man who is worth his salt means some day, somehow, to be a hero. To the world, if possible, but certainly to himself. He must do greatly, or dare greatly, or endure greatly, before the urge in him will be appeased.

THE NATIONS' GIFTS TO US

Another article in this number we want very much that you should read. The article by Billy Hard on page 13. Just as writing, it is a superb piece of work. It is crowded so full of information that you will have to read it very closely to get all there is in it; and as for interest, it answers the question which has very probably been in your thought and which you would very much like to have answered. What contribution has Russia made, and England and France and Germany, to the life which we live to-day? What worth-while thing would we not have had in our life to-day, or not have had in such measure, if Russia or England or France or Germany had never been?

We will understand these countries better and appreciate them more if we know what they have contributed to us. And we are much less likely to have trouble with people who have done nice things for us and whose efforts we appreciate.

The End of his Purple Day

When we read things like the following how can we consider soberly such possibilities for ourselves, our brothers, and yet isn't this just what we *must* do?

An extract from a letter published in *"The National Swiss,"* on November 16th, and written by a Swiss who is doing Red Cross work at Brussels, says:

"The number of German wounded arriving here is unimaginable. Trains which we call cemetery trains, full of piled-up dead soldiers, continue to arrive from the front. They contain bundles of dead; that is, four bodies tied together to facilitate transportation.

"The bodies are burned promptly in special furnaces erected just outside of Brussels."

Here is an extract from a personal letter which was shown to us: "I saw on three occasions a canal bridged with human bodies, and the final victors"—the "final victors," forsooth!—"crossed on those bodies of their own comrades!"

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